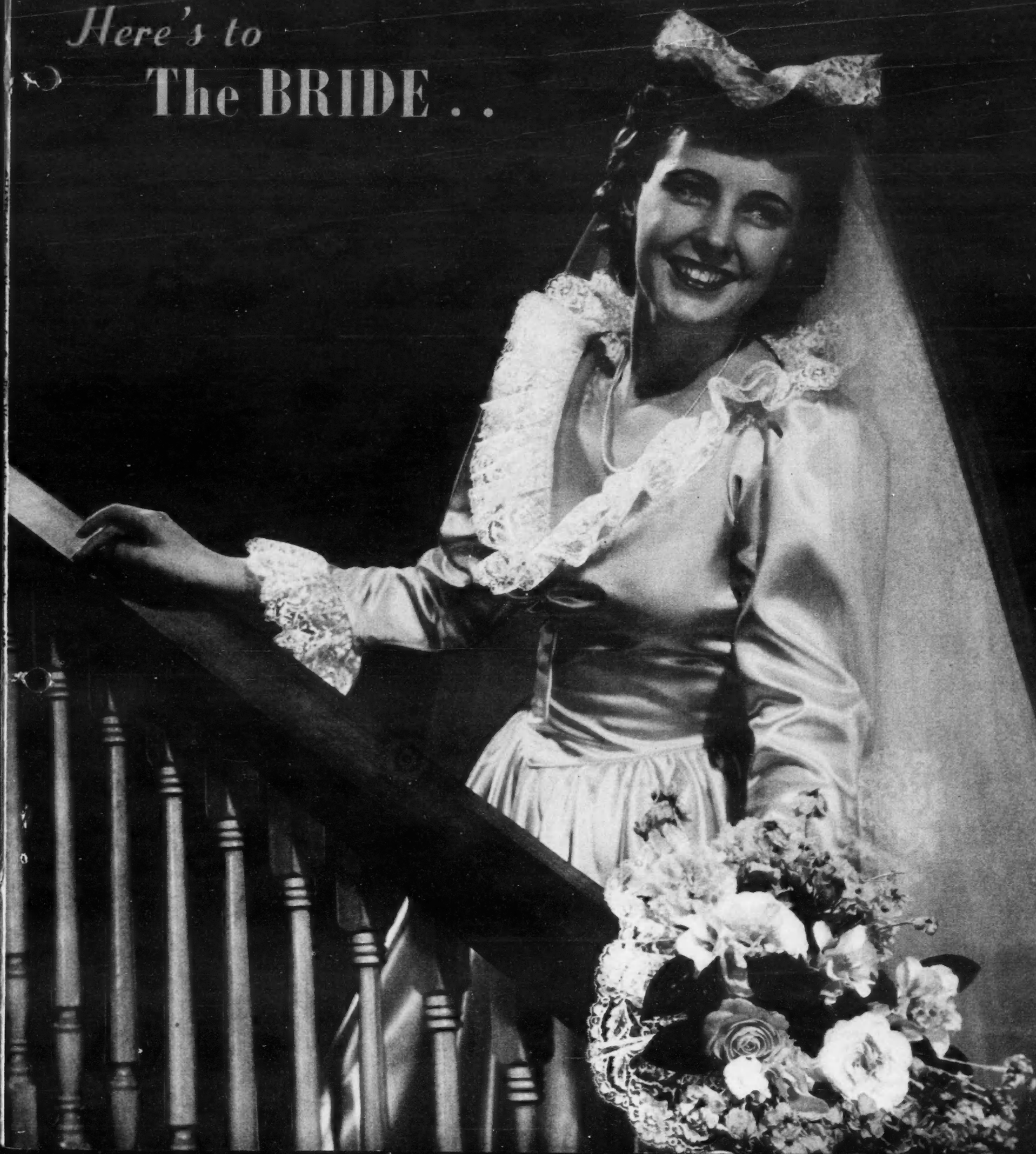


CHATELAIN

Ten Cents
MAY 1942

Here's to
The BRIDE . .



Good Catch, Marion— but can you Catch a Man?



Luck came your way, Marion! You caught the bride's bouquet. If tradition holds, you should be next to say, "I do!" But how can a girl win a husband if she unwittingly turns men away—if one charm-destroying fault chills their interest? Nothing shatters a man's illusions, Marion, as quickly as underarm odor!

Smart Girls take no chances of missing out on Romance!



Freshen up in your bath or shower! It's a grand start for a busy day or a party evening! But don't expect your bath to last forever—it takes something *more* to prevent risk of underarm odor!



Keep charming! Never gamble with underarm odor! Every day, and after every bath, use Mum! Then you're protected for a full day or evening. Never a worry about offending those you want as friends!



Plenty of dates make life exciting! It's fun to have a phone that jingles often—charm that nets you a rush at parties. That's why so many popular girls never give underarm odor a chance—every day they play sure and safe with Mum!

Keep your charm from fading. Each day, and after every bath, use Mum!

Dependable Mum has made millions of lasting friends. Women know they can *trust* Mum! They like its special advantages.

Mum is quick! Isn't it grand that Mum takes only half a minute. No fussing, no waiting.

Mum is safe! Even after underarm shaving sensitive skins won't resent Mum. It won't hurt your

clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Mum is sure! All day or all evening long, Mum keeps underarms fresh. Without stopping perspiration, it prevents odor. Guard your popularity, make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Safe, gentle Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose. You'll like Mum this way, too, as thousands of women do.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"Flowers make a house a home"

"One of the most important words in the English language, at the present moment, is morale. Keeping home morale high is a job for women everywhere, and it is one that is being taken very seriously. We are trying in every way possible to make our

homes charming and livable, a place where our children will be conscious of a feeling of serenity and security. Flowers are more necessary than ever to us. They are needed for the beauty they add to our lives, and for the lift they give to home morale".

Laura Lee Burroughs

"Coca-Cola" makes the home grow brighter



Next time you intend to have a few guests, look over your supply of containers, salad bowls, fruit bowls and the like. Then, using one of them, try an arrangement of bottles of "Coca-Cola" surrounded with ice. Always pre-cool the bottles in your refrigerator first. Many people prefer "Coca-Cola" ice-cold right out of the bottle. The six-bottle carton is the handy way to carry "Coca-Cola" home. Everybody welcomes "Coca-Cola". It's the real thing.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

New Book!...

"HOMES AND FLOWERS"

BY LAURA LEE BURROUGHS

62 Colour Illustrations... Flower Arrangements
... Home Settings... Interesting Ideas

How to get a copy! Send your name and address (clearly printed) with ten cents in coin or stamps (to cover cost of handling and mailing) to THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO, DEPT. HC.



Size of book
7" x 9"

*Total War is changing the pattern of daily life.
Collected from government departments in Ottawa,
here are facts which affect You.*

hot water storage tanks. Shortages of all other building materials and equipment will become serious.

Summer cottages: No metal furniture to replace present stocks; no mats or rugs made of manila, jute or sisal; no cork or rubber mats.

Automobiles: Out—except for the few new ones required by doctors, visiting nurses and other essential users.

Bicycles: Only for people who ride to work. If you do, watch your tires.

Baby carriages: Out. Borrow your neighbor's.

Toys: Metal and rubber ones out. This includes skates, air rifles, rubber dolls.

Sports: No breaks for the golfer, tennis player, or amateur fisherman. Rubber balls are out, so are metal rods.

Furniture: No metal, no fine imported woods. Even our native timber is so much in demand for construction and furniture for camps for the forces that shortages are certain. Materials for overstuffed furniture hard to get: kapok not obtainable; supply of upholstery springs reduced.

Radios: No more new models.

Canned goods: Serious shortage of tin restricts its use for canned foods. No more canned apples, pork and beans, carrots—these can be prepared at home—but you will be able to buy canned tomatoes and many other products in tins. Silver may be used in place of tin, with the Government probably paying the extra cost to help you out. All the 1942 canned salmon and herring pack will go to Britain.

Butter: Rationing expected, but your allowance will be ample. This will ensure a fair share for everybody, while providing for the shipments we have promised Britain. This comes under the heading of control, not shortage.

Tea, coffee, cocoa: Big stocks on hand, but the shipping situation may bring some form of rationing very soon.

Peanuts: United States is doubling its peanut acreage, but a large proportion of the crop will be crushed for oil in industrial processes.

Soap: The quantity available is far beyond the demand, because glycerine, a by-product, is needed for explosives. We can still be clean.

Electrical equipment: Everything from refrigerators to wiring and base plugs will be hard to get. Even in cases where manufacturers are allowed to turn out a certain percentage of normal output, they won't be able to obtain enough metals and other materials. Cherish your present equipment.

Linoleum and oilcloth: Treat yours with care. Present restrictions going to be more severe.

Pianos: Likely to be curtailed, since rubber and steel are involved.

Jewellery and trimmings: Fewer small diamonds because they are used in war industrial processes; no metal or rhinestone jewellery; no sequins. Buttons reduced from 600 shades to 15. Wooden beads forecast; some nuts, although these are wanted for industrial oils. No restrictions on gold jewellery.

Shoes: Fewer styles. Rubber cement, used in shoe manufacture, is scarce, and the armed forces need a lot of leather. No rubber-soled shoes.

Rubbers: Black ones only, made from reclaimed rubber.

Stoves: Limited production of wood and coal stoves only. ♦

I ALWAYS WANTED
TOWN MY OWN
SILVER-WARE!



WHO IS THIS MAN?



**He is the man who helps
others to help themselves**

He helps the business girl to guarantee "continued income" for later years.

He arranges planned security for the mother and her children.

Who is this man? He is the representative of The Mutual Life of Canada!

Hundreds like him are serving, today, the more than 170,000 policyholders of The Mutual Life of Canada. Competent, understanding, and equipped with the special knowledge and training their profession requires, they can help fashion a "continued income" plan *individually* designed to meet your particular needs.

If you are married, investigate with your husband the Mutual Life Family Income Plan, providing *extra* protection while your children are growing up. If single, ask about the Mutual Life Pension Plan, specially developed to meet the needs of business women.

Your nearest Mutual Life representative will gladly explain to you the details of these and many other attractive plans. Or write direct to The Mutual Life of Canada, Waterloo, Ont. Start *your* plan for security today!

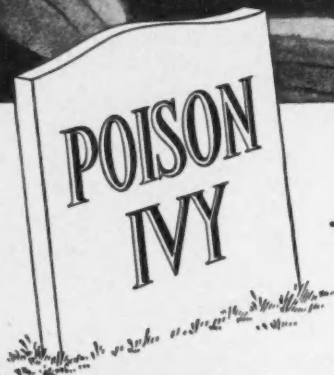
**THE
MUTUAL LIFE
OF CANADA**

Established 1869

HEAD OFFICE • WATERLOO, ONT.

ALL PROFITS FOR POLICYHOLDERS





...THE EPITAPH OF A NICE GIRL

Everybody in town liked Ivy. Then behind her back they began to give her a sinister nick-name. It was "Poison Ivy"—and every one knew what it meant but Ivy herself. Slowly but certainly that nasty whispered epigram became her epitaph. Socially she was simply finished. Men no longer sought her company. Too often for her peace of mind she was left out of parties that in the past she could have counted on.

People were cool in their attitude and sometimes dropped her without a word of explanation. Hurt and puzzled, she sought for an answer but found none; people with that sort of trouble rarely do.

Few things are as fatal to friendship, popularity, and romance, as a case of *halitosis (bad breath), yet anyone may be guilty at some time or other—without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition.



Consider yourself. How do you know that at this very moment your breath is not on the offensive side? How foolish to guess . . . to take needless chances!

Why not let Listerine Antiseptic help you. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant, you know. While the condition is sometimes systemic, food fermentation in the mouth is the major cause of bad breath according to some authorities. Listerine quickly halts this fermentation and makes your breath sweeter and purer.

Simply use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times before social and business engagements at which you would like to appear at your best. If you want others to like you, never, never omit this delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
(Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
Made in Canada

Before all business and social engagements
let LISTERINE take care of your breath



PRIORITIES . . . controls . . . shortages . . . substitutes. These are words of first importance in our wartime vocabulary. Canadian women are urged to buy only for immediate needs, to conserve, to repair old equipment, clothing, etc. If we panic, or indulge in private hoarding, the country's whole war effort will suffer.

Here are some forecasts from Ottawa:

Women's and girls' clothing: Simple lines, fewer styles and colors to save fabric and labor. Suits—two-piece only; maximum lengths set (size 16 skirt not more than 30 inches); no wool interlinings; no hats or accessories to be made of same fabric as suit. Dresses—simple "basic" styles without fancy gadgets.

No more silk. Some linen still available. Cotton not so plentiful as in the past, but no one need go without summer frocks. Fewer lightweight woollens—wool will probably be mixed with other fibres.

Hats: Hang on to your old felt. No more imported straws when present stocks exhausted; materials for substitutes hard to get.

Gloves: Mostly fabric ones.

Girdles and corsets: No rubber available—but new types likely.

Hosiery: Lisle or rayon in limited number of shades. Nylon may be needed for airmen's parachutes.

Bathing suits: No more elasticized fabric or rubber caps. Cotton, or cotton and wool mixtures, in fewer colors, will be used.

Men's and boys' clothing: No two-pants suits, no double-breasted sack coats, no double-breasted vests; no pleats, cuffs, watch pockets on trousers; no vests with boys' suits. All clothes to be cut on fabric-saving lines. Belts, back vents, or slits eliminated from new tweed topcoats. Buttons to replace metal fasteners on overall shoulder straps.

Rubber goods: You may need a doctor's prescription to buy a hot water bottle. Surgeons will get rubber gloves, but housewives won't. Rings for preserving jars will be made of reclaimed rubber and in fewer sizes—the Government wants us to do as much home canning this season as possible. Tap washers from reclaimed rubber will be available.

Cosmetics: Present stocks are large, therefore good supplies for some time. No more metal containers for lipsticks, metal tops for jars; plastic or composition not available for the purpose, as they are needed in war industries. Glycerine, zinc oxide and certain other ingredients of cosmetics are on the priorities list.

Flashlight batteries: Only sufficient for essential uses, such as ARP and industrial inspection.

Sewing machines: Keep yours in good repair; they may get scarce.

Metal goods: Almost all these articles "out"—kitchenware, lamp stands, ash stands, garbage cans, steel wool, scrapers, etc.

Hairpins, etc.: Save all kinds of pins; both quality and quantity are going to be affected. Don't throw away any snap or slide fasteners, hooks and eyes, or buttons.

Umbrellas: Fewer; they eat up metal.

Note for those planning new homes: Don't choose a site 500 feet or more from existing water, gas, sewage, power and telephone lines, because you won't be able to get connections. No copper for construction or plumbing or wiring. No brass taps or doorknobs. No



Gran Looked Regal

By REBY MACDONALD

MY GRANDMOTHER is a very regal person, but she is also very frank. When I called from the front door for her to come quick, the first words she said were, "If it's the fellow come for the cow, he ought to go around the back."

I told her it was a man come with a letter from Aunt Millicent and Uncle Jack down in Hollywood, and so she came stomping down the hall, digging the sharp steel point of her cane into the linoleum in a way which always makes Wong mad.

The man was wonderfully tall and slim, and he looked very familiar. I seemed to know all about him and yet I was quite, quite sure we had never met. When he said, "I suppose you are little Marygold?" I knew his left eyebrow would lift higher than his right, and it did. It was very strange. I was so busy wondering why I knew about the eyebrow that I did not answer.

Gran sent me to bring mother. I went out and down the lane between the fields to where she was tallying in the packing shed, still thinking that it was like living something that you had already lived through in a dream, and I thought, maybe I am a mystic, like Stewie's mother. She can tell what is coming by looking in a glass ball.

The shed was dark after the bright sunlight outside, and the air was thick and sweet with the loganberry smell. For a minute I couldn't see anything. Then at the far end I saw mother and a group of pickers stacking crates. I don't know why our cow Bess seemed to be on everybody's mind that day, but almost the first words mother said when I told her she was wanted at the house were, "If it's the man about the cow, tell him to see Ben." Ben is our hired man.

Well, at last I got her to walk up to the house with me. She said she would give whoever it was exactly ten minutes, because she had to relieve Ben, so that he could get on with his own job, which was trucking berries over to the winery, and also she wanted him to take a load over to where the sensible clubwomen were making jam to send to the bombed-out people in England. The other clubwomen were just making speeches.

At the back porch we kicked our feet out of our shoes the way Wong made us do to keep his linoleum clean, and we slipped our feet into rope sandals that he had bought for us. He bought us two other pairs before this, but when he got them home he found they were made in Japan, and he was mad and went around shouting, "Them dem Jeps!" and waving a meat cleaver. And mother put them in the fire quick. Then he bought us these when he was calmer and worrying about his floor again.

The man who had brought the letter from Aunt Millicent jumped to his feet when we came into the room, but it was for me he did it. You could tell he took mother for a boy, because of her hair being cut



I did quite well selling taffey until mother came along and saw the special notice I had put up for it.

very short and because of the overalls she was wearing.

Gran said to mother, "Mary, do you know who this is?"

MOTHER HAD a sort of blank, surprised look on her face, also berry stains. The man also had a surprised look. Mother smiled and said, "Certainly. How do you do, Mr. Spence? I suppose George and Millicent asked you to call?"

I nearly died on the spot! Victor Spence! The movie star! I'd seen him often! Although you wouldn't believe he was the "great lover" looking at him talking to Gran about Aunt Millicent. He seemed so very shy.

Well, Gran kept smiling at him, because she was so pleased about everything, and Mr. Spence smiled back and kind of stole hasty pleased glances at mother, and

mother smiled back politely to everybody except me, and I could tell she was kind of mad at me for not giving her a chance to change her overalls and comb her hair, and every time our eyes met I began to feel worse about what was coming when we were alone. I certainly was surprised too, because generally she does not mind how she looks when a man is around, as she does not care for them much. But we do not meet a star like Mr. Spence every day, and I guess she was thinking of all the silky women in his pictures, and I began to seethe point and feel pretty awful at what I had done, because my mother cleans up quite well, only she always looks like a good-looking boy fresh from being scrubbed behind the ears and got ready for Sunday School. I guess even if she doesn't like men, she doesn't like them to see her smeared up with berry juice.



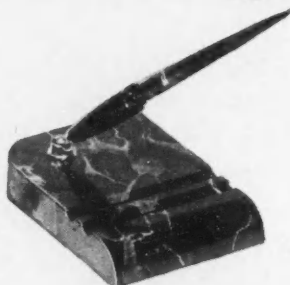
You Darling!

"How did you ever know I wanted one of these lovely Parker Pen and Pencil Sets?"

That was easy to answer! Everyone wants these beautiful writing instruments made by Parker. The exquisite Parker Vacumatic Pen with the oil-smooth, Osmiridium-tipped 14-Kt Gold Nib, makes writing a genuine pleasure. The pencil to match completes a set anyone is proud and happy to own.

As an ever-welcome, absolutely perfect gift, you can't even equal the Parker Pen Sets. Choose from a wide selection of styles and prices at any good pen counter.

P.S. If you haven't got one yourself tip off your friends about getting you one. Or, pick one out while you're at the counter, and you'll be "write-happy" for life.



PARKER DESK SET ZM, black marble base, size 4" x 6", with Vacumatic Desk Pen, \$12.50. Other Desk Sets from \$5 to \$150.



USE QUINK—the better ink in your Parker Pen. Your pen is always clean, ready for instant writing, with this better ink.



IMPERIAL VACUMATIC SET, \$19.75. Gold-filled cap with laminated barrel in black or brown. Pen \$13.75; Pencil \$6.00. Ladies' Set, \$17.75—Pen \$12.75; Pencil \$5.00.



Major Vacumatic Pen, at left, \$8.75.

Full
TELEVISION
Ink Supply

Pens bearing the Parker Blue Diamond are Guaranteed for Life.

Parker

VACUMATIC PENS AND PENCILS

♦ Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for life against everything except loss or intentional damage subject only to a charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.



PARKER ACTIVE SERVICE SET, Major Vacumatic Pen and Pencil to match, in leather case, \$12.75. Other Active Service Sets \$5.00 and \$8.50.



Cast of Characters: Gran who had been Somebody; Mary, the man-hater; Marygold who snooped and told. Put them all on the same set with Victor Spence, the Hollywood star, and you have the most provocative romance of the season.

Illustrated by John Holmgren

And just to make it worse, she took her old straw hat off then and it fell, and Mr. Spence dashed to pick it up and the cabbage leaf she wears in it fell out, looking all limp and horrible. Mr. Spence was surprised all right, but he seemed to look more pleased all the time. Mother blushed. Gran did not seem to mind at all. She told him that all pickers wore a cabbage leaf in their hats to keep their heads cool. Gran is very regal and used to be somebody.

Wong brought in the tea things and Gran poured, and mother and I sat uncomfortably on wooden stools, because we weren't allowed to sit on the good chairs in our work clothes. Mr. Spence told us that Uncle Jack directed all his pictures and Aunt Millicent was a wonderful hostess and he stayed at their house a lot, but that lately she was having trouble with a formulae for the new baby. Mr. Spence also said he had come up to Victoria to join our Air Force, because he wanted to get overseas quickly, being English.

Gran was very touched at this, being born in England herself and what is called "pro-British," besides knitting for seamen, and she shouted, "By gad, Mr. Spence must stay with us while he is fussing with the Air Force officials!"

I saw Mr. Spence turn his famous slow, dark smoldering look on mother, and I almost swooned.

"If your daughter also agrees," he murmured.

We all looked at mother. She just stirred her second cup of tea and said, "Delighted," without sounding very delighted at all, then she said to me, "Pass the Devonshire cream, darling," and I did.

IT WAS STRANGE, but from that moment mother began to be difficult. I looked at Mr. Spence to see if he had caught on that she didn't like men much. I thought he might get huffy and go all polite and refuse to stay, but he wasn't that polite. He said, "In that case, I'll go and get my things," and he looked right at mother. Mother didn't look at anything but her teacup.

So everything was arranged, and Mr. Spence left to get his bags and check out of the big hotel, and Gran sent Wong to arrange a special menu for supper and me to dust the spare room. As I reached the top of the stairs two at a time, I heard her ordering mother to get tidied up and to get out the best linen. Mother said, "Sorry, I have work to do in the packing shed." Gran began to get mad, and her voice rose, and I could imagine how she looked, with her black bosom heaving and the little frills of white lace at her throat quivering like the edges of angry waves thrown up by the oily swell and licking at her thin neck like at a craggy cliff.

Our English teacher says we mustn't be afraid to try descriptions.

Anyway, there were Gran and my mother having words, so I went into the spare room and slammed the door so that they would know they were safe, and then I went right over to the hot-air grille and listened. I wouldn't have listened, except that I was very curious to know why mother was so annoyed at having anyone as nice and important as Victor Spence in the house. Well, Gran had told mother she could leave the rest of the work to Ben, and mother said Ben had his own work and that was trucking the berries over to the winery, and then Gran said, "Loganberry wine!" with a loud sniff which came right up the register. "When I was your age it was champagne! Balls and new gowns and my toast being drunk all over London!"

"I'm not interested in those things," said mother. "You should be, a girl your age. Just because your first marriage was a mistake; just because Ned drove over a cliff while in an alcoholic fog, is no reason to think that all men are alike. There are lots of decent men in the world."

Ned was my father. I do not remember him. I knew he had died in an accident, but I did not know it was foggy when it happened. We have very heavy fogs. Once I rode my own bicycle right into a ditch and broke three spokes. I listened some more. Gran was getting really worked up. She said:

"You could charm a bird off a tree if you wanted to, Mary!"

"Rubbish," said mother.

"You could have had any man you wanted. Look at all the nice ones who used to come here before you got yourself up in that disguise to keep them off."

"I didn't get myself up in any disguise. I cut my hair because it is comfortable. I wear overalls because they are convenient for my work. I——"

"DISGUISE!" SHOUTED Gran furiously. "By gad, to think I'd ever raise a daughter who went around looking like an old boot, with a cabbage leaf in her hat, babbling about loganberry wine!"

"I like loganberry wine!" shouted mother. "It pays!"

"Then buy yourself some clothes! Don't let yourself get tanned the color of old shoe leather! Your bone structure is all right!"

"The heck with my bone structure!" shouted mother. "I'm not interested! I like my work! I like being my own boss! I like my financial independence, and I don't like men! So please, mother, don't embarrass me by throwing this one at my head!"

Mother went out then, and I still hadn't learned why she didn't like Victor Spence, only that Gran had been a toast in London which even I, who loved her sometimes, couldn't believe.

Mr. Spence returned. He had bags with real gold catches on them, and I helped him unpack. He was very nice and we laughed a whole lot. I was disappointed in his underthings, although I didn't say so, he being a guest. But they were not mauve silk as the movie magazine said last month, but just ordinary, like you would find in any store window even in our town. He was in a fine good humor and said I looked like my mother, only with more hair. The way he said it I think he liked my looks a lot. He said, "Yes, you are like your mother, beautiful!" He also liked the feather bed. He poked it as if he didn't believe it was real, and he said, "Marygold, I'm going to like this fine!"

Mother came to the supper table late, and Gran gave her a dirty look because she had on her last year's blue linen dress. Gran herself was in her best black, with her cameo earrings and brooch to match. She looked regal.

Supper was extra good. Wong kept hovering around, grinning to show his new gold teeth, and bobbing so that his starched jacket crackled and popped. Sometimes you had to shout to be heard above it. This was very embarrassing in front of anyone as important as Mr. Spence.

I glanced at mother and she didn't seem embarrassed at Wong, only not interested. I looked at Gran, but of course she never looks embarrassed at anything. She kept right on talking to Mr. Spence about the Air

The party was wonderful. Mr. Spence, looking terribly shy, began shaking hands for a dollar, and Gran and mother stayed with him, while men with cameras kept taking mother's picture.

Force. It seems the medical examiner had found him badly underweight, and he had to put on about ten pounds to be a success. "What is fashionable in Hollywood, isn't fashionable in the Air Force," he said. He was tall, but not very thick through when you saw him sideways.

We had trifle for dessert. Then mother excused herself and said she had to go to a fruit growers association meeting. Gran was mad and said so. Mr. Spence looked carefully at the end of his cigarette and didn't say anything except, "May I drive you?" and mother said, "No, thank you."

THE NEXT DAY the papers said that Victor Spence, the great lover, was staying at our farm, and people began to come out and hang around. Mr. Spence was very upset, and said over and over that he had not told the newspapers. But Gran said not to worry. She understood from her youth. Well, some of these people cruised up and down the road in cars and some swung on the gate all day, or just settled on the railings like seagulls waiting for the cook to throw out slop from the galley. Only what they were waiting for to come out was Mr. Spence. Some came knocking at the door and just giggled when you opened it, which I thought silly, but some said they were committee women with business proposals for Mr. Spence. These were empty excuses. Mostly he missed them, being away at the Air Force offices all day trying to persuade officials that he could get fatter.

I opened a stall on the roadside like my boy-friend Stewie's, and the first day did a rushing business. I sold out everything, and Gran wouldn't give me any more gladiolas, because of them being still early and valuable and on contract to a florist. I had to go to the greenhouse down the road twice for tomatoes, and all the fudge I'd made went and the couple of meat pies Wong had given me and the lemonade I had watered to make go farther. Then I asked Wong to throw me together two dozen meat pies for the next day, but he got mad and refused.

But people came and came and came, and when I saw that they hardly glanced at what they bought because of staring at our house, I doubled all prices on berries and no one even noticed. I made ten dollars the first day, and figured if it kept up I could maybe buy a car like Mr. Spence's, which was sleek and black with a red lining.

So that night I made more fudge to sell, and Mr. Spence came out and helped beat it up. Then Gran stirred up a taffee mixture, and we began making a glorious mess in Wong's kitchen. Wong had gone to town on his night out, or we wouldn't have dared. He leaves most of his money with mother now, so he won't lose it all in a fantan game. Gran doesn't know that Wong plays fantan. The police do. Once mother had to bail him out before we could have breakfast.

Mr. Spence made mother put aside her Government paper on fertilizers and come and pull too. We had a good time until Gran said, "Mr. Spence, you're at heart a family man," and Mr. Spence grinned and said that was the idea he had been trying to get over all along. Then mother seemed to lose interest. She went back to her fish fertilizers.

I did quite well selling taffee next day, until mother came along and saw the special notice I had printed for it, which said:

Continued on page 19



Renie was in after him, her teeth chattering. "Oh, Lee," she cried, "how could you? How could you?"

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY.

Airman's Wife

By Olga L. Rosmanith

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS leave, and now it was good-by again. Lee wished his mother would go indoors and let him have these last few moments alone with Renie. But no, there she stayed, eyes swimming and lips quivering. "Lee—dearest boy, take care of yourself. But I shall pray for you."

Renie shuddered. She was unemotional. She patted the wings on his left breast. "Au revoir, my swank mechanical angel."

Mrs. Darke closed her eyes and looked pained. Lee kissed his mother first and then kissed Renie. He wanted to take away the taste of his wife's lips. She was nonchalant and uncommunicative. But now that danger was daily bread, all his senses were ultra-sharpened. He loved life as he'd never loved it, but he loved Renie even more. And something intangible had come between them. He had lain awake the long night baffled by his inability to get through this wall of glass that enclosed her.

The bus came in sight round the corner and he ran for it. He looked back when he mounted the steps. Mrs. Darke was mopping her eyes, but Renie was still smiling. She waved till the bus swept him out of sight.

He took his unrest with him into the combat station. It was one of the new underground ones, camouflaged as a perfectly honest potato field with some sturdy land girls at work on it. Weston joined him as he walked down the tunneled runway.

"Hello there, Darke, have a good time?"

"Hello yourself. Nothing to complain about." Lee's mind left the problem of Renie for the drama of the fighting station where minutes held the fate of years. Who was gone the last two days and who still living? "What's the latest?" he asked casually.

"A flock of American fighters delivered. They're dreams to fly. I got one yesterday."

They went into the brightly lit mess crowded with men in R.A.F. uniform. Some retained the absurdly youthful mouths of boys, but all had the alert resolute look of men gruelled by months of superman training.

Weston found an empty table. He was still talking about the American fighters. "Speed—my eye! We're

lucky they're ours, not *theirs*. They climb like cats up a tree. You can get on top of anything. What'll you have? Ale or coffee?"

Lee wished he could get on top of his hurt bewilderment. His leave had left him uncheered and unrefreshed. It would be terrible to die without getting back to an understanding with Renie. People said that first ardor always wore off. He didn't want it to, so he didn't believe them. He could envy the other fellows their carefree attitude. It was better in this game not to be married.

But others had troubles. Weston looked gloomy when he stopped talking.

"What's on your mind?" Lee asked him. "I thought you'd be on leave when I got back."

"I didn't take it. I wanted to see my girl, but when I do, her moods rattle me. It does us more harm than good. Air raids don't faze her, but she's scared stiff I'll be hung on a cloud or dropped in the drink. Every good-by is a fit of hysteria."

Lee felt a wild envy. Weston's girl must be crazy in love with him. "Well, it is tough on the women. My mother spills over."

"Could be worse," added Weston. "For instance, Cliffe's absolutely blitzed. A wounded submarine prima donna bagged his fiancée. You know she's nursing."

Lee helped himself from Weston's cigarette pack. A deadly fear poked up its head in him. In the night he had figured that the change in Renie was due to the trying presence of his mother, but she too was exposed to this high-pressure wartime emotion. Her job was unpacking and classifying parcels from overseas, along with a lot of old geysers and women in uniform. But she took flowers and smokes and magazines to the convalescent wards of the local military hospital.

Worse still, she sang for them, and Renie singing could bend a heart of flint over backward. Some of the officers from Dunkirk were still lingering there. Renie was an exceptionally pretty girl. She had never been so remote as on this last leave. Two and two made four. Was this horrible thing the reason?

LEE'S MOTHER was also worrying. She knew nothing of Renie's growing coldness to her husband, but she was baffled by the girl's cheerfulness. If it had been assumed for any reason, girls being so peculiar, it would let down when Lee had gone. But it did not. Neither did Renie intend to strain it drying Mrs. Darke's tears. She got her guitar and announced she was singing that night for the wounded in the hospital.

Mrs. Darke refused to go. It depressed her to see the wounded, because it quickened her imagination, but she did think leaving her alone tonight of all nights was wilfully inconsiderate.

"I didn't arrange the night," said Renie. "That was the concert committee."

"You could stay home for once."

As Lee freed himself of the cumbersome parachute harness, the girl laughed wickedly. "First time an angel ever dropped in to breakfast."

"One must take things as they come," said Renie nonchalantly, "otherwise we have chaos. I may be home late, so I won't be here to wake you and Bridget if a warning sounds. Better go to sleep in the dugout."

The house was a modern country home without a cellar. Lee had had a small shelter excavated beneath the lounge hall, near the foundations. It was much warmer than the original Anderson shelter in the garden. It was stoutly walled with concrete. It had an electric stove, a provision cupboard stocked with cans of food and tins of biscuits, a reading lamp, a shelf of books, a radio and some comfortable furniture. It was quite agreeable in spite of its lack of cat-swinging space, but Renie had never spent a raid in it.

Mrs. Darke raised a sore and familiar subject. "Look at the weather. There'll be a raid tonight or I'm a Dutchman. I think it's rather selfish to leave me alone down there with the servant."

Renie looked mutinous. "You sleep. I've often come down the steps to see how you're getting on and heard you snoring."

"I don't snore," Mrs. Darke announced with passion.

Renie recovered her tact. "Then it must be Bridget. I didn't mean to offend you. I'm sorry."

"If you meant it, you'd stay with me. You've no feelings. When a raid's on, an airman's women should stick together."

Renie turned away sharply and began to mount the stairs. "I must dress for the concert. I can't help not coming down. I get claustrophobia."

"Mercy on us! What's that?"

"The fear of being shut in small spaces."

Mrs. Darke drew a gusty sigh and went on her round of the windows to check on the blackouts. Bridget was careless and the wardens pounced, in their nice but firm no-nonsense way, if she had a pinpoint of light showing.

"You're mad to walk," she said as Renie went out. "Why the moon's like day almost. You'll be caught in one."

Renie swung her guitar case with young impatience. "All the better they can see so well. They won't waste a bomb on a country common. Have a good night, mama."

"As if I could sleep—thinking—" Mrs. Darke began to sob again. It was the usual sequel to Lee's visits—a subtle form of reproach. But not subtle enough. Renie saw through it and ignored it.

SHE WALKED the half mile to the hospital, a detached spectator in her revelling in the pellucid glory of the night. The pines on the common were jet shapes on a background of shimmering moonstone. There were the angry roar of guns and intermittent shell scream of a raid at a distance. She was not afraid, but a queer excitement quivered in her stomach and her heart began to beat a trifle faster.

She was always glad to escape from the house. It was no longer her cherished home, with Mrs. Darke's all-pervading personality in possession of it. But Renie had made up her mind to bear all the bossiness and lack of privacy for the duration. Lee's mother could not stay in her London apartment to be bombed when they had a home out here in comparative quietude. War made you thankful for the smallest blessings, and that was a big one.

The hospital looked like a group of lions sleeping under the moon, not the slit of an eye showing. Renie went through a revolving door and slipped through blackout curtains into the light of a broad white corridor. The entertainment + Continued on page 44



That Eternal Triangle

By Helen G. Campbell

BREAKFAST, lunch and dinner—the eternal triangle that every bride, and almost every woman, has to face. So, as there's no side-stepping the situation—and who'd want to?—the smart thing is to take it in hand and make the best of it in every way.

A good beginning is to have your table as trim and as handsome as possible, not decked out within an inch of its life, but well, and suitably, dressed according to the season and the occasion.

Tastes change. While the groaning board was quite the thing a few years ago, our idea today is that simple backgrounds for good food are the most delightful of all, as well as a great deal more appropriate to the times—and taxes. What we consider the essentials of a charming effect are not a display of expensive wares, but an attractive color scheme, restrained decoration and a well-designed, well-tailored look.

If you're a bride of this month or this year and collecting appointments for your table, think of linen, china, glass and silver not separately but as an ensemble. How will they go together? Are the lines good, colors agreeable, textures harmonious, and the scale in keeping? Consider your ensemble, too, in relation to the dining room, for the "rightness" of a scheme may be quite ruined in the wrong setting. Above all, be practical; choose for quality and service as well as appearance.

THIS SANE bit of advice is equally sound for many brides of a decade or more. By this time the linen supply may be seriously depleted, there's probably been a few casualties among the set of dishes and the array of cut glass with which you started house-keeping, and perhaps even the silver is wearing down a bit. If it's got to the point where you simply have to replenish, there's comfort in knowing that you can, by taking thought and adding to what you already have, bring your table up-to-date without spending a fortune on it.

Career girls, too, budget for beauty as a background for their own meals and company specials. They go in strongly for small parties, simple but delicious food, and stunning table arrangements which depend a lot more on ingenuity than cost.

So for all those who deal with the eternal triangle of three meals a day, Chatelaine Institute has designed these springtime settings keyed to the modern taste for simplicity and a fresh, uncluttered effect. Good digestion waits on appetite, and here are tables to provide a lift to the spirit and to stimulate enjoyment of breakfast, lunch or dinner as the case may be.

Whether they are the scene of family meals or informal entertaining, they're worthy of a well-chosen menu and your best efforts as a cook. Who wouldn't relish their cup of piping hot coffee, their glass of chilled tomato juice and other early morning dishes when served in such a cheerful atmosphere?

The luncheon table is planned to help you see the world through rosy glasses. Even the vegetable juice cocktail does its bit in this regard by providing brilliant color and cool refreshment. Follow it up with a hot main course and a crisp salad accompaniment, then top off with a light dessert, and your guests will be in trim to accomplish a good afternoon's work at whatever wartime job they have on hand.

Gay as a garden in spring, the table opposite is an appropriate background for the day's main meal. Dinner becomes an event in a setting designed to enliven the conversation and make good food taste even better. Put your lobster cocktail in May baskets made from thin slices of buttered bread fitted into muffin tins and lightly toasted in the oven. Then let your other courses in smooth succession contribute fine flavor and harmonious notes in the decorative scheme. +



LUNCHEON: in a fresh and cheerful setting

Place-mats with candlewick trim in two contrasting colors, semi-porcelain with Chinese motif, artistically patterned silver and plain crystal compose our luncheon setting. A centerpiece in the Chinese manner — pottery figurine, tall spiky leaves and a few low-placed flowers — carries out the theme and illustrates the effectiveness of a simple setting.

BREAKFAST: eight o'clock and all's well

Breakfast is on the table, waiting to refresh and fortify you for the day's work. The tablecloth is one of the new designs with pastel centre and bold masses of flowers arranged in a deep border. China is English, designed with wide fluted border and narrow bands of color and silver of simple design and neat decoration provides the right note.



Furniture and all table appointments,
courtesy the T. Eaton Co.

Dinner: Aynsley China and Community Plate
Lunch: Wood's Best Ware and 1847 Rogers Plate
Breakfast: Minton China and King's Plate



DINNER: with an air of dignity

Pastels and clear bright colors are happily combined in this table. The cloth is a rayon and linen mixture, from Irish looms, delicate in color and with a lovely sheen. England sends the china with decorative edge and deep bands of color, suitable in its clear-cut design for formal or informal settings. The flatware is handsomely styled to our modern taste. Leaf-shaped relish dishes, salts and peppers, and individual ash trays are fashioned of the new plastic material, featherweight but sturdy, and so smart! Flowers of varying shades massed in a low ripple-edged bowl make a brilliant and charming centerpiece.

YOUR Wedding!

By Lotta Dempsey

SKETCHES BY ELEANOR P. MAWSON.

about veils and another on weddings on a budget if you turn the pages.)

Sometimes she prefers to get married in a short jacket dress or a good-looking suit (the dress type) with a soft pretty hat and veil. But she takes care to see that her attendants are in darker colors than she is, to keep her the centre of the picture.

So wear what you like. But don't wear black or red, and please be sure it's all new from tip to toe. That brand-new bride-look is something your husband will remember all his life, even if you just slip into the church-around-the-corner.

Gifts to the Bride. Here's another break-away-from-tradition. Showers are back in circulation, with personal gifts like slips, hankies, stockings and cosmetics for the bride. Big, bulky gifts are being replaced by cheques, war savings certificates, Victory bonds. But there are four items you can give the bride and know that they'll be useful whatever her life, however and wherever she is to live. The things a woman uses to make any kind of room or house a home that is distinctively hers. They are: linen, china, crystal and silver.

Wedding Among Strangers

Whoever heard of a girl being married far from home, without a familiar face except that of the bridegroom near her? Well, lots of Canadian girls are doing just that today. But if it's at all possible to have a member of the family, a relative, or a close friend to stand by, do. If some kind person lends her house, remember that the cost of the wedding is still the bride's affair (her family's, if she's lucky), so you must provide the food and fixings.

If your best beau can't leave camp, don't grieve. There are simple but friendly little chapels in every camp, the padre is kindness itself, and often your husband's friends in uniform will form a guard of honor, and gather round for the ceremony, even decking the chapel out a bit.

You'll learn right off that you're never among strangers when you're among your husband's comrades-at-arms.

If you're both in the services, you will have the choice of camps, padres, chapels and guards-of-honor. Neither of you can wear flowers, and you can't carry them. On the other hand, you can remove your respirator!

Invitation Intricacies

Engraved invitations aren't museum pieces yet by any means. But the informal wedding can be announced by personal notes, and telephone calls. Particularly if it has to be suddenly advanced several weeks because of changes in leave or sailing orders. If you're dispensing with the reception, just leave any mention of it off the invitation.

The New Note in Trousseau

The old oak chest has pretty much gone the way of the old oaken bucket. But you can get some linen, silver, china and crystal together. You can have three months supply, at least, of lingerie and wearables. And make your travelling outfit or your suit one of your most important items. It will serve you well, whether you're going back to work or not. It's the most important part of your after-marriage wardrobe today. That, and a smart dinner dress.

Get your wedding dress ready good and early, so that it can be hanging in the closet all set for any change in plans.

Flash news: White satin bedroom slippers (mules) with your wedding gown are a grand new idea and useful later, too.

Bow to Mrs. Grundy

Marriage may be a private affair, but the public still believes it has a right to be in on a wedding. Have the wedding your way, definitely, but be sure to let Mrs. Grundy know about it well ahead. Especially if your Heart-throb is going away and you're staying in the community.

Catch That Pose

And please get your picture taken, even if it's only a snapshot. After all, this is a day to build memories for tomorrow—and dreams are things to be tied down and moored fast whenever you can catch them in the making.

Besides, some day when there is peace, your children and grandchildren will love that picture. They'll say, as they turn the pages of the album, "Tell us about it again," and you'll begin:

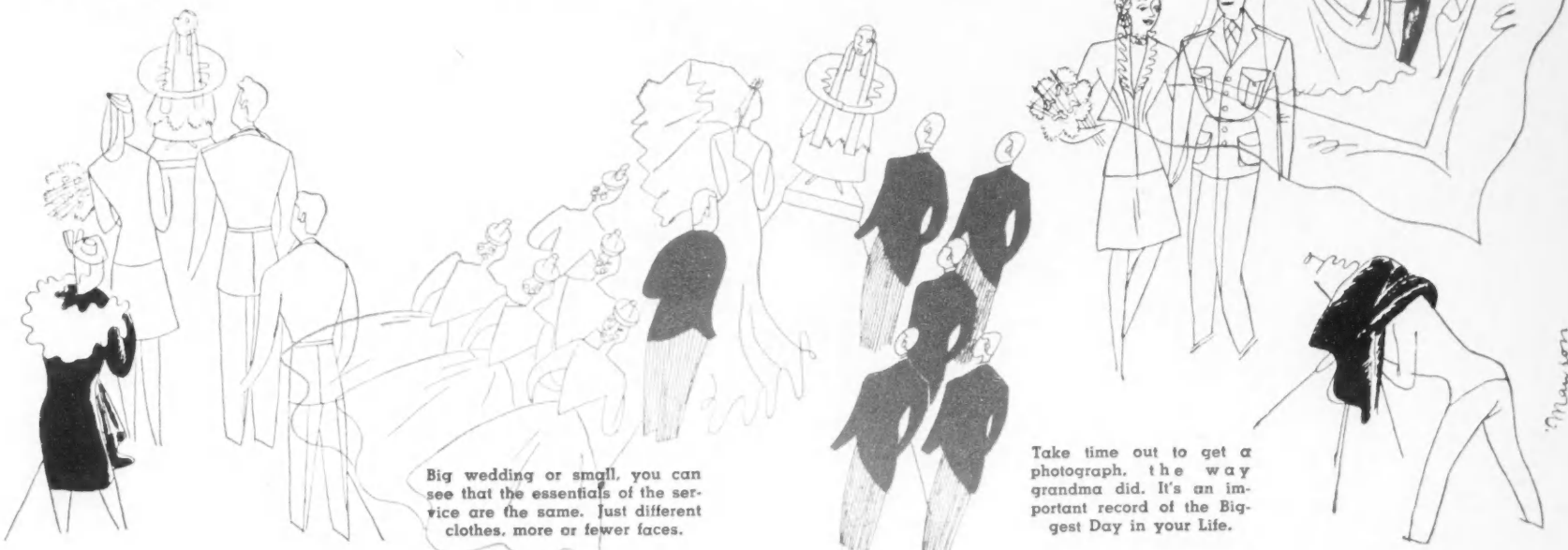
"Once upon a time there was the most perfect wedding in the world, with the happiest bride that ever lived . . ." +

If you can't set up house-keeping after the honeymoon, keep busy while you bide your time. It's the best recipe for staying happy while he's gone.

Don't be dismayed if you find you have to go to camp for the ceremony. The camp chapel and resident padre, along with the men-at-arms about, add something special.

Take time out to get a photograph, the way grandma did. It's an important record of the Big-gest Day in your Life.

Big wedding or small, you can see that the essentials of the service are the same. Just different clothes, more or fewer faces.



After All It's



Four out of five Canadian girls are marrying men in uniform—and that means suiting your plans to the King's Orders.



Wedding announcements aren't musts, but they are good insurance against the Mrs. Grundys of the neighborhood.



The big wedding is gorgeous—but not if it leaves mother in a state of collapse. If you decide to wear a suit, you can still carry flowers and exude glamour in abundance.

REMEMBER how you used to plan it, back in your porridge and pinafore days? The parties, the church, the long veil, the wedding presents, the house you'd live in? Everything in place but the man's face, which was apt to be pretty hazy.

And here you are, in the year of your wedding, 1942, with the man's face clear-cut and sure in every line, but so many other things—the wedding plans, the honeymoon, the unpredictable future—all dim and hazy out there somewhere.

And because your life and your problems are different today—so is your wedding. And it isn't mother's or grandmother's or Aunt Emma's wedding. It's **YOURS**.

How much and how far can you change and adopt the age-old ceremony and its customary pomp and symbolism to suit your needs today? **PLENTY**—so long as you can distinguish the essentials from the non-essentials.

What Are the Marriage Musts?

1. You must be sure. If in doubt, don't.
2. You must have the family blessing if at all possible. If they say you're too young or too old or too anything, enlist the impartial kindly advice of a minister.
3. You must make it a family affair, if you can. If your families can't be present, try to have some relative or close friend by you. At the last moment you'll be glad you did.
4. You must preserve the ritual and solemnity of the service. Whether it's in a camp chapel or a hotel parlor or a borrowed living room down by the sea, the ceremony is the important thing.
5. You must be the centre of attention and attraction. Let nothing take away from the beauty and richness of this day of days, and your part as the central figure in it.

Write Your Own Ticket

Once you settle on these basic items, you can call the tune, and believe me, some strange things are happening to our wedding fixings since we started playing Mendelssohn in march time. For you know, don't you, that four out of five Canadian brides this year are marrying men in the Navy, the Army and the Air Force? So let's look first at the new order

The Swing to Simplicity

There are four important items that are getting the axe in the new way of weddings. Not deleted, but pared down a lot.

First, refreshments (with the drink cut more than the food). Often sandwiches, cookies, wedding cake and fruit juice take the place of former elaborate hot dishes, salads, ices, fancy cakes and expensive punches. Or at a church or chapel wedding you can dispense with a reception altogether. But if you do, be sure to wait in the church parlor or vestibule to receive congratulations from the guests. And take your attendants and the family (if they're there) somewhere for at least a snack, even if you go to a restaurant and use your corsage for a table centre. If you neglect this detail, you'll wish afterward you'd had people to add the punctuation marks to your wedding story.

Second, flowers. It isn't a case of "please omit," unless you're both in uniform, in which case you can't wear them, though you can have 'em around. You can cut floral decorations to a minimum. In church, for instance. Put blossoms and greenery around the altar, and let it go at that. Mark pews with regimental ribbons, if you're going to be an army wife.

Ministers say they're glad to see the transplanted forest disappearing from their churches in these days of simpler decoration. For now you can see the beauty of the House of God in its austere symbolism.

Then, there's the question of bouquets. Have one, by all means. You can carry a small one if you're wearing a suit or dress, or a large one with a formal gown and veil. But why not choose our beautiful native Canadian blossoms, like feathery sprays of creamy lilac, daffodils, tulips, or apple blossoms instead of exotic, expensive, hard-to-get flowers?

Third, clothes. Have your wedding gown and long veil, by all means, if you have your heart set on it. But I've been eavesdropping on a lot of weddings-in-the-making at the biggest bride's bureau in the country, and even the girl who doesn't have to watch her pennies as though they were mice in the pantry is cutting the cost of her wedding gown by ten to twenty dollars this year. She's choosing soft colors instead of white, sometimes, and wearing a fingertip or shoulder-length veil. (You'll find a story



Food is fun after a wedding, even if it's just a snack at a restaurant with the attendants. You'll love talking it over.



Room setting by courtesy of Eaton's-College Street.

THE SCENE changes—from the tired 1930's (opposite) to the full color, yet utter simplicity of 1942. Here you see an excellent demonstration of the new "relaxed" style in home decoration. Functional modern furniture extends the seating accommodation, while freeing more open space for moving about. Weighty items are grouped to form horizontal lines (the most restful known to man), and these are set low against the background. Color is played up as brave stimulating splashes. Everywhere there is harmony of purpose.

And when you come down to the actual details of the scheme, you find it as brimful of news as this morning's paper!

There's, first of all, that "split" wall treatment, as the decorators call it. It's one of those tricks of the trade that give a room a fresh lift, the easy inexpensive way. The long walls show broad vertical bands outlined with soft flowery pattern; the end walls, where the draperies provide the chief interest, use an unobtrusive polka-dotted design. These are co-ordinated wallpapers—and something we can be rather proud of, because they represent a brand-new effort on the part of Canadian manufacturers.

Such co-ordination in colors and patterns becomes more important every season. If you, little bride of the season, want to make sure that every investment in home decoration is right and proper, you'll follow the easy course laid down by the designers and dyers. They've made the assembling of colors and patterns just about foolproof. The old worry of what-goes-with-what, of mixing and matching, of hauling bolts of fabric "to the light," will soon be just a quaint memory.

Here, for instance, are two correlated patterns in double-warp cottons, zestful to look at, sturdy to live with. The stripe picks up the colors of the floral drapery cretonne and gives that certain punctuation to the general scheme. But these two are merely half the story: for a larger room you could extend the variety of pattern by using, on one chair, a white-ground fabric with widely spaced flowers in the deep tones, and the fourth of the group, a subtle combination of the stripe and drapery cretonne, on a love-seat. Co-ordination is definitely one of the better ideas in our new kind of decorating!

IF YOU'RE really wedded to curlicues, scrolls and fanciful lines in furniture, you won't like that main

conversation group, because here, at last, is tailored simplicity for the home—as smart, trim and distinctive as your own going-away suit. Here, again, is correlation with purpose. You can have as many, or as few, of the unit pieces as your wall space suggests; in our arrangement, we have used seven sections in all, with only two armed pieces, to finish the arrangement. You shove 'em round like children's blocks—and the flexibility of such sectional pieces is one of their chief attractions. You can enjoy them in that first apartment home and have the satisfaction of knowing they'll be just as acceptable in the house you build later on.

Those corner tables make news, too. They're designed as companion pieces for the upholstered units—just the right height, and such a find for difficult corners! The jutting lower shelf is a boon to magazine hoarders. Like all the other wood pieces in this room, they are stoutly built of bleached mahogany and Canadian birch, with a soft satiny finish. On the wall facing the main lounge group stands a glass-fronted modern cabinet, flanked by two small chests of drawers. This not only supplies a major decorative group in happy accord with the spirit of the room, but offers practical storage facilities in concentrated apartment space. ♦

These Are Changing Times!

By MARY-ETTA MACPHERSON

WHEN TIMES change, tastes change too. Every war in modern history—from the days of the Crusades to the First Great War—left its mark on the living habits of nations and individual families. Already there are signs of changes ahead for us—changes not merely in the materials of houses and furnishings, but in the whole Philosophy of Living as expressed in our home environment.


There's one word that's going to pop up frequently in connection with attractive new rooms: **RELAXED**. Tension everywhere outside the home makes a "relaxed" sort of decoration within almost a psychological necessity. We want our family rooms to have that inviting come-in-and-sit-down look; we want houses furnished for comfort, not for show; and, above all, we're tired of meaningless clutter.

Look below for an example of what we do *not* want. It's the "busy" type of living room we're all too too familiar with. The wall areas are as full of unrelated spots as a case of measles: odds and ends strewn along a plate-rail that should have gone out with the hobble skirt; pictures hung any old way; a corner bracket put up as an afterthought. Here, too, we see our ubiquitous old friend, the big chesterfield, looking more unhappy than ever in its cat-a-corner position. The table lamps are inadequate. The two scrappy little rugs flung down

at angles add to the sense of confusion, and the curtain treatment shows a big opportunity missed to lift the room out of the commonplace.

Mind you, this "room for improvement" is no overdrawn exaggeration on the part of our artist. It is a portrait of an average Canadian living room, furnished by a bride of some years back who was left more or less alone with a dozen assorted problems of what to buy and how to assemble it. The Bride of 1942 is luckier, because experts in furniture design, colors, fabrics, etc., have studied her problems in advance, and the solutions are ready to her hand. And if her older sister wants to bring some of the lovely color and restful simplicity of the new order into her home, the scheme photographed at right—a remodelled version of the room below—will point the way.





THE SOUP MOTHER GAVE UP MAKING

SATISFACTION beamed in Mother's face whenever she turned out a fine kettle of vegetable soup. And when the long task of preparing it was over, the praise of her family, as she ladled it out, made all her work worth while. But one day Mother stowed away her soup kettle.

You see, she had watched her friends, one by one, turn to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, and Mother began to wonder. Finally *she* tried it. When she found it as homey and as good as her own, and her family's tribute just as hearty, then common sense stepped in. Mother stopped making her own soup. Now she serves Campbell's!

THE TREND IS TO CAMPBELL'S

There are thousands and thousands of mothers like her—modern women who acknowledge that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is as delicious as theirs, and as nourishing. It should be! Many different kinds of vegetables are picked

in gardens at their crisp and luscious prime. Its stock is simmered from fine government-inspected Canadian beef till it's filled with tempting flavor. And when it comes from the kettles at Campbell's Canadian kitchens, it's almost a meal in itself—inviting, substantial, downright good!

PLAN TEMPTING MENUS

Here's one for lunch:

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Poached Eggs on Spinach
Bread and Butter
Baked Apple
Milk

And one for dinner:

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Cream Chipped Beef and
Mushrooms in Rice Ring
Buttered String Beans
Spiced Crab Apples
Bread and Butter
Gingerbread Banana Shortcake
Coffee Milk

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
makes meal-planning easy.
Keep it always on hand!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

LITTLE DICTATORS

in the Home

By MARY
LOWREY ROSS



parents of a generation ago, let us admit, got a good deal more than their fair allotment. When we were allowed to take tea with them in company, we ate what was set before us, spoke when spoken to, and the rest of the time were rather intensely silent. These parents had remarkably strong personalities, which they nourished, apparently, by absorbing the personalities of their young.

Revolution was bound to come. It came, to be sure, rather slowly, the balance of power shifting steadily but surely over years, until parents woke up to discover that it was almost entirely in the hands of the younger generation. Today it is quite possible for a five-year-old to dominate his psychology-addled parents as triumphantly as Papa Barrett dominated the household of Wimpole Street. When this happens, there is nothing for the parents to do but hurry off

to the public library for more books on child training, which usually leave them more humble, mystified, and helpless than ever.

Take, for instance, the matter of Bad Language. When your four-year-old child mortifies you publicly, you dare not do what your own parents did—drag him out to the kitchen sink and wash his mouth with soap. The thing to do is ignore it. Then (we are told) the four-year-old, finding he has made no impression, will soon forget it and revert to the innocent vocabulary of childhood.

The theory is fine; only, as far as I can discover, it simply doesn't work. A four-year-old of my acquaintance recently picked up a Bad Word on the street and rushed in to display it to her mother as proudly as though it were a mangy kitten. Her mother, following the textbook, ignored it. The four-year-old, ignoring the textbook, continued to cherish it and display it on every occasion, to the horror of the fastidious.

For weeks the mother followed the policy laid down by the psychologists. Then one day she took her little daughter to visit friends, a charming middle-aged, old-fashioned couple whom she had known before her marriage. All through garden-inspection and tea, things went happily, with Four-Year-Old on her most

Nothing could have been more mortifying to a person of Mrs. B.'s training and instincts than a public brawl in a Ladies' Rest Room.



WHEN I came into my friend's living room, I found her nine-year-old son busy over a map spread out on the table.

"Burton is fascinated by war maps," his mother said, and added a little nervously, "I hate them myself."

Burton displayed his map, and to my feminine eye, rather hazily trained in Oriental geography, it looked highly impressive.

"Did your Social Studies teacher get you to make it?" I asked, and Burton said no, it was his own idea. He had started it at school and had brought it home to finish. "I made a smart map of the Malay Peninsula just before the Japs took Singapore," he said, "but I left it at school."

For the next twenty minutes we discussed, under Burton's leadership, the war in the South Pacific. With the arrival of tea, I felt a faint sense of relief. There were a number of things I wanted to discuss with Burton's mother—such as how she was getting along without Velma, who had gone off to make shell casings, and whether she had a child's pyjama pattern, size six, and if she had ever heard of anyone using a henna rinse to freshen slip-covers. Burton, I found, had a tendency to "freeze" feminine conversation, or at any rate to make it sound hopelessly inconsequential.

BURTON, however, didn't withdraw. He passed tea and cakes, he made some sound masculine observations on the sugar shortage, he ate a hearty tea, and he kept an eye and a hand on the conversation till the end.

He had given, in fact, a remarkable demonstration of all the fine things progressive child-training stands for: Creative Ability (making maps); Co-operation (passing tea); and Leadership (conversation). In the meantime his personality had had a splendid workout, and any

Group Activity Leader would have been proud of him. As for the two adults present, their personalities had simply retired, leaving his the field.

I was thinking rather grimly of Burton on the way home, when I suddenly remembered a recent occurrence in my own household. I had gone to bed about 2.30 one morning, promising myself a nice long sleep in the morning, and I woke bright and early to find four little girls standing round my bed—my own two, and two from across the road. "Does she always sleep this late?" one of them was asking disapprovingly.

I hadn't minded it at the time, but taken along with Burton, this memory filled me with a sudden sense of outrage. Parents, after all, were people too. They had a right to privacy, the companionship of their own age-groups, the encouragement of their social instinct, and the free development of personality. They were entitled, in fact, to all the things that the Progressives had ruthlessly taken away from them and handed over to their young.

Today it was the children who were confident and authoritative, the parents who were shy, perplexed and retiring. Parents asked the questions, usually of other parents, but children knew all the answers. Parents brought forward suggestions, and children made the decisions. In fact, the personalities of parents and children seemed to have completely switched sides within a generation.

PERSONALITY within any given household is as definitely limited a commodity as pantry supplies in wartime. If one member of the household seizes more than his share, the rest simply have to go without. The



"Does she always sleep this late?" one of them was asking disapprovingly.

problems and patterns with an intensity that makes the old-fashioned "devoted" mother look like a callous child-deserter. We make it a rule that the child shall have both the freedom and the privacy of the home—which usually means that the child has most of the freedom and nobody has any privacy. (At this moment five children, age-group 4-8, are playing Traffic Cop in the living room. This involves two scooters, an old velocipede, improvised signals, and continuous hoarse shouts and shrieks; but it is obviously a Community Project and can't be interrupted.)

Gran Looked Regal :: Continued from page 7

**"STRONG HANDS THAT HAVE
CARESSED LOVELY WOMEN
PULLED THIS TAFFEE
SPECIALTY OF THE HOUSE!
Taffee Made By The Great Lover
VICTOR SPENCE!
\$1 lb.**

She slapped me hard, even when I told her I had only copied out what one of the movie books said about him. She made me take down the stall and come in off the road.

Mother was not always so cross. Sometimes when Mr. Spence went out to the fields to remind her that the dinner gong had sounded, they would come back together down the dusty lane, laughing like mad. When I ran to meet them and asked what was so funny, they really didn't know, which I thought very silly.

ONE DAY when the staring at the house got too bad, Gran had a picnic basket packed and we all crept out the side door and stole away in the truck. We went down to the cove, which is not far away, and we made a little fire and boiled a kettle and made some tea. It was fun. We all swam except Gran. Gran said her bathing suit was a museum piece and, come to think of it, so were her legs.

Mr. Spence suddenly became very gallant. He drew himself up to his full height, clicked his heels together and bent over Gran's hand, and he didn't look like Mr. Spence at all, but like a count or something. With his eyes smoldering the way he can make them, he said, "Dearest lady, lucky the museum which is founded around such a treasure!" He looked just the way he does sometimes in the movies. Then he suddenly threw up his head and laughed at himself, and Gran laughed and so did mother. It really was very funny how he could make himself into someone else all in a minute.

I jumped up and down and said, "Now do it to me! Do it to me!"

So he clicked and smoldered over my hand, and goose pimples went all over

We are, from the point of view of old-fashioned people, lax, spineless, and incapable of authority or discipline. In our darker moments we sometimes suspect that the old-fashioned people may be right.

No doubt, in time, we will be able to get our bearings, and work out some system of child training that will combine the freedom of the new order with some of the more sensible advantages (to parents) of the old.

In the meantime our current dilemma was summed up for me by the remark of the mother of three highly extrovert little boys. She had been listening to one of those group discussions on child training that inevitably spring up when two or more parents get together. And at the end of it she remarked sadly that in all her experience she had made only one discovery that she could pass on and guarantee infallible.

"What is it?" we all asked eagerly. "It isn't much," she said apologetically. "Just that nail polish remover is the only thing that will positively take gum from the seat of a pair of flannel trousers." ♦

my back, and everybody laughed again. I said, "Now do it to mother! Do it to mother!"

But mother had suddenly taken to skipping flat pebbles over the water and didn't seem interested.

"Your mother is shy," said Mr. Spence. "Perhaps she would rather I did it in private."

Mother didn't say anything, but the next rock she threw didn't skip, it just went in "plunk."

It was a warm day and we sat around getting drowsy. Gran snoozed, with her back against a beached log and her chin resting on her pink cameo. She had her green parasol over her head. The ivory handle was wedged between her elbow and her side. I did not think I slept, but I must have, because when I woke up I was getting a terrible sunburn on my back and mother and Mr. Spence weren't in sight, which was odd. I looked around and I didn't see them.

The woods come right down to the beach, and there are lovely little paths all through them. I thought, perhaps they have gone walking. I did not want to shout because of Gran, who was snoring gently in time to the waves which were shushing up against the pebbles and sucking back again. I started up the beach in my bare feet. The pebbles were hot to walk on. I went up the path into the cool trees, then I heard a car start up and pull away on the road ahead. It was not our old truck, which is noisy. I ran on, and there were mother and Mr. Spence standing staring after a car. I could tell by my mother's shoulders, which were very square and straight above her red bathing suit, that she was mad. When the car disappeared around the bend, she turned to Mr. Spence angrily.

"Why didn't you knock him down?" she said.

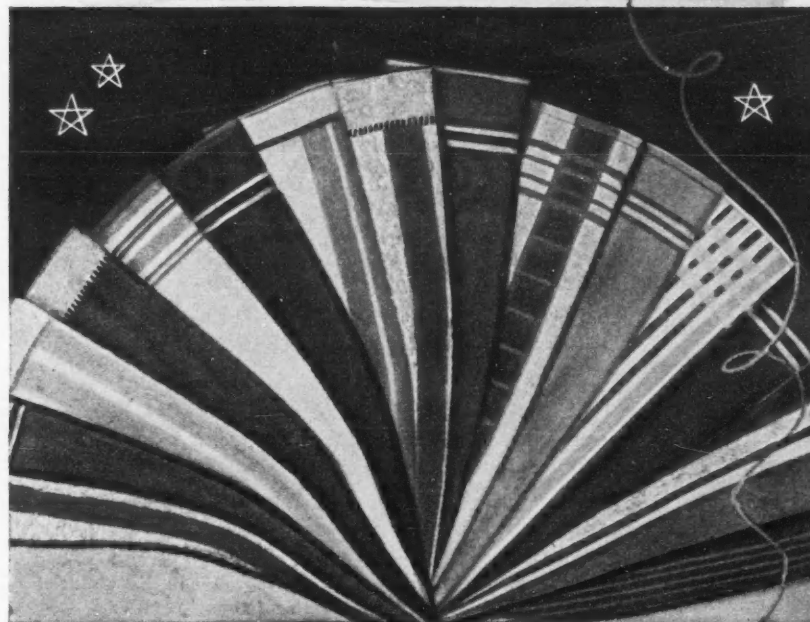
"Firstly, because he was only half my size. Secondly, because he would have added it to the other and got some very unpleasant headlines out of it," he answered. He did not seem mad, just patient.

Mother turned on her heel and headed

CALDWELL

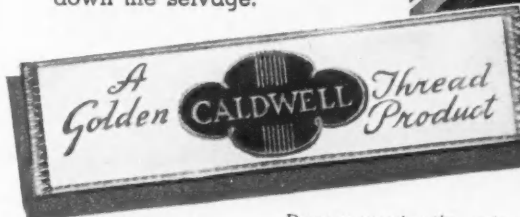
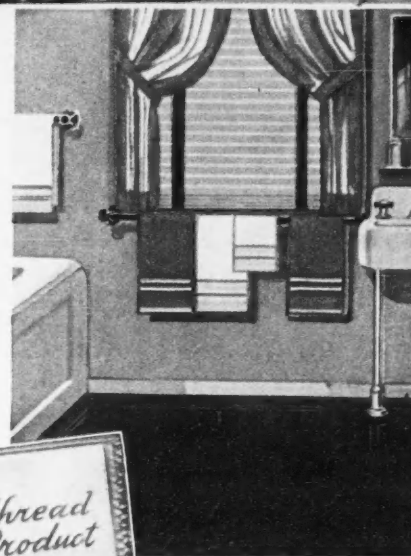
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decorous and engaging behavior. Then just as they were leaving, she leaned out of the car window and uttered her Oath. In the face of unflinching smiles she continued to shriek it all the way down the drive, till host and hostess were out of sight.

Her mother, seated at the wheel, said nothing, but her face wore an expression her own mother would have recognized—the just-wait-till-I-get-you-home look. When they reached home, she put the car in the garage, took her little daughter upstairs and gave her the first spanking of her life.

In this, you will note, she had broken every rule in the psychological catalogue. She had delayed discipline, established fixation, and resorted to physical correction. As it turned out, the spanking was a brilliant success, as surprise tactics usually are, and the Oath disappeared, never to return. Yet oddly enough, the experience left the four-year-old's mother in an even more confused state of mind than she was before. She feels she has broken with the new order and she can't revert to the old one. Her own modern training and the whole trend of popular sentiment are overwhelmingly against it.

POPULAR sentiment is, of course, another factor that helps to cow the modern parent. The educational revolution has gradually worked down through the whole of society, which is now so thoroughly infiltrated that any attempt to discipline one's child in public is likely to turn the most casual stranger into a combination of John L. Dewey and a French Revolutionary tricoteuse. And this brings me to the case history of Mrs. B., the Mother Who Took Her Child to a Nine O'Clock Movie.

Mrs. B. is the parent of a five-year-old son who has been carefully reared in the best tradition of nursery school technique. Even the most devoted mother, however, occasionally longs for a night out. Mrs. B. wanted to go to a movie, and since she is maidless, she decided that it wouldn't hurt for once to take her five-year-old along. So she told him she was going to take him to see Mickey Mouse and he could make up his sleep the next day.

Mr. B. was late in getting home to dinner that evening. Then there were the customary delays incident to washing up, and assembling leggings, overshoes, mufflers and mittens. At the theatre there was the usual line-up stretching to the corner, and it was almost nine o'clock before the B.'s were finally in their seats, watching the first feature of a double bill.

At half-past ten Mrs. B. leaned over to her little boy and whispered nervously that perhaps they had better go home and come back and see Mickey Mouse another time. His instant response was a howl that was part outrage at the thought of leaving and part incredulity at the notion of a broken promise. ("Never break a promise to a child.") Since you can't have a howling child in a movie, Mrs. B. gathered him up and hurried him off to the ladies' rest room.

Two middle-aged ladies sat watching her from across the room. "Wouldn't you think a woman would have enough sense not to bring a child that age to the movies at night?" one of them said in a voice intentionally loud and clear.

Mrs. B. went on trying to quiet her

five-year-old. The ladies continued to criticize in bitterly audible tones. The five-year-old, aware of the exciting tension in the air, howled more inconsolably than ever. Mrs. B. grew rather desperate. "If you don't stop crying I'll have to punish you!" she cried at last, and at that one of the vigilantes sprang up and came over to her. "Don't you dare lay a hand on that child," she said ominously.

Mrs. B. quite lost her head at that. "Will you shut up!" she yelled, in a voice that could be heard clearly above the sound track outside. She then spanked her child thoroughly and led him weeping from the theatre.

Altogether it was a thoroughly humiliating little scene. Nothing could have been more mortifying to a person of Mrs. B.'s training and instincts than a public brawl in a ladies' rest room. And nothing could have been more affronting to her sense of justice than the knowledge that a spanking richly deserved by an exasperating stranger was actually received—and from her own hand—by her own child.

THIS IS the sort of unfortunate experience that could never have happened to an old-fashioned mother, who was free to spank her child in public if he seemed to need it, with the complete approval of both the public and her conscience. Her system of training went with her times, and both worked completely to her advantage. They left her her dignity and her self-esteem, and though the system itself looked inflexible, it worked simply and smoothly, since it tended to turn the children into subdued little introverts, easily controlled by the glance of an eye.

As far as one can tell, modern child-training theory has swept most of that away—at any rate, if there are any little introverts left, they are not among my acquaintance. And sometimes after a session with a modern child-



An old-fashioned little introvert, willing to creep into a corner with a book, would be wonderfully restful to have about the house.

extrovert brimming with plans, projects, initiative and the play-spirit, I catch myself thinking that an old-fashioned little introvert, who was willing to creep into a corner with a book, would be wonderfully restful to have about the house.

This, of course, is a hopelessly wrong and reactionary point of view. The kind of child the modern parent is turning out—aggressive, resourceful, tirelessly active, and curious—is exactly what is needed for the kind of world we are about to hand over to him.

But what about the kind of parent the modern child is turning out?

We are a badly perplexed and bewildered lot. We read too many books and a good many of the books contradict each other, and quite a lot of our experience contradicts the books. We brood over our children's behavior

back to the beach. I skedaddled and got back before her.

Gran was awake. She turned when she saw the others coming. When she saw the expression on mother's face, she looked cautious. "Anything wrong?" she asked.

"Plenty," said Mr. Spence. "A reporter followed us down to the beach."

Mother snatched her hat up and then went home. She left us the truck.

Mr. Spence looked as if he was going to follow her. Gran said, "Let her go!"

Mr. Spence blushed. Gran said, "What happened?"

Mr. Spence said, "It was really most unfortunate—I mean, that he should have come along just at that moment—I—we—didn't see him. I was—I mean—"

"Were you clicking your heels and smoldering for mother in private?" I asked eagerly.

Gran said, "Children should be seen and not heard."

"Into the mouths of babes—" said Mr. Spence. "Roughly that was what was happening."

"How very unfortunate," said Gran. "Surely he won't use it!"

"He might," said Mr. Spence, kicking the pebbles and looking very unhappy.

"I believe the fellow writes for some of the breezier journals."

"My daughter is supersensitive about having her name coupled with"—Gran looked at me as if she wanted me to go paddle a log, so I sat down and reached for a banana—"with anyone."

"Yes," said Mr. Spence, still kicking pebbles.

"We must only hope that she doesn't run out on the lot of us," said Gran.

Mr. Spence looked up suddenly, and he looked scared. "Where to?" he said.

"I wouldn't put it past her to pack up and go visit her cousins in Montreal or Toronto. She might even discover a school friend in the Yukon—"

I remembered now that when that funny Mr. Douglas was visiting our house so often a year ago, Mother had left suddenly for Montreal. I ate my banana and wondered if she would take me.

WELL, TWO other things happened before the big event that changed all our lives. The garden party at Government House and the night the news came over the radio that made mother so unhappy.

I like to think of the garden party best, even though it ended so badly, because we all looked so beautiful.

A committee asked Mr. Spence if he would let people shake his hand for a dollar, to get money for the Red Cross at this garden party, and the invitation included his hostesses. That was us.

He said he would do it if we went and stood beside him, but if we wouldn't, he wouldn't. Mother got ready to say no, but Gran said, "By gad, the Red Cross is a noble thing, and no daughter of mine is going to sabotage Canada's war effort!"

So we began to think about clothes. Mr. Spence looked mother over and decided she ought to wear yellow running to flame color, because of her wonderful tan. Before she could protest, he rushed to the telephone and called long distance to Hollywood and got Aunt Millicent to send one of her own dresses and a wig from the studio. Mother blew up over the wig, and Mr. Spence led her to a mirror and said,

"Look!" And she looked and had to give in, because her hair was cut so short all over her head, and it did look kind of like a shaggy chrysanthemum that hasn't had the right spray when it was young. We grow good chrysanthemums.

Then Gran went to the attic and dragged out trunks, and when she came down she was shaking mothballs out of a mink cape and what she said was a sable stole. I think she must be wrong about that, because I'm sure it was left over from her ball days and wasn't stole like she said.

She made me a dress out of some white lace which she said was real and very precious, and I had my hair let out of braids.

I'll never forget mother that day. She came down the stairs with the yellow chiffon dress twirling around her feet and she had on a big straw hat with daisies on it and the sleek brown curls, that weren't hers really, peeked from under it all around. We all stood and stared at her, Gran and Mr. Spence and me, and we couldn't think of anything to say because she was so beautiful it hurt.

I was certainly surprised.

WE WENT in a very large car, with Ben and the pickers gathered around to see us off and wave. There was hardly room enough, with Gran's grey velvet skirts being so long and her mink cape being so big and her best ivory cane prodding everybody in the ribs. Mother had on the sables that someone stole.

Well, the party was wonderful. Our names were shouted out by a man in striped pants, and we went up and met the Lieutenant-Governor. After that, Mr. Spence took his place under a Union Jack and a Stars and Stripes, looking horribly shy, and began shaking hands for a dollar. Gran and mother stayed with him, and men with cameras kept taking mother's picture. There was lots to eat, and I found a big tent where they were serving ginger ale. I had one and then another, because it was nice not having to pay five cents a bottle for it. Besides, waiters brought it around on trays, and they bowed low every time I reached for one.

I started to talk to people and they were awfully nice. They wanted to know all about Mr. Spence staying at our house, and I told them how it was. I warned them not to believe all they read in movie books about stars and told them how I had found them out through his underwear. I told them he had an awful time getting mother to come today, because he had said he wouldn't come despite the old Red Cross unless she did. They were awfully pleasant people, and I told them that mother's outfit was very interesting because none of it was hers. The dress was Aunt Millicent's, the fur cape was stolen, and her hair was rushed here from Hollywood by plane to make her look beautiful. We all laughed and laughed. I told them that I liked Mr. Spence, but mother didn't much because Gran was throwing him at her head.

And then something picked me up from behind, and I sort of floated away through the crowd. When I came down I was in the big car again, and there were mother and Gran, sitting up very stiff and calling to the driver to take us home and the party not half over.

I never did understand about that

✱ Continued on page 38



Deb serves in Dominion's Defense

Her name, Claire Morin. Her home, St. Joseph de Beauce, Que. This lovely debutante and her handsome escort take a Victoria to help save gasoline reserves. Asked how she keeps her ivory skin so fresh, Claire said: "It's easy to give bright glow to my skin with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. I'm devoted to this daily cleansing with Woodbury Facial Soap." Try this scientific skin soap for your facial cocktail. (Note recipe below.) See your complexion blossom with new loveliness.



1. Claire helps speed up supplies of bacon for Army breakfasts abroad. "Every small help brings Victory closer. It's even important for a girl to look bright and attractive. So I use Woodbury Soap to clear away skin drabness.



2. "Here are the ABCs of my skin care. I bubble up a rich lather of Woodbury Soap. With sharp pats dispose of soil and grime. Then flush away the last trace of drabness with two complete rinsings... warm water, followed by cold."



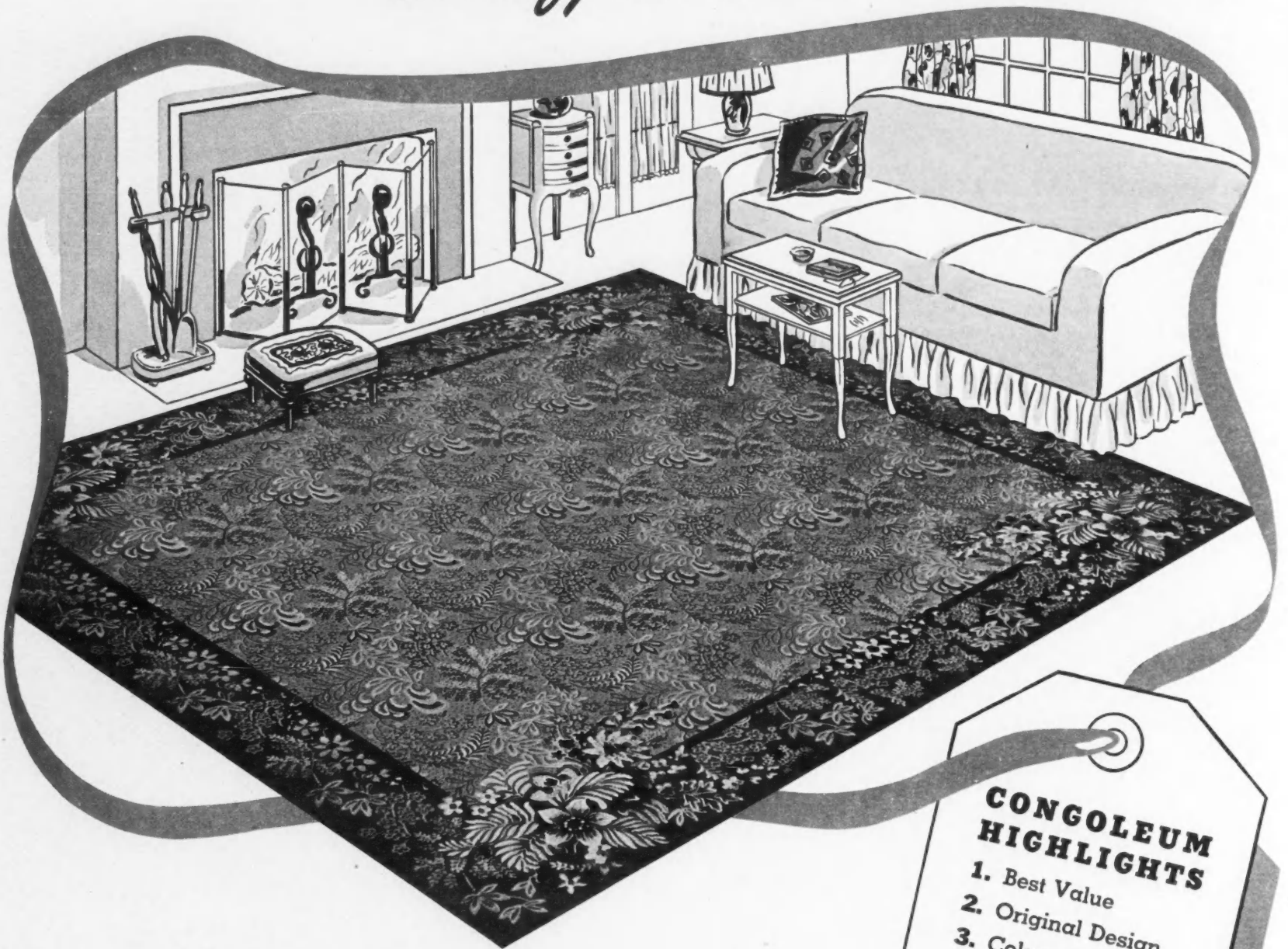
3. For the men in service, Claire knits scarfs, sweaters and socks. "I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail every day without fail. This fine skin soap is wonderfully thorough and gentle. It brings the pink to my skin." Try fragrant Woodbury Soap in your bath, as well.



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ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES REED

splendid husband." She said it as though she'd been rehearsing it over and over. "But we'd rather you didn't say anything to anyone outside the family until after the wedding."

I put on my thimble. I guessed I didn't need any stronger hint to mind my own business. "Where is the pattern and dress goods?" I asked.

"Pattern—dress goods?" she said after me bewilderedly.

"You have to have a pattern and dress goods to make a dress," I told her.

"Yes—yes, of course. It was just this morning that—Madge and Harve told us the news. I'll order out a bolt of crepe de chine right away from the store."

I was sorting through the sewing machine drawer where she kept her paper patterns. "We could use her graduation pattern for the dress," I told her, "only make the sleeves long."

She went out to the phone, and I heard her calling Harve's father at the store and ordering the goods.

I found the pattern, and all the while I was trying to smooth out the wrinkles in that springy tissue paper, my thoughts kept pushing up just as stubbornly . . . Not Madge Kingman and Harve Root! Not one of these hush-hush, hurry-up weddings! I'd seen a few of them in my time. Sewed for them even, but I never thought Madge Kingman would be the bride in one . . .

Not Madge, who'd won the medal in the high school Declamatory Contest, wearing a dress I'd copied from a picture of Geraldine Farrar, made of apple-green silkoline with a draped skirt and a fichu.

I thought of Millie Sterns, who still slunk into the back row of Aid and Study Club, though it was twenty years since the scandal. I couldn't bear to think of Madge slinking. That red head of hers was meant to be carried high.

I felt helpless and sick inside.

The hired girl called up, and Mrs. Kingman went down to the kitchen. So when the delivery wagon stopped and Harve got out, carrying the bolt of goods under his arm, nobody answered his knock. Finally I heard Madge's door open and her footsteps go slowly down the stairs as though every step was painful.

The sewing room felt close, so I opened the door a crack. After all, a woman has to have a breath of air when she works. I could see the two of them meet at the bottom of the stairs. But there was no spooning going on here. Madge just reached out and took the goods from him as though she had to drive herself to do it. Her voice was high and strained.

"I've tried to persuade Mama not to go through with this farce of a wedding outfit, Harve. But she won't listen. I said, 'I'd rather just be married in a middy blouse!'" Her voice broke.

HARVE LOOKED up at her where she was standing, a step or two above him. He had that sorry, dumb look of a man who'll never be very handy with words.

"Madge," he said, swallowing. "Somehow I'll—I'll make it up to you."

"You can't," she said bitterly. "I'm not blaming you. We're both just locked up together for life!" She choked as she turned and stumbled up the stairs, carrying the bolt of dress goods. And her face had a locked-up look too.

Such a crowding feeling filled my chest, as I bent over the pattern, that I could hardly breathe. I knew that look. Hadn't my oldest sister Sally—pretty, dainty Sally, that I looked up to with all the worship of a homely younger sister—been married off like this, years before? I wasn't too young at the time to know there was something you mustn't mention about her running away with our good-looking hired man. Nor was I too young, after my father had brought them back, to sense the grim family conspiracy that arranged a hurry-up wedding "to save her reputation." I can still remember the wedding, with Sally going through it like she wasn't there. And it didn't take us long to find out afterward that Jack, her husband, was only good-looking, instead of good. So when Sally came down with the pneumonia, she couldn't seem to make the effort to go on living. And I remember thinking, as she lay in her coffin, that her face looked just like it did during the wedding ceremony . . .

WHEN MADGE opened the door, I couldn't turn around for fear she'd see the pity in my face. So I said as brisk as I could, "Let's see how this skirt pattern is for length."

She stood still while I pinned the strip of tissue paper to her waist, but the paper shook like a dry leaf, she trembled so.

"How about a short train?" I asked finally. "They use them on wedding dresses."

I was on my knees before her. My head came about to her waist. I didn't look up. I could feel her brown hands clench and unclench desperately at her sides.

"I don't want a train!" she burst out in a strangling voice. "I don't want a wedding dress. I don't want to get married at all—at least not to Harve Root!"

I said, "Tsk—tsk," the way you do when you don't know what to say. I'd always kind of pitied myself, being an old maid. But now I wondered—thinking of Sally and of Madge—just how many women had said, "I do," to the minister, all the while wanting to scream out, "I don't want to!"

"Harve will make a good husband, and some day he'll come into his father's business and be a real respected citizen in this town," I said, thinking that maybe respectability might look pretty precious to her right then.

But it didn't. She sobbed out, "Oh, Harve's all right. But Price—Price is different. He—he sends me flowers with little notes in them . . . he knows what the words



Now she was a young lady, pretty as any girl on a bonbon box, and wearing the biggest hairbow in town pinned across the back of her head.

Wedding Present

By MARIAN CASTLE

THERE WASN'T much I didn't used to know about folks' goings on in our town. Sewing around from house to house, I got to see the underside of people's lives as well as their clothes. Nowadays, all they want you to do is put a zipper in a placket, or take up the hem of a ready-made dress. But a sewing woman was Somebody, in the corset-cover age. Then they bespoke your time for weeks in advance, and you came and lived right amongst the family, outfitting them with everything from diapers to shrouds.

But if there was one family in Jamesville I'd have said had nothing to hide, it was Prof. Kingman's. For the ten years he'd been superintendent of our schools, I'd sewed for Mrs. Kingman and Madge, and I thought I knew them like the inside of my own darning basket. But one day I found out I didn't. Not only did the Kingmans have something to hide, but I had to help them hide it. As long as I live, I'll never forget that drizzly September morning when the phone rang, and it was Mrs. Kingman asking me, in a voice like a death in the family, to please hurry right over, but not to mention it to a soul.

I suppose a lot of folks were afraid of me. For though I was no common gossip, and only spoke my mind when I thought it was my bounden duty to, still there was always the chance that I might let something slip at the next place. And I knew all about the make-overs and hand-me-downs, the twisting of the pattern to avoid the moth holes, and the soutache braiding that covered the coffee stains. I was the first to learn that a woman was going to have a baby, when I'd be called in to let out dresses; or that a husband was making sheep's eyes, when his wife would set me to work on a lot of fancy kimonos and taffeta petticoats and ribbon-edged combing jackets; or that a widow had managed to ease her grief, when she'd spread out the first bolt of colored goods before me and try to hide the shine in her eyes.

But there had never seemed to be anything for the Kingmans to hide. Madge was an only child, born after they'd about given up hope and—like most only children of middle-aged parents—a mite precocious and spoiled because so much love and pride and worry had been lavished on her. One minute the Kingmans would be slack with her—letting her cross her legs in public till she showed the cotton uppers of her stockings, and accept a silver comb-and-brush set for Christmas from

Harvey Root, and go riding all alone with the new dentist, Price Winslow, in his White Steamer . . . Next minute they'd be stern—nagging at her about her marks in school, and how she must always remember her father's position and be An Example in the Community.

Getting high marks was no trouble to Madge. Hadn't she been valedictorian of the high school class the year before, standing up—pretty as could be—with her hair the color of a shiny new penny and wearing a dress I'd sewed seven rows of lace around the bottom of? But there's something about having to remember who your father is and be An Example in the Community that makes the average child want nothing so much as to be a bad example. Look at some ministers' children.

MADGE WAS NINE when the family moved to town. From the very first I had a soft spot for the girl—even during the spitball and jacks days, and then the giggling in Christian Endeavor that mortified her mother so, until now she was a young lady as pretty as any girl on a bonbon box, and wearing straight-front corsets and the biggest hairbow in town pinned across the back of her head, and had two young men crazy over her. Harvey Root, whose father owned the dry goods store, had always been gone on her. And now she had the new dentist, Price Winslow, who had opened up an office over the bank, smitten too.

But Prof. Kingman had put his foot down and said she wasn't to think seriously about any man until she was through college. Only the week before, I'd got her all sewed up for her sophomore year.

So I wasn't prepared when Mrs. Kingman called up and begged me in that queer tight voice to hurry right over. I said wouldn't later do, as I'd just got in the house after a two-day visit with my married sister in Paris Centre, and the train was late on account of last night's cloudburst. Was it some sewing she wanted?

She hesitated and then said, "Yes."

"For who?" I asked.

"For—for Madge," she answered, as if she didn't want to.

"Don't tell me the beading on her yellow dimity puckered when you ran the black-velvet ribbon in it!"

"No, it didn't pucker. Please, Miss Hattie—I—we need you!" Her voice sounded quiet and desperate. Then she hung up.

So I stopped only long enough to throw some birdseed to the canary and grab up my thimble and beeswax. All the way over to the Kingmans', Mrs. Kingman's voice kept haunting me. It sounded worse—a lot worse—than the time they brought Madge home from bob-sledding with a dangling broken arm.

The minute I stepped inside the Kingman house I knew it was pretty bad; the place had that hushed stricken feeling, like when the body is laid out in the parlor.

Prof. Kingman gave me a hunted look and backed out the front door. Mrs. Kingman motioned me upstairs where the hired girl couldn't hear.

She shut the sewing-room door after me and leaned

against it. "Miss Hattie, you'll have to sew like all possessed for a couple of days. Can you?"

"Mrs. Kingman," I said real sharp, thinking it was time somebody gave her a piece of their mind, "you spoil that girl! Don't tell me she's talked you into buying that cerise messaline, when her yellow dimity is good enough for anybody!"

"No," Mrs. Kingman said in a flat tired voice, steadying herself on the black dress form beside her. "It's a—it's a wedding dress we want you to make. She's marrying Harvey Root tomorrow evening."

YOU COULD have knocked me down with a bodkin. "But I thought her father said—why, the way she and that young dentist have been making eyes at each other at the Sugar Bowl over their ice cream sodas—Harve's a nice enough boy, goodness knows, but I thought she was going back to college—"

"Her father has changed his mind about college, and she's marrying Harvey instead. He has a good future in his father's store, and I'm sure will make her a

Harvey Root, whose father owned the dry goods store, had always been gone on her, and now she had Price Winslow, the new dentist, smitten too.

watch you, but to protect you—Now, when it's too late!"

I nodded. Likely, girls were saying how their mothers didn't understand them, back in the days of Pharaoh; and then finding out they did, when it was too late. "But what happened, Madge?"

"We picnicked above Paris Centre and started back, and then the engine

went dead. Harve tinkered and tinkered. He said the current alone would get us home by midnight. But the storm came up—and the launch capsized—and we just managed to reach Halfway Island and pull the boat up after us."

"It's a mercy you weren't drowned! Think of that young couple from Plankington who turned over in their canoe on the Twenty-fourth, and they had to drag the river for them."

"If only I had drowned!"

"But what did you do then, Madge?"

"We got into a cottage and lighted a lamp. It wasn't bad at all, except for the storm. But every few minutes we'd go out on the porch to see if the water had reached the top step yet."

"And did it?"

"Not quite. Toward morning the rain let up."

"And you—you didn't try to get any sleep at all?" I asked delicately.

"No. We were too worried. We found a copy of 'The Girl of the Limberlost' and took turns reading it aloud all night."

"Well!" was all I could say. "Well!"

"At daylight we went down and worked on the launch again and finally got it started. We were just pushing off from the island when—when—" She couldn't go on, for a fresh burst of crying.

"When what?"

"They saw us! The whole Labor Day excursion boatload. Going up to Silver Lake to fish over the week-end. Half the men of Jamesville were hanging over the rail."

"And I suppose old Wheelock's nose stuck out the farthest!" He's the postmaster and the worst he-gossip in the whole town.

Madge nodded. "Price was there too. I thought I'd die—craning my neck up at the boat, and knowing my middy blouse was muddy and the starch had come out of my hair ribbon and that we both looked guilty as anything!"

Mrs. Kingman had come into the room. She just stood there staring at us—and past us—with a wincing look. "You know, Miss Hattie, what those men will say when they get in from their trip tomorrow night? . . . 'Who should we see but Madge Kingman and Harve Root sneaking away from a cottage on Halfway Island at daylight!'"

INDEED, I knew. For years I'd seen old Wheelock handing out a piece of gossip with every letter. It was all worse than I had thought—and better. Better—to know that Madge was the same out-and-out Madge, with nothing to hide. And worse, because the town

would be just as hard on her as though she hadn't spent the night reading "The Girl of the Limberlost." For while everyone would admit there had been a bad storm, who would believe that the launch's engine had quit too? Madge was licked for the first time in her life, and we three knew it.

"So you see, Miss Hattie," went on

Mrs. Kingman doggedly, as though she had tried and tried, and couldn't find any other way out, "there's got to be a notice in tomorrow's *Record* saying that Madge and Harvey are married!"

She was right. I suppose it's hard for anybody that was born since leg-o'-mutton sleeves to realize there actually wasn't any other way out. That spending a night alone with a man—no matter how bad the storm or how

much engine trouble they'd had—was something no girl could laugh off or brazen out or live down. "Being talked about" was a permanent and disfiguring blemish then.

There would likely be a little gossip about Madge anyhow. But nothing squeezes the juice out of a scandal like a plain gold band on the left hand and an engraved calling card with "Mrs." on it.

I dug my fingernails into my cake of beeswax like I always do when I'm trying to think. But I couldn't think. I could only remember Sally, and how she had really died on her wedding day.

Finally I said, "Look, I'll need some collar stiffeners and other findings from the store. You write out that wedding notice for the paper and I'll take it down when I go."

Mrs. Kingman said that would save her answering a lot of questions. When she brought the notice back, all written out, I had the goods and pattern rolled up.

"I'll stop at the post office for your newspaper first thing in the morning, and bring it up when I come for a fitting," I told them. "Now, not a peep about the wedding till folks get their papers tomorrow!"

All the way home, with the wet burdock weeds slapping against my cloth-topped shoes, I kept wondering what to do. For I had to do something, remembering the bitterness in Madge's face. Force a woman with new-penny hair like hers into a marriage, and she'll hate the man she's tied to, all her life. But just let her choose her own man, and she'll work her fingers to the bone for him and their children. And she'd chosen Price, yet she was being forced to marry Harve—and until she was eighty, she'd remember Price Winslow and just how he pulled out her chair for her in a restaurant . . . and every time she smelled violets she'd think of those he'd sent clear to the city for . . . and whenever they played "The Chocolate Soldier" or "Some of These Days," she'd ache helplessly . . .

I went straight to the office of the *Record*. Everything depended on getting

★ Continued on page 30

CANDELABRA

By Carol Cassidy



In the gaunt castle of winter
the trees have rested,
like giant candelabra,
empty of flame.

But now Mistress Spring for the
gaiety of summer prepares—
with candles green she graces
each curve,
kindles the tapers with glowing
torches of sunlight,
and transforms her mansion
with bursts of transparent fire.

Smile - Sister, Smile!



YOU'VE got the glooms . . . want to crawl off in a corner and have a good cry. But you keep saying to yourself: "Snap out of it . . . I won't be a slacker . . . there's so much to do today!"

Big important things that mean far more than your own fun and frolics. Things that really matter!

Making bandages this morning. A War Savings Stamp luncheon. Then you've simply got to finish that navy helmet.

And tonight, the boys come home from camp. You'd be a fine citizen spoiling their furlough with a faceful of frowns.

What's the answer? . . . simply give up? NO, a thousand times . . . there *must* be a way to be comfortable and at ease on trying days of the month!

There is a way! . . .

Too bad if you're one of those who didn't discover Kotex sanitary napkins long ago! Because if it's comfort you're after . . . you'll find Kotex is *more comfortable!*

For Kotex is made in soft folds so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Kotex does things for your confidence, too . . . builds you up and doesn't let you down! That's because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that keep your secret safe. And a moisture-resistant "safety shield" for *extra* protection.

So try Kotex . . . it won't take you long to discover why it's more popular than all other brands of pads put together. After all, that's *proof* that Kotex stays soft . . . the best proof!

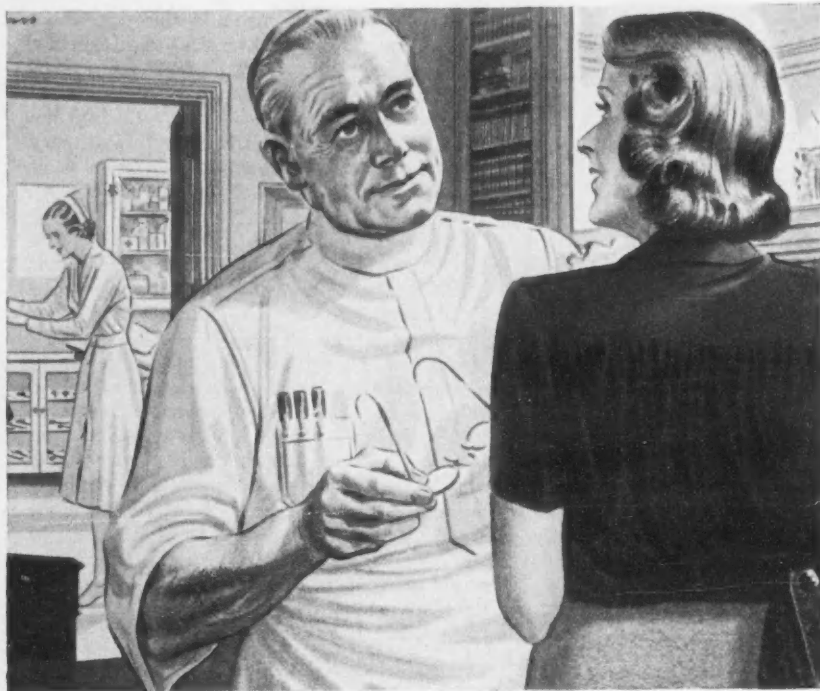


Be confident...comfortable...
carefree—with Kotex*!



INTIMATE HINTS FOR GIRLS! Learn what to do and not to do on "difficult days" by sending for new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another." Contains special calendar for personal use. Mail name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. 145, 330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

(★Trade Mark Reg. Can. Pat. Off.)



"No, it isn't Cancer —"

THIS WOMAN WORRIED and worried when she discovered that she had one of the symptoms often associated with cancer. Again and again she asked herself, "Shall I wait and see what happens . . . or go to the doctor?" Wisely, she chose the latter course.

Now, after thorough examinations and tests, she has just heard the welcome words, "No, it isn't cancer."

How wonderful those words sounded! How thankful she is that she went to her doctor at once! For, even though the symptoms usually associated with cancer do not *always* mean cancer, they do indicate that something is wrong.

If cancer *is* present, the earlier it is discovered and properly treated, the greater are the chances for a cure. The chances of curing *early* cancer of the breast, for example, are almost four times greater than those of curing it in its late stages; in early cancer of the pelvic regions, the chances are *eight* times better.

That is why anyone with a suspicious cancer symptom should go to the doctor immediately — should never "wait and see what happens." Fortunately, those cancers which give easily recognizable danger signals are usually the ones which can be treated most successfully. Here are some of the danger signals:

1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.

3. Any sore that does not heal — particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Persistent indigestion, often accompanied by loss of weight.
5. Noticeable changes in the form, size, or colour of a mole or wart.
6. Any persistent change from the normal action of elimination.

The only positive way to tell whether cancer is present is a microscopic examination. If cancer is present, there are three forms of treatment — surgery, X-rays, radium, or a combination of these. Beware of quack remedies or "cures" for any condition which might be cancer.

Metropolitan will send you a free booklet, "A Message of Hope about Cancer." Use coupon below.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
NEW YORK

Frederick H. Ecker
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln
PRESIDENT

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE OTTAWA

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa
Please send me a copy of your booklet,
5-L-42, "A Message of Hope about Cancer."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

on menu cards mean . . . and he dances so—so—" She couldn't go on.

Even I knew what she meant. There was something exciting and distinguished about Price Winslow, standing in the window of his office in his starched white coat and looking down on Main Street. While Harve—I thought of him, squatting down on one of those low stools to try a pair of shoes on me, and wearing little garters around his shirt sleeves. But his eyes were so blue and friendly when he looked at me; and he always kept a supply of lemon drops to give to the children after he'd fitted them with new shoes; and whenever I'd go in to match just one button, or buy maybe half a yard of insertion, he'd drag down all the boxes off the highest shelves as though I were the lawyer's wife come in for a willow plume. No wonder everybody called him "good old Harve." But it didn't make him romantic.

I heaved a long sigh, wishing Madge had thought of all this sooner. "But just suppose Harve wasn't the good dependable kind?" I suggested. For a minute I was almost sorry for Harve, remembering that hang-dog look on his face there in the hall. All his life he'd blame himself. And all her life Madge would blame him too, with a secret added blame, because he'd kept her from marrying Price Winslow. And it isn't good for a man to be too meek and meechin' with his wife; and it isn't good for his wife to have him that way.

She drew a long shuddering breath. "Oh, I know. I know! If he didn't marry me I could never hold up my head in this town again, and the school board would let Papa go, and Mama would simply die. That's why I could never tell her how I really feel about Price; and don't you, either, Miss Hattie. I know I ought to be grateful to Harve, but—"

But she wasn't. Though I was relieved to see she was beginning to show a little hard common sense, at last. I went on measuring the skirt. "We won't have a train, Madge. Then if you cut off the sleeves at the elbow afterward and take out the net guimpe, it will be just the thing for lodge and Ladies' Auxiliary parties. The rest of your clothes that I fixed for college will do nicely for your honeymoon—"

I shouldn't have said that. She was beginning to get hold of herself until I thrust that word "honeymoon" at her. Then she gave a hysterical sob, put her arms around my head, and bent down to me, crying into my hair.

"Oh, why did it have to happen to me, Miss Hattie?" she moaned. "The launch breaking down we might have managed. Or the storm. But not both at once!"

"WHAT ARE you talking about?" I asked, pressing her back into a chair and fishing down in my skirt pocket for a clean handkerchief for her.

"Mama told you—how Harve and I went on a picnic yesterday up the river in his launch? Lloyd and Bessie Parker were supposed to chaperone us; then their baby had colic and they couldn't. But I wanted to go so bad that I—I lied—I let Mama think they were meeting us at the dock. I've always thought Mama didn't understand me—that things were different when she was young—But now I'd give anything on earth if I'd listened to her when she tried to tell me that chaperones aren't to

To wear a sweater
days at a time
is positively a
social crime



Here's how
to keep your woolens

DAINTY
NEW-LOOKING

Missing out on all the fun? Perhaps that sweater you're wearing needs a dip in Lux. Wool carries perspiration odor — an unwashed sweater threatens your daintiness and charm. But—a dip in Lux and horrid odor goes!

Your knitted things are safe in Lux . . . it keeps colors bright — prevents woolens from losing their shape—keeps them soft and fluffy.

Beware . . . wool undies, too, carry perspiration odor! Dip your woolies in Lux regularly just as you dip your thin undies, to keep them dainty, cosy, free from undie odor.

DIP
them often
in—
LUX
A LEVER PRODUCT

A Basic Wardrobe for Long-Range Use



THESE days, your trousseau, or any wardrobe you make up, must be chosen with tremendous care and thought, and a view to wearing months and even years from now.

It's vital to choose fabrics and fashions that go happily together. For instance, here's a smart setup from four patterns, designed to give you a graceful, well-balanced wardrobe for now and tomorrow. If you made the afternoon dress, No. 4182, for instance, in a soft pastel crepe, and the dress and jacket costume, No. 4172, in a soft sheer wool, in a color to harmonize with the crepe, it would be possible to wear the jacket over both dresses.

Then, the redingote, No. 4115, could be done in a print that harmonized or contrasted smartly with both other outfits, and also with the street dress, No. 4133. You could wear the coat of the redingote over No. 4133 as well as its own dress. Stick to greys and blues, or greens and browns, or black with color for safety and long-range service.

Pattern descriptions on page 47.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Trousseau Tricks for a Young Bride . . .

HERE'S a honey of a wardrobe for any young bride, or any other maiden with spring in her eyes and a way with a needle. For the whole thing is planned to work together like one happy family of good mixers.

The smart coat with its new spring lines goes with everything. The bolero dress can be worn "with" (for out-going dates) or "without" for evenings at home. The jacket, No. 4187, goes with the skirt, No. 4185, or the shirtmaker dress, No. 4167. Key your colors for harmony.

Pattern Description on page 47



4170



JACKET
4187

SKIRT
4185

GILET
4154



4162



4167

Is a gift to the organist and soloist necessary?

If they are professional musicians their usual fee is given them. Do not be embarrassed to ask them what it is. If they are personal friends, a gift is in order.

Are the minister, organist and soloist invited to the reception?

The organist and soloist are invited to the reception only if they are personal friends. The minister is usually asked, and his wife is included. This is done personally, however, and not by invitation—to avoid the suggestion of a gift.

Is it correct to ask some guests to the church and not to the reception?

It is perfectly correct, but in this case you must have two sets of invitations printed. One set without mention of the reception and the other with, in the usual manner at the lower left-hand corner. Or you can have them all engraved without mentioning the reception and then enclose a separate card with the information about the reception on it in those invitations going out to guests whom you wish to invite to the reception.

Do you reply to a wedding invitation, and if so, how?

Wedding invitations must always be answered. If they are written notes, you answer in the same manner, but if they are formal invitations, you write it by hand but space the words as if they were engraved.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith
accept with pleasure
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown's
kind invitation
to the wedding of their daughter
Madeleine Anne
to

Mr. Worthington Adams
Tuesday, the twenty-seventh of April
at half after four o'clock
Christ Church

Invitations are sent out three weeks before the wedding; announcements are mailed the day following the wedding.

Is raised printing correct or must they always be engraved?

Engraved invitations are correct, but usage has made raised printing acceptable.

Do members of the bridal party receive invitations?

Yes. They are considered as guests and they like to keep them as mementoes of the occasion.

To whom are wedding announcements sent and also boxes of wedding cake?

Announcements are sent to friends whom you would have liked to ask to your wedding, but whom for some reason it was impossible to invite. Boxes of wedding cake can be sent to the same people, to people living at a distance who were unable to attend the wedding, or just to the members of the bridal party.

What is the correct way to address both outside and inside envelopes of wedding invitations?

The outside envelope of the invitation is addressed to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith with their address in the usual manner. The inner one is merely addressed to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith. It is not correct to add "and family." Each grown member of the family should receive a separate invitation. If there are several small children, another envelope could be included in the parents' invitation addressed to "Priscilla, Jane, Harold and Jim," or if the children are a little older, separate invitations could be sent to them, one to the girls, "The Misses Priscilla and Jane Smith" and "Messrs. Harold and Jim Smith."

If parents are divorced, should the parent living away receive an invitation?

Yes. But they come in the capacity of a guest only and do not receive.

**The sweetest plums
grow near the tender
tips of the branches...
something to remem-
ber when buying TEA**



You're picking the young, TOP Tea Leaves when you buy TENDER LEAF TEA

HAVE you ever picked plums from the tree? Then you know how rich in colour, how fragrant, how juicy the fruit out near the ends of the branches is. That's where the best plums grow!...Nature always favours the new, tender growth near the ends of the branches—supplies it with extra food, more sunlight. It's true of plums—and it's true of TEA.

A way has been provided for you to select the choice, young, TOP leaves of the tea plant—right at your grocer's! Simply ask for TENDER LEAF TEA—every package is filled with these selected tea leaves. No coarse, heavy leaves are included.

"Tender Leaf Tea"—the name itself is your guide to really fine tea! Your grocer has it in 7- and 12-oz. packages—and in improved FILTER tea balls 18 or 80 to the package. Call for Tender Leaf Tea—enjoy it today!



Photographs courtesy The Wedding Bureau, T. Eaton Co.

Claire Dreier (at centre) and her staff of experts hold a round-table conference to work out plans for some of the season's smartest weddings. A hundred details of clothes, flowers, music, menu, etc., are handled by this group, year in, year out.

Is it correct to write your invitations and what is the wording used?

It is correct to write your invitations when you are planning a small informal wedding. These are informal notes and are written in the following style:

Dear Mrs. Smith:

Dick and I are to be married at Christ Church at noon on Thursday the tenth. We both want you and Mr. Smith to come to the church and afterward for a very small breakfast at my aunt's — Mrs. Brown—at Two Park Avenue.

Sincerely,

When should invitations and announcements be sent out?

How are invitations worded when parents are divorced and remarried? Or both dead?

When the bride's parents are divorced and remarried, the invitation should read:

Mrs. John Smith (mother's new name) requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of her daughter
Mary Brown

In the case of both parents being dead it can be announced either impersonally or by some relative:

The honor of your presence is requested at the marriage of
Mary Brown

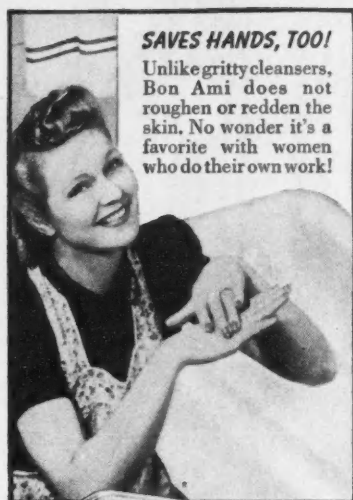
+ Continued on page 32



BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA



"No harsh scratchy cleansers for me.. when Bon Ami is both quick and safe!"



SAVES HANDS, TOO!
Unlike gritty cleansers, Bon Ami does not roughen or redden the skin. No wonder it's a favorite with women who do their own work!

Bon Ami, you see, contains no harsh grit . . . no strong caustics. It does not make scratches that hold dirt and grease. You can clean with it day after day, and year after year, with never a worry about scarring or dulling your bathtub, basin and tiles.

And remember, too, Bon Ami polishes and cleans at the same time. That's another reason why it keeps bathroom and kitchen equipment so shining bright.



Bon Ami
"hasn't scratched yet!"

"She Knows all the Answers"

Claire Dreier, Director of the Wedding Bureau, T. Eaton Co., Ltd., offers an instructive quiz for 1942 brides.



WHAT MATERIALS are worn by the bride and her attendants through the various seasons of the year?

The picture has necessarily changed somewhat due to wartime shortage of materials and assortment of colors. Traditional satin, of course, is worn all year round by the bride.

Normal Times

Spring: Lace, net, chiffon, taffeta, organza.
Summer: Marquisette, organza, organdies plain and embroidered, novelty cottons, eyelet embroidery, piqué, dimities, muslins, chiffon.
Fall: Taffeta, velvet, velveteen.
Winter: Silk jersey, crepe, brocade.

Present War Period

Spring: Lace, net, sheer, taffeta, organza.
Summer: Organza, organdies, novelty cottons, eyelet embroidery, piques, dimities, muslins, sheers.
Fall: Taffeta, velvet.
Winter: Silk jersey, crepe.

Should the group of bridesmaids wear all one color or different colors?

This is really a matter of personal preference, but we have found the most attractive effects have been created with all the attendants in one color, with their bouquets to introduce the various depths of color.

Can the groom, best man and ushers wear business suits when the bride is wearing a long dress?

Yes. This is correct when the bride is wearing a sweeping floor-length dress with either a shoulder or fingertip veil, but there should be a uniformity of color, dark blue preferably.

Should the mothers wear long dresses when the bride does?

Yes, and they should choose their dresses so that the colors blend harmoniously with those of the bride and her attendants.

Should the guests wear long dresses when the bride does?

Long dresses are worn by guests only at formal evening weddings. Daytime weddings require only dressy afternoon frocks.

Do the members of the bridal party have to wear hats for a house wedding?

Yes. The procedure of a house wedding is exactly the same as a church wedding.

Does the soloist have to wear a long dress?

It is not necessary, but if she is exposed entirely to the view of the guests, a long dress looks more graceful. She must also wear a head covering.

Should those receiving and assisting at the reception wear long dresses? Hats?

Long dresses are usually worn by those receiving and assisting, but hats are not necessary. Those ladies who are pouring tea, however, usually wear hats.

Is it correct for a guest to wear a long white dress if the bride is in white?

It is not incorrect, but it is better to choose another color so that there may be nothing to detract from the bride.

Is it correct for anyone receiving to wear black?

It is not incorrect, but the two mothers usually prefer some other color rather than bring such a sombre note into an otherwise harmonious receiving line.

Is it necessary for the bride and her attendants to wear gloves with long sleeves?

No. They are not necessary.

Should guests wear corsages?

This is a matter of personal preference, but if they are worn it should be as a complement to the costume, not as decoration.

Is it preferable to have fewer bridesmaids in wartime?

This is a matter of personal preference, and it depends largely, too, on the type of wedding the bride is planning and on her circle of intimate friends.

How many ushers are necessary?

Two for every fifty guests, three for seventy-five, and four for one hundred guests or more.

Can the bride's mother give her away?

Yes, but in this case the bride goes down the aisle on the arm of the nearest male relative or old friend of the family. The bride's mother precedes her down the aisle in the usual way, taking her place in the front pew on the left-hand side. When the minister asks, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" she steps out of her pew and gives her consent.

What is the order of the processional and recessional?

The order of the processional is as follows: first the ushers two and two, then the bridesmaids, the maid of honor walking alone, the flower girl (should there be one), and finally the bride on her father's right arm. Leaving the church, the bride comes first on the groom's right arm, followed by the flower girl, the maid of honor escorted by the best man, and the bridesmaids escorted by the ushers.

harrowing night together, watching the water rise to within an inch of the cottage floor before the storm spent itself and the river began to go down.

In the morning the young couple were able to return to Jamesville in the launch, while Miss Lipscomb took the train, none of them any the worse for their trying experience. The *Record* wishes to voice the thankfulness of the entire community that the story has so pleasant an ending, in view of the tragic outcome of a similar outing on the 24th of May, when a young couple from Plankington were drowned.

Mrs. Kingman sat down like her knees were made of blanc-mange. Madge read it slowly over again from beginning to end. When she turned to me, her eyes were almost blank with relief.

"Why didn't you tell me you were at the island?"

"I wasn't. My sister shut up the cottage two weeks ago. I don't know what the Lord will say to such a lie, but I had to do something."

Tears were overflowing Madge's eyes. She said, slow and solemn-like, "Well, you did it, Miss Hattie. Everything is just as if it had never happened—the island—folks seeing us—Why, I can be me again!" Her voice sounded like when you've just found out at the doctor's that you don't have something fatal, after all.

At that minute, in walked Harve. His pleasant face was sober, yet it was relieved too. For the first time I saw him as a grown man, with a grown man's feelings, instead of the nice gawky neighbor boy I'd known ever since he was born. Harve turned straight to Madge.

"I guess you've seen it. You don't have to marry me now, Madge—" But you could tell his relief was only on her account.

"No—and you don't have to marry me, Harve," she said softly. "We can do all the things we've always planned to do—we're free—we can live our own lives—"

The phone rang, and the hired girl poked her head through the bead portieres to say, "It's Dr. Price Winslow—he wants you, Madge."

"Me? He wants me?" Madge said unbelievably. Her face suddenly shone like a buttercup in the sun. She turned and ran back to the phone, barely remembering to call over her shoulder, "Oh, excuse me, please—"

There wasn't anything for Harve to do but go. And after the door shut, we two women just sat there quiet, wiping our eyes and listening to that far-off, happy girl's voice.

MADGE DIDN'T go back to college after all. I began to see her around with Price Winslow pretty often. There was talk of him dickering for a building lot on Elm Avenue. I saw Harve at the

Sugar Bowl with the new third-grade teacher.

Then the bank manager in Paris Centre died, and I was called over to make mourning clothes for his wife and two daughters and a daughter-in-law. It took several weeks. I've always noticed that real naggy and complaining women are apt to try to apologize afterward with the heaviest black crepe.

So I didn't get home to Jamesville till two nights before Christmas. That evening I went over to the church to help get ready for the Christmas Eve program. Since I was head of the Cradle Roll Department, I began running up pink netting stockings that would hold the tiny tots' presents. Madge was

working on the stage scenery for the Wise Men tableau. Harve Root was trying on his Santa Claus costume and stuffing a pillow in his front; he never did seem to care what kind of a figure he cut. The minister's wife was hunting all over for last year's red-paper bells. And Price Winslow was up on the top of the tallest ladder trimming the top of the tallest tree we'd ever had. He looked very handsome and sort of reckless away up there as he'd say to Madge. "And now

where shall I put this angel, angel?" Madge was craning up and saying, "Oh, Price, do be careful. Come here, Harve, and brace this ladder, will you?" She looked pink and very happy. I got a little catch in my throat, thinking how I had given her the chance to look like that.

So it didn't surprise me a bit when she pulled me off into the Primary Room and stammered, "Miss Hattie, I've—I've been trying to get you alone all evening so I could tell you my news—"

"You're going to be married, and you want me to be the first to know," I prompted her.

"How did you guess?"

"It shines out all over you, child. Happiness. Well, I guess when I put that item in the paper I gave you your first wedding present, didn't I? The chance to marry the man you loved."

"Oh, you did—you did, Miss Hattie. But how did you ever know it would turn out like this? That the minute you freed me from *having* to marry him, I'd begin to find out how nice he is . . . we've been through so much together . . . I—I found I needed him so . . ."

I sat down weakly—clear down on one of the three-year-old's red chairs.

At that minute Santa Claus waddled into sight in the doorway beyond. He didn't see us. "Madge!" he called out through his cottony white whiskers, "Madge! Come and help me strap on my pack!" And there was nothing either meek or meechin' about Harve's voice then.

The star on the tree wasn't any brighter than the ones in Madge's eyes. "Coming, Harve!" she called back, as though he were Francis X. Bushman or somebody.

Well! I thought as soon as I could

YOUNG LOVE . . . 1942

By RUTH HOUSTON

Come in, my dear, and close
the door.

Now these four walls, this
quiet room,

Enclose our world.

For these short hours, all life
stands still,

And love has triumphed. Perhaps

'Tis better so.

My heart, so crowded now

With happiness

Must surely burst, I think,

Did this small world expand

To let us see the vision of

A house, a garden, and
tomorrows.

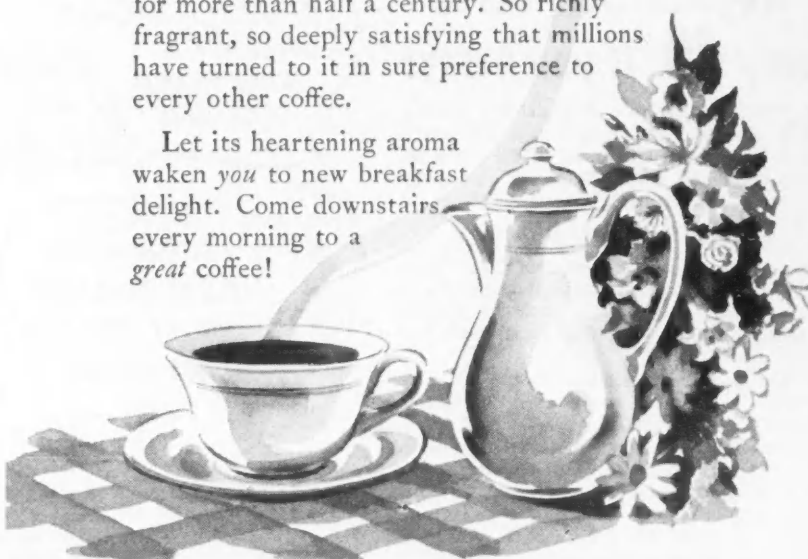


Let him come down to the Splendid Aroma of a GREAT COFFEE

He'll joyfully "follow his nose" down to breakfast when the splendid, tantalizing aroma of Chase & Sanborn Coffee is wafted abovestairs.

Blended, since the early sailing-ship days, from the world's choice aromatic coffees—Chase & Sanborn has been a great coffee for more than half a century. So richly fragrant, so deeply satisfying that millions have turned to it in sure preference to every other coffee.

Let its heartening aroma waken you to new breakfast delight. Come downstairs every morning to a great coffee!



CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE



First aid in the home for 3 GENERATIONS

"VASELINE" PETROLEUM JELLY has been an Old Faithful in well-stocked medicine cabinets for many, many years. Grandmother relied on "Vaseline" Jelly to relieve bumps and cuts, soothe chapped hands, ease sore throats, and for many other household emergencies. Today "Vaseline" Jelly is still a favourite remedy... because it is priced to war-time budgets, and because the trademark "Vaseline" still stands for the highest quality petroleum jelly, scientifically prepared and purified. Your guarantee of quality is the trademark "Vaseline". Ask for "Vaseline" Jelly in handy jars at only 10c, 15c or 25c or in tubes at 15c, 20c and 25c.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 5520 Chabot Avenue, Montreal, Quebec.

● Have you tried "Vaseline" Carbolyated Jelly for minor cuts, wounds and burns? "Vaseline" Borated Jelly for inflamed eyelids or nasal irritations? Your druggist has them.



Vaseline

TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

Wedding Present

Continued from page 25

the news to the paper in time. I gave it to Ed Perrine, the editor, embroidering it a little, but trying not to bear down too hard on how important it was to get it into the next day's paper.

Ed said, "This will be mighty interesting to everybody in Jamesville, Miss Hattie, and we'll see it makes the morning edition." Which was just one of his jokes, as the morning edition only came out once a week.

All that evening at home I was fidgety as a cat in a thunderstorm. Next morning I got to the post office early for my paper and the Kingmans'. I could hardly wait till I was outside to look.

THANK GOODNESS, it was in—right on the front page. I relished the thought of old Wheelock's disappointment. It would make his gossip as flat as a sat-on circus balloon.

I had an errand to do first, so I was a while getting to the Kingmans with their paper. Both Madge and her mother were watching for me. You could see they hadn't either of them slept a wink all night, but there was something besides tiredness in their faces. They looked puzzled, too.

Madge burst out, "What do you suppose, Miss Hattie? The hired girl has been answering the phone all morning, and Cora Hartzell called and said she'd just got her paper, and to give her congratulations to Harve and me and also to Miss Hattie Lipscomb. To you Miss Hattie—"

Mrs. Kingman added, "And Mrs. Dr. Peters called and said that while young people could get away with that sort of thing, the doctor suggested you rub warm liniment on your joints at night, Miss Hattie—"

She broke off. They had both noticed my empty hands. Speaking together, they said, "But where's the dress goods?"

I drew a long breath, "I took it back to the store this morning."

Madge's face turned white. "But even if I did say I hated it, Miss Hattie, I've—I've got to go through with it!"

"No, you don't. You don't have to get married till you marry for love," I said triumphantly. Then I held out the paper to them. "Read it—both of you."

There on the front page in big letters it said:

TRIO SPEND HARROWING NIGHT ON FLOODED ISLAND

Three well-known Jamesville citizens, Miss Hattie Lipscomb, Miss Madge Kingman and Mr. Harvey Root, will not soon forget their experiences during Thursday night's cloudburst, which raised the level of the river sixteen inches in four hours and was the cause of considerable loss of livestock and chickens.

When the storm hit, Miss Lipscomb, whose sister in Paris Centre owns a cottage, Idlewild, on Halfway Island, happened to be closing it up for the summer. Miss Kingman and Mr. Root had been taking a launch ride up the river. Their boat capsized, but they were able to pull it up on the island. By great good fortune they stumbled upon the cottage occupied by Miss Lipscomb. The three spent a

WANT YOUR CHARM TO BE O.K.?

THEN CHANGE YOUR
UNDIES EVERY DAY!



Join the LUX DAILY DIPPER

Some girls are charming only at a distance. People don't like to be near them because... well, frankly, because undie odor isn't pleasant.

Undie odor is the result of wearing undies too long. Popular girls say undies must be changed every day—and dipped in Lux every night, soon as you take them off!

A dip in Lux prevents odor—keeps undies fresh as daisies to look at and to wear! Protects your daintiness, too! So start dipping your undies tonight!

TONIGHT—
dip your undies
in—**LUX**

A LEVER PRODUCT

Beauty Culture

A DEPARTMENT OF STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY



Photo of Veronica Lake, courtesy Paramount

Brides: Stay Beautiful!

By Jean Alexander

OF COURSE you're beautiful on your wedding day. Every bride is.

It doesn't matter whether you're wearing your grandmother's ninon and old lace, or a neat little bit of a suit and a Renoir bonnet with a flower and a feather. You just can't help looking your best on the Great Day.

Naturally the bridegroom shares that opinion. It's at least 999 to one he's prepared to believe you'll be just as attractive at fifty-five as you are now.

But—now that we're alone, girls—there's just one way you can guarantee that he doesn't

lose that bet. And here's how: (a) make up your mind that you're not going to slump, that you're not going to go ever-so-slightly-but-steadily frumpy, and (b) lay out for yourself a simple but effective beauty routine. And stick to it, come what may!

But subtly, mind you! Not many men enjoy an atmosphere redolent of myriad pomades and potions like a section of the corner drug-store. They don't like the notion that a woman has to use a dozen masks and messes before she makes a public appearance. They like beauty to be "natural" (so they say)—and they don't really care about seeing it in the making.

HERE'S SENSATIONAL 1¢ SALE

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!



**Regular 56¢ Value
only 40¢ if you hurry!**

NOTHING but an actual trial can possibly show you what a difference Noxzema's new Cold Cream will make in the way your skin *looks* and *feels*! That's why this sensational 1¢ Offer is being made!

New! Thrillingly Different!

The instant you apply Noxzema Cold Cream you can tell something new and different is happening. Your skin feels cooler. You sense a glorious tingling feeling. Your entire face feels stimulated!

The reason Noxzema Cold Cream is so beneficial in action is simply this: It contains special cooling, soothing, freshening ingredients not found in other leading beauty creams. It's because of these added ingredients that Noxzema Cold Cream gives such different results. Not only quickly removes every trace of make-up and dirt—but leaves the skin looking and feeling so much fresher! Don't wait a day to take advantage of this money-saving offer.

**I'VE NEVER HEARD
OF SUCH A BARGAIN
OFFER ON 2
SUCH GRAND
PRODUCTS**

**I'M CERTAINLY
GOING TO STOCK
UP AT THIS
MONEY-SAVING
PRICE**

Get both regular Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream and Noxzema Cold Cream while this sensational 1¢ Sale is on! A 56¢ value for only 40¢. This offer good only while present supply lasts. So hurry!

get my breath. It was right in front of my eyes all the time, and I hadn't seen it. For hadn't I said, just let a woman like Madge choose her own man...

So, even if she wasn't marrying Price Winslow, who looked so romantic in his white coat, I was mighty glad I'd told that lie to fix it so she wouldn't have to marry Harve Root—so she *could* marry him. Which makes good sense, if you'd seen what I saw when Harve pulled her behind the primary blackboard when he thought nobody was looking. +

She Knows all the Answers

Continued from page 29

or
Mr. and Mrs. John Brown
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their (niece, grand-
daughter, etc.)

Mary Brown
If the reception is held in the bouse of
friends do they stand in the receiving line?
No. They are treated as guests only.
What is the order of the receiving line?

Bride's mother, groom's father,
groom's mother, bride's father, bride,
groom, maid of honor, bridesmaids.

When is the wedding cake cut and
served?

The wedding cake is cut after the
ices have been served. To avoid the
delay of taking the cake from the table
and having it cut after the bride has put
the knife in, often nowadays a separate
cake is kept in the kitchen already cut
with one or two layers of the cake on the
table dummy. Then when the bride has
put her knife in the cake, that from the
kitchen is brought in and quickly served
to the guests. The bride is always served
with the first piece and she in turn serves
the groom.

When are the toasts proposed?

The toasts are proposed after the
punch has been served. This is done
after the wedding cake has been cut
and served.

Who proposes which toasts and in
what order do they come?

The first toast, to the bride, is
proposed by the clergyman or by an
old friend of the family and responded
to by the groom. The groom in turn
proposes the toast to the bridesmaids,
and the best man responds. The toast
to the bride's mother is proposed by an
old friend of the family, and the bride's
father responds. Likewise the toast to
the groom's mother is proposed by an
old friend, and the groom's father
responds.

When should the guests leave the
reception?

The reception officially ends when
the confetti and rose leaves have been
thrown and the bride and groom have
left on their honeymoon. Then the
guests should pay their compliments
to the hostess and depart.

What is the bride's share and groom's
share of wedding expenses?

The bride's family pays for all the
arrangements for the reception, cars
for the bridal party, decorations at the
church, bouquets for the bridesmaids,
fees for the organist and soloist, gifts
for the bridesmaids.

The groom takes care of the minister's
honorarium, the corsages for the two
mothers, the bride's bouquet, the
boutonnieres for the best man, ushers
and two fathers, gifts for the best man
and ushers, ties and gloves for his
attendants. +

*Take it easy,
Lady!*



STYLE
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Brassiere

And you can -
in a **NuBack**

For it's that wonderful, tried and
true foundation garment that
s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s with every move-
ment of your body, yet never rides
up, never tugs at your shoulder
straps or garters. That's because
of its famous, patented feature, the
telescopic back—(A & B in the
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NuBack

A TRY-ON IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

We can understand how you'd like to lay in a
supply, but please do not over-buy. Materials are
rationed... our Country needs them for Victory!

Of course there are other aids which today's bride will have on her list. Nail polish, a special cream or astringent which she has found especially good for her complexion, a favorite soap, aids to personal daintiness, and all the rest. But the answer to every bride's question, "What beauty aids shall I choose?" is just this: "Choose the ones you need to help you keep yourself as attractive as possible, not only for your wedding day and the honeymoon, but for the future, too. Choose them thoughtfully. And then make 'em work for you. The most

wonderful cream in the world isn't going to do you any good if you leave it sitting on the bathroom shelf. The beauty aid which doesn't do a job for you just isn't worth the money spent on it."

Brides are lucky, anyhow. Life is pretty exciting for them, and some of that excitement just naturally puts a sparkle in their eyes and a glow on their cheeks and a smile on their lips.

Who are we to tell today's brides how to be beautiful?

They know! +

Putting on a Good Mouth

By Jean Alexander

WHAT KIND of a mouth are you making at life, these days?

Of all the feminine features, the mouth probably gets more attention than any other.

But do you slap on your lipstick—often on top of an old half-baked outline? Is your mouth an asset, or a liability, in the whole picture of your face?



To avoid a heavy outline at the corners, work from the outside edge in to the centre.

The one absolutely definite rule in mouth make-up is this, "Don't ever put new lipstick on top of old." The effect is undecorative. It will wear off again in patches. And it's bad for that soft and appealing mouth which every pretty woman is supposed to possess.

Here's the routine of mouth make-up as one beauty specialist has it, "Make up the upper lip first, following the natural contour. Trace this lip contour on the lower lip by compressing the lips together. Then fill in the lower lip. If the upper lip is a trifle thin, extend the lip-line a bit after you've traced in the natural line. Then continue, tracing this extended lip-line on the lower lip and filling it in as before."



Follow the same procedure for the lower lip—apply lipstick from outside corner to centre.

One of the chief complaints one hears about mouth make-up is that women have a tendency to give themselves rosebud effects with little, if any, regard for the natural breadth of the



Some women like to paint on their lip rouge with a brush.

mouth. Cupid's bows aren't really half so attractive as is your own lip-line carefully emphasized.

SOME GIRLS like to use a brush to paint on the lipstick or lip rouge. This may be considered more of a dressing-table operation than a standard quick-repair treatment during the course of the busy day. (That handbag of yours is full enough without adding a paintbrush to the general cargo!) But when you have time to sit close to the toilet mirror, and if you have an unpalsied hand, you'll find it's fun to experiment with a brush for a good lip contour.

It stands to reason, too, that if you let your lip rouge "set" for a few minutes before blotting it with a tissue, the color will be more permanent.

And of course you can get practically indelible lipsticks. But if the dye is harsher it's harder on your lips. Better settle for one slightly less all-enduring. And take better care of your mouth make-up once it's on.

Nervous habits like chewing your lips aren't calculated to prolong the well-molded lip-line, either — to say nothing of dabbing at them with a hankie or table napkin. And besides, think of the laundry problem. It's curious that a lipstick which doesn't stay on your mouth worth a nickel will develop tendencies toward complete permanence in the family wash.

But that's another story. +



Allow your lipstick a moment to set before blotting it with a tissue.



GENTLY REMOVES DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS

SOOTHES AND TONES TIRED TISSUES

FRESHENS AND DAINTIFIES ALL YOUR SKIN



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion
with **PALMOLIVE**
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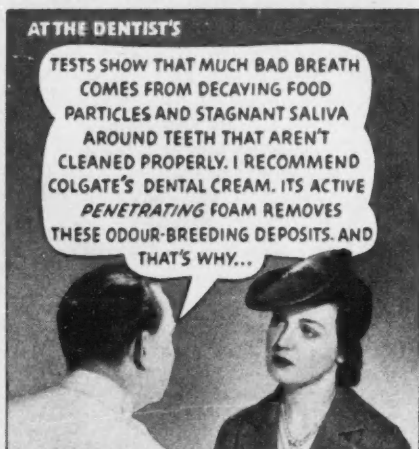
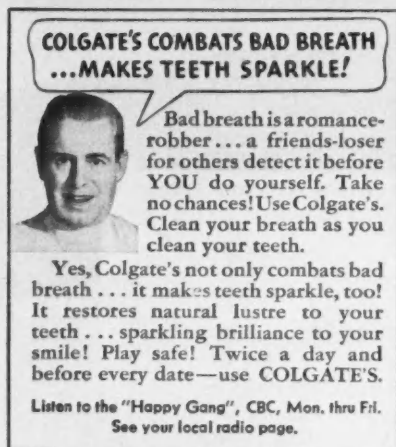
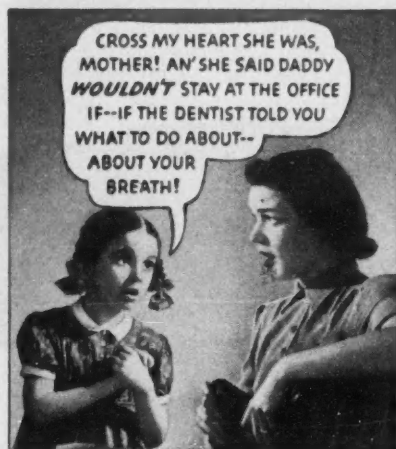
To be loved, be lovely! Bring out all your natural loveliness! Beauty-bathe with Palmolive—the beauty soap that promises a natural Schoolgirl Complexion to make you lovelier than ever!

Why not trust Palmolive's quick-cleansing, beauty-rich lather? See how it actually soothes as it gently kisses away impurities...leaves your skin velvety-soft and smooth—free of all irritation. That's because Palmolive is made with the costliest blend of soothing Olive and Palm oils... the finest and mildest beauty aids Nature ever created. From this day on, resolve to give your skin the extra-beneficial beauty care of this famous beauty soap. Get two cakes of new, improved Palmolive, today!

Olive Oil... treasured for centuries as a natural skin beautifier.



FOR A LOVELIER YOU... USE PALMOLIVE
Made with
Olive and Palm Oils... Nature's Finest Beauty Aids...



Which brings us to our first point, which is:

Keep your trusty beauty aids in, not necessarily on, the dressing table. Have 'em handy to a good strong light. And use them with minimum effort and maximum effect, when you've only your reflection in the mirror for company.

Candidly, you know, there's something pretty disillusioning about the looks of most of us sans lipstick, sans make-up, with our faces well plastered with cold cream and our top-knots screwed up on our heads. So, please, for everybody's comfort, let's do our faces without benefit of audience. Let's have our own little tussle with recalcitrant locks, complexion problems, and such, in private.

FOLLOWING THIS train of thought—and just for fun—we interviewed half a dozen recent bridegrooms, and asked them for their own personal and unexpurgated views on the subject of feminine make-up. We asked them about their favorite hates, their likes and dislikes, their views, and their suggestions. After a little wheedling and cajoling, we came up with this:

Bridegroom "A" (it's an alias) would like to think it was possible that a girl could remove all the make-up from her face and still have a little natural color in her lips. If your Pride and Joy has similar ideas, the thing to do is use a bit of scarlet lip-salve after the cleansing process. Or if you want color which won't come off, to your mortification, on pillowslips and sheets, use an almost-indelible lip rouge which comes in a tiny bottle plus applicator. If you cream your mouth well, your lips will stay soft and fresh looking. It's applying fresh lipstick over old that's disheartening—and bad for that soft appealing lip-line, too.

Bridegroom "B" had a pet peeve. He simply can't stand women who squeeze their toothpaste out of the tube by squashing the top and not the bottom of the container. He spoke firmly to his new wife about it on their honeymoon. He doesn't think she'll ever do it again! Motto: Start at the bottom and work up to the top of the tube. Once you make up your mind to it, it's heaps more convenient.

BRIDEGROOM "C" is sensitive about nail polish. He has always had very definite opinions on the subject, but never before was asked to voice them. He was pleasantly surprised to note that the bride's fingertips on the wedding day were a delicate rosebud hue. And vastly (but privately) upset to see that two days later, on their honeymoon, she'd returned to her currently favored shade somewhere between petunia and huntin' pink. Our suggestion: If your bridegroom shows symptoms of opinions on the subject, consult him. And maybe he'd change his mind about gay nail polishes, if he realized that they really were chosen for a matched make-up harmonizing with costume colorings and skin tones. Besides, if you're doing a bit of housekeeping, you'll probably find that the less brilliant nail polishes are the most durable for daily contact with the dishpan and the dust mop. But that doesn't say that your hands should be abandoned to their fate. It implies that they deserve and should get extra care and consideration. A bride's hands are always lovely. Keep them so,

The fourth bridegroom consulted had ideas on the subject of hair-do's. In these days of simplified permanent-waving, there really isn't much excuse for anything but the most attractive of coiffures. As you know, the tendency is very definitely toward hair styles which are shortish, easily cared for, adaptable for uniform, smart with a cap or with a feminine-looking hat. A good permanent before the wedding day (and we mean long enough before to be sure of the best results and a curl that is really your own) is an economy. Especially if you're careful to preserve the contours of your wave with a scarf or veil when you go to bed at night. Fish netting is grand for the job. Which brings us back to bridegroom "D." He can't understand hair which looks like a golliwog's—"Marg's never does," he announces proudly. "She looks just as pretty when she gets up in the morning as she does at five o'clock in the afternoon. And she wears some kind of a ribbon thing around her hair."

EVEN IF beauty aids aren't rationed, it's just simple common sense to be as economical as possible in your choice of cosmetics and the like. But that economy must be consistent with adequate care of your personal good looks. It does nobody any good to go round looking as if you'd spent a minimum of money, time and energy on attractiveness, and with minimum results, too. The next bridegroom on our list was impressed with his new wife's "beauty budget." Enquiry from the bride herself brought forth the following list of must-have beauty aids:

1. With an eye to the future, this bride had chosen to buy large-sized jars of most of her beauty preparations. It doesn't mean she's going to use what's in 'em with a too-lavish hand. It simply ensures the necessary items for many months to come. An all-purpose cream for cleansing, massage and lubrication was her first item. It will help keep her skin soft and fine-textured and prevent the etching in of those tiny lines that spell "wrinkles" after thirty-five.

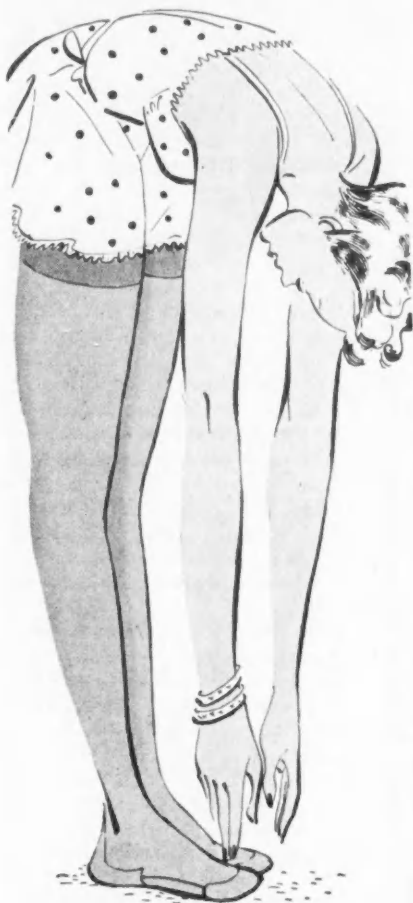
2. A good make-up film, as a base for powder and rouge, and as a day-long protection for the skin, was next on the list. (Don't forget to choose one which is, if anything, a shade darker than your own skin coloring. It's much more flattering.)

3. Two lipsticks came next: one vivid for daytime (select a shade which will complement your daytime costumes—there are heaps of good, clear reds which are almost universally becoming) and one darker, more glowing, for night light.

4. A good face powder came next. She took good care, as every woman should, that the color would blend well with her own skin tones. Face powder should cling. Fortunately, Canadian women can still get powders which have that clinging quality so much desired.

5. Final items on this bride's list may be optionals on yours. They included an eyelid oil, and a waterproof mascara. Of course such things as eau de colognes, perfumes and other delightful accessories may be regarded as "frosting on the cake." You can get along without them. But, used with discretion, they can do a lot to point up your own personality.

STOCKING RUNS REDUCED!



Join the LUX DAILY DIPPERS

Runs in stockings make a dreadful dent in a gal's war-time dress budget. So no wonder smart young moderns are enthusiastic Lux Daily Dippers.

You see, stockings wear longer if you dip them in Lux every night (right after you take them off, please).

Lux keeps delicate threads elastic so that they stretch under strain instead of popping into runs. And Lux removes the perspiration acids that cause holes in stocking feet. So start your daily dipping tonight.

TONIGHT—
dip your stockings
in— **LUX**
A LEVER
PRODUCT

you to buy something to hoard—tell him to go to Hawaii! Buy only the things that you need, and if you have any extra cash, buy another Bond!

This May take all your last year's clothes out from the cupboard and see what you can wear, or cut down for your children—or other folks' children—to wear.

This May—anything you buy, buy the best you can afford or get. Listen, sisters, it may have to last you a long time. But don't mind. The Lady Next Door is doing just exactly what you are doing. You wouldn't want to wear the last new dress that was available in town, if your friend next door had to do without one.

☆☆

Let's Share Our Fashion Sugar—As long as you demand new fashions, your local storekeeper is going to break a leg—and all the Commandments—to try and get them for you. You can't blame him. That's his business. But let him know that, if his stock is limited in certain articles, you'll only take one of them, and wear it and enjoy it—not two—one to wear and one to hoard. If every woman, down here in New York, had been contented to buy only one corset at a time, and one pair of stockings (she can't wear two of everything, can she?) we wouldn't have the sad fact that we are running short of these things, not because they are being worn, but because they are being hoarded!

☆☆

Thank Goodness we can still have flowers! I mean flowers in the garden. I hope you are planning many flowers this May. A flower in your hat, another one on your coat—and you look like a new gal! Artificial flowers are getting scarcer. Yep—the Japs used to make those wonderful flowers we used to get for a quarter! But we can still grow our own flowers—and don't forget to put in another bed of 'em, along with your vegetables. When you feel your outfit does not look springlike enough, add a flower—and watch the populace brighten!

☆☆

It's a Cotton May! Proud thing, cotton. It's grown on this continent—every yard of cotton you buy keeps other Allies eating. Same with rayon! Now, that's a fabric for you. Things we used to demand in pure silk (made in Japan!) are now being made in Canada, in the rayon family. Be awfully proud of anything cotton or rayon you buy! A great deal of time, effort, research and downright love go into 'em. Nylon is scarce, I know. They need it for parachutes instead of stockings. What the heck? Wear cotton stockings or socks—darn cute too, in the new weaves and colors.

☆☆

Toronto and Montreal can still get good, new, bright fashions. Bless 'em—keep it up. But you gals who read "Shorts" way out in Alberta (where I spent so many happy days)—or in Portage La Prairie or surroundings (where I was born)—or in Prince George (gosh! those trout!)—or in Huntingdon, Quebec (where Mama is)—there are things we have to go without. You have to go without them—down here in New York I have to go without them. But what we can't get, we try to laugh about and say, "Well, what have you?" +



You look at it and it's lovely—made of beautiful fabrics, exquisitely tailored. Try it on . . . Your figure looks younger! You are controlled, but how tenderly! None of that "boned to the teeth" feeling. Your back is an uninterrupted curve of beauty. The garment does not ride up when you sit or bend.

■ Bodily loveliness and comfort are reflected in your face. You are more serene. You laugh more often. You are, in general, a happier woman. Try Ligne Lelong and see! All sizes—various prices.

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We can understand how you'd like to lay in a supply, but please do not over-buy. Materials are rationed . . . our country needs them for Victory!



WEAR THEM WITH PRIDE YOUR NEW WAR-TIME VICTORAY STOCKINGS

It's wonderful how Kayser ingenuity takes rayon and makes it such a thing of beauty! In Fit-All-Top* as well as regular top. And, lisle, fashioned to give you smooth, clinging fit... long wear... made in the regular way — and in run-proof Sansrun*. "Victoray" Stockings are full-fashioned, high-twist, come in stunning new colours.

Made with all the skill at the command of Canada's largest manufacturer of full-fashioned hosiery. 79c and up.

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underwear

Be wiser buy Kayser

FASHION SHORTS

By
Kay Murphy

May Days Here Again! And time to think about what we will wear this summer. First, let's look over what we've left from last year, and see what we can revive and renew to help us out this summer. You must have some things tucked away that, with a little twisting and turning, and maybe a session with the dye pot, can be made almost as bright as new.

If you are going to buy anything, make a good buy. For instance, if you haven't bought that new suit yet (as I suggested last month), buy it now, and buy the best you can. It will serve you well this fall, too, and again next spring—for you may have read the new fashion news, the "Silhouette is frozen." That means, down here in New York, we are going to have the same fashions, more or less, this fall that we are having this spring, and your 1942 spring purchases will look as smart in 1943 as now...

☆☆

That Is the Big Fashion News, Fashion Shorters—"The Frozen Silhouette." What does the "frozen" silhouette mean? It means that, for the Duration, we are going to have basic fashions that will appear, and reappear, much the same, season after season as long as necessary. Skirts will be much the same—extra jackets will disappear—side fullnesses and plentiful pleats (that take up more material than we can afford the machines to weave) will be a thing of the past.

This does not mean that we will look old-fashioned—how can we, when we will all be wearing much the same clothes, probably different only in color, and in the accessories we choose?

Frankly, I am heartily glad that New York designers are facing the facts that we cannot go on expecting new fashions every few hours, while we do need more guns, more planes, more of everything that is not a new hat!

☆☆

New Fashions will continue to come through because, here in New York, we have one million people, workers and their families, depending on fashions for their livelihood. These people cannot be thrown out of work immediately. Already many are being absorbed into the war industries, but there are still enough left to think up, plan and produce, certain new things for stores to sell—and stores, too, have millions depending on them for their living.

Here in New York we are already learning to do without many fashion items we have become used to accept. Take brassieres and corsets—stocks were large, and we had sufficient to last us for quite some time. But many women, short-sighted, started buying them up three and four at a time. The result—the manufacturers are unable to produce enough merchandise to meet the demands. One brassiere maker I know has about half a million bras ready to sell—if he had about an inch of elastic to complete the back strap. He has used up all his elastic stock and cannot get more for several months, if then. So his

designer worked out the idea of a piece of knitted cotton that will "give," to add to the strap and complete the brassiere. When he gets this extra inch of fabric, the brassieres will be ready to be sold, and worn.

☆☆

We Must Not Let Fashion Die! We need the morale of pretty clothes. When I see the thousands of young soldiers and sailors we now see around the streets of New York, and see the pretty, nicely dressed girls and women they are escorting, I feel that, come what may, we gals must always be prettily dressed, not only for our own morale, but for the sake of the men in the services, who are entitled to a cute little miss to take to a movie when a precious furlough has been granted.

☆☆

Murphy's Mad Day... I'm mad about many short-sighted fashion folks who try to force the Government to disgorge, for zippers, precious metal that is needed for guns. I am mad about others who want side drapery to dresses, taking about one and a third yards more of material that we don't need, and which the Army does need for uniforms, tents, hospital sheets, bandages. I am mad about folks hoarding sheets, and corsets, and dozens of other things stores still have in stock but which are fast disappearing, and when these are gone—we will have to wait until we get substitutes for them...

☆☆

So Get Ready Your Mad Day—and if your local storekeeper tries to coax



THE NEW CUTAWAY

Fun for the girl who likes her tailored just a little different is this smart Harris tweed suit, with its rounded cut-away jacket and narrow lapels. It's sugar brown on honey beige, with a matching hat.

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117M

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went to meet him and we heard excited voices in the kitchen.

It was the plot beginning.

Gran called, "What is it?" They came in, and mother said she had the chance to rush a shipment out to a Vancouver cannery tomorrow if they could pick enough, but she didn't see how they could. It was a big job. She and Ben argued about not being able to get any more pickers, and then mother said, "Well, it's a question of all hands on deck, then. We'll all have to get in and pick. You too, Marygold."

Then Mr. Spence looked up from the drawings and figures of airplanes which he was studying at the table. He was always studying. I do not know why, because he could fly already and had his own plane in California. Mr. Spence said, "Let me pick too," which was just what mother was waiting for, so she said quickly, "Would you mind? It is an emergency." Then she and Ben began talking about getting up at three-thirty to be out at four, and Gran said that was crazy because the dew hadn't risen by then, and you couldn't ship dew berries. Mother looked startled for a minute. Then she said that, after all, it wasn't really three-thirty because of the daylight saving time and also dew acted differently with daylight saving. This held Gran, because she never could understand what time it really was any more. It held Mr. Spence too, because he didn't know anything about shipping berries.

WE WERE out in the field next morning at four, and even then it was quite light. I certainly was surprised. You could tell it was going to be a hot day, because everywhere you looked it was sort of grey. In the field above us, the glads were just beginning to bloom full in the pink patch. In the field below, the black currants were resting. The loganberry vines were trained along three wires strung on posts, and they went off to the right and left of us in straight lines. Our drawing teacher says, "Observe, that even though they seem to be going to meet, they never do." You can observe this good in our fields.

When the regular pickers came on, hours later, they didn't know what was up, and they giggled and stared at Mr. Spence picking his way down a row with one of Gran's straw hats on, and a pair of white flannels, which was all the clothes he had with him.

About eleven o'clock it began to get so hot you could see the heat rising off the ground in waves. I looked up and the fields seemed to be dancing. I looked over to where Mr. Spence was, and his shirt was sticking to his back as if he had stood under a hose. His pants were sticking to him too. "How are you doing?" I called.

"All right, Marygold," he said, and he wiped the band of his old straw hat and put a fresh cabbage leaf in the top and went right on. Mother sent me to the house to lie down then.

Gran wouldn't allow me out again until well after three, and when I got back they were still at it and had taken only half an hour for a lunch period. The berries certainly were piling up in the shed. And was it hot! Stewie came by and said all his rabbits had burrowed holes in the ground and gone down into them. One came up for air and it had eight new babies. That is how hot it was.

Mother looked queer and very white when I passed her to get to my end of

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Gran Looked Regal

Continued from page 21

party or just what happened, except I think it was something I ate. I suppose if the Lieutenant-Governor has to feed so many people, it can't all be first-rate stuff like we get from our grocer.

The garden party was on Wednesday, and I never knew what happened to Thursday, but on Friday I got out of bed and went to look for somebody. I heard voices downstairs, and it was mother and Mr. Spence having words. As I said before, I've never known mother act so funny and cross as she did at this time. Usually she is such fun.

I sat down on the stairs and looked at them through the railings. Mr. Spence had his hand bandaged. He made three thousand dollars for the Red Cross, but they had to bandage his hand after at the first-aid tent. When I looked through the railings, I didn't know this. I just knew mother was very upset at something that had just come over the radio, because as I came down, I heard her snap it off furiously. What she snapped off was the man who tells gossip about the stars from Hollywood, and he was speaking about Mr. Spence:

"Vic Spence is vacationing up in British Columbia, and how! Tell us, Vic, how is the farmerette who pitches woo with you among the pine-scented forest paths? Tell us, Vic, who is the charming widow? Tell us, Vic, why you sent to Hollywood for a wig last week? Rumor has it, folks, that they are out to make a farmer of our own Victor Spence up there! Let's ask the lady in question to consult Doreen Day, Lettice Loring and Gloria Glenning about that! They tried to make over our Vic and he side-stepped them all! Tell us, Vic . . ." It was then mother snapped it off fast.

Mr. Spence looked awful. He said, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have let you in for that."

Mother said, "You should have knocked that man down!"

"I've tried that, and all it does is give them more copy," said Mr. Spence. "For myself I don't care. I'm used to it. It's the penalty we pay for success down there, but I'm terribly sorry because—"

"Then please go away and leave me alone!" cried mother.

Mr. Spence's mouth can look awfully stubborn and it sure looked stubborn now. "I never let anything they say change my plans," he said.

"Then I'll go away," said mother.

"You will not!"

"I'll go East. I have relatives in Montreal," said mother. "I'll stay away until you leave this house!"

Suddenly Mr. Spence stepped forward and took hold of mother's arms and sort of shook her the way the teacher did to me once at school, only I kicked her in the shins. "I won't go away until I'm sent overseas!" he said. "I only have a short time and I'm going to spend it looking at you!"

Mother pulled herself away from him. She sure could move fast when she wanted to. "I don't believe you're going overseas," she said. "It's possibly a publicity trick your agent thought up!"

Mr. Spence let go of her as if she had hit him. Mother looked kind of sorry then, but she turned and went out of the house quickly. I think she was crying.

Mr. Spence wouldn't go away and I was kind of glad. Only mother looked



"Don't say
you can't have
hair like mine!"

It's so needless to think you can't have lovely, lustrous, well-groomed hair, just because you can't spend hour after hour at the hairdresser's. Many times, the hair you most admire gets such attention no more frequently than your own—but it *does* get Danderine!

Form the Danderine habit now. Every day before arranging your hair, sprinkle Danderine on your brush or comb. No tedious massage needed; the active formula does the work. Danderine removes dull, cloudy film which so often detracts from the smart appearance of many women's hair. Removes loose dandruff, too. Even makes hair easier to arrange—all without wasting a moment of time! Try it!

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so miserable that I was sorry, and I wondered how that man in Hollywood dare say that my mother pitched woo in the pine woods. To pitch woo means to neck. Besides they are not pine woods, but fir. Also, my mother would rather die than pitch woo anywhere. I know!

If I ever pitch woo, I sure hope it is somebody like Mr. Spence.

AFTER SUPPER, I went over to Ben's shack, which is at the north end of the gladiola field, to tell him about the garden party, but he said he'd heard about it. Ben is like an old apple tree, gnarled. I wrote that in a school essay once, and the teacher said it was very descriptive. That is just how he is, gnarled. He is like an apple tree in winter. In spring an apple tree smells sweet because of the blossoms, but Ben smokes a very old pipe and never smells sweet because of wiping the innards of it on his denim pants, which, Gran says, is a filthy habit. Well, just when I was telling Ben about how our names were called out, there was a knock at his door and mother looked in. She was surprised at seeing me, and said, "Scoot, chicken, I want to talk business with Ben."

I went out, but didn't go back to the house. I thought I'd sit on the bench around the side where he keeps his wash basin and his toothbrush hanging on a nail, and wait and walk back with mother. I didn't intend to listen, because I didn't think mother would have anything interesting to say to Ben. But she did.

"Well, Mary, what's troublin' you?" Ben said right away.

"Ben," says my mother, "there is a lot of unpleasant talk because Victor Spence is staying here. I've asked him to go and he won't."

Ben laughed. "I can't blame him meself," he said. "Why don't you let him stick around for awhile. He won't disappoint you like Ned, I'll wager."

"Don't be an old fool," said mother. "How can we get rid of him?"

"Well," said Ben, after thinking awhile, "if he was the puny kind, the stringy feminine, puny kind, I'd say put him to work and then watch his dust. But he ain't."

"He's underweight," said mother.

"Golly," said Ben, surprised, "you sure sound savage, Mary!"

"You don't know the half of it. Lately, I've wanted to bite my own mother and eat my own offspring—often," she said.

"That's bad," said Ben.

I looked through the window and Ben was sitting with his feet on the stove where he could spit in without getting up. Mother was sitting at the table beside his oil lamp, punching holes quite angrily all the way around the edge of Ben's evening paper.

Mother said, "You know, that work idea isn't so bad. We could set him to picking, tomorrow morning early—very early, and have him pick all day and evening. That ought to wear him down and discourage him."

"The pickers had to lay off three hours around noon today. It sure was hot," said Ben.

"Well, Mr. Spence won't lay off tomorrow," she said, and then she said anxiously, "Do you think this hot spell will last?"

Ben said he thought it would.

About an hour later, Ben came knocking at the house door, and mother

Veil Varieties

ANY BRIDE can't wear any veil, any more than she could wear any hat. Veils are best for the under-thirties, never worn for a second marriage.

Then, the long veil is used for a formal dress with train, the short for the floor-length type. And now there are snood veils for the bride in a short dress who wants to be bridey.

Here at the top, for instance, is a long veil for the ingenue type. It's cap style, caught with orange blossoms. The bridesmaid wears a short colored one, same silhouette.



Right: The snood veil, caught up with flowers. Good for the tall girl, especially with an informal wedding dress. Bridesmaid's matches in style, differs in shade.



The regal brunette looks best in this high, lacy coronet, and the bridesmaid can wear a simple headress, minus veil, to match.

Finally, the more mature or second-time-wedding one looks best in a hat. But you can swathe it in lovely pastel veiling for that misty effect.



DRAWINGS BY
MARGARET FAX



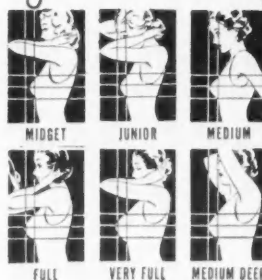
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A STYLE TO FIT YOUR SHAPE AS WELL AS YOUR SIZE

"I told you career women don't make good mothers!"



1. The girls were pulling someone apart, and I heard them mention "career women." Then I knew they were talking about me! So I decided to hear how far they'd go. ... "Why, Anne, she runs that baby the way she runs her office! He's so pampered. She's got special soap, special powder . . . and even a special laxative. Why . . ."



2. "Hold on, Lucy," I interrupted. "I'd better join this conversation since it's about me! Seems to me I'm a pretty sensible mother. Especially about that laxative! You wouldn't give a baby the same foods you eat, would you?"



3. "It may interest you to know that our doctor approved Castoria because it's mild and safe and because it is made especially for children. Babies aren't just small editions of adults. They're babies."



4. "You know, medicine strong enough for us can be too strong for a baby's little insides. That's why Castoria is so perfect. It's not 'harsh' or griping . . . it's gentle as can be. Come on over and ask the druggist."



5. Well, the druggist said Castoria was the finest children's laxative he knew. Its chief ingredient, he said, is senna. Senna is not habit-forming, and in Castoria, senna has been especially processed to eliminate griping.



6. "You see," he went on, "senna works mostly in the lower bowel . . . doesn't upset little stomachs. It works almost 'naturally,' without irritation—in about 8 to 12 hours, so it doesn't interfere with a child's sleep. That's why I always recommend Castoria, and suggest the money-saving Family Size."



7. We went home, and Bobby needed a laxative, so I gave him Castoria. He took it, grinning. P.S.: I haven't heard a word about 'career' women since. Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

the row, and I asked her if maybe I should go to the store and buy her an ice cream cone, and she said, "Nothing less than enough to roll in would interest me, chicken."

I was worried about mother because she looked so white. I brought her a drink of water and sort of stayed down beside her to talk to her and keep her mind off the heat. Nothing I said seemed to hold her interest until I said I thought Mr. Spence looked awfully hot. Then she looked right up and said, "Do you, chicken?"

"Yes," I said, "I guess it reminds him of that picture we saw him in that was all about the hot country where he was a millionaire rubber planter and got lost in the jungle. You know, mother," I said, "I would have recognized him myself that first day if he had been in pyjamas because all the scenes I remember him best in he was wearing pyjamas. But you know, mother," I said, "he doesn't really wear pyjamas that look like the ones he wears in the movies, with a high collar and his initials on the pocket. Because I looked when I helped him unpack, and they were just ordinary ones like you see hanging out on Mrs. Wilcox's clothesline that belong to Mr. Wilcox."

But mother didn't seem to be listening. Just suffering. I stopped trying to take her mind off the heat and got her another drink of water.

We had half an hour for supper and picked right through till dark, and that didn't come until well after nine o'clock because of the daylight saving. Well, we stopped then, and Mr. Spence and I stumbled up to the house while mother stayed talking to Ben about shipping.

Mr. Spence got the bathroom first for a shower and Gran cleaned me up at the basin in her room and brushed my hair and braided it again. We put lotion on my arms where I was all scratched, and she helped me into my summer nightgown. I was certainly tired.

Mother hadn't come in, and Gran said she guessed she was seeing to the details. She said maybe she had run up to the Association building in the truck. Only I didn't think so, and I got worried.

WHEN GRAN had stopped clucking over me and left me in bed, I got up and went down the back stairs and out to the packing shed. The air seemed even thicker with berry smell at night than through the day. The piles of crates made eerie shapes, and my stomach started to act funny, turning a kind of back flip like it does when I go to the dentist. When I called, "Mother! Where are you?" my voice sounded loud even though I was just whispering. Suddenly I was very frightened. I began to run.

There was a faint light from the window of the barn and I ran for that and struggled with the big door. I got it open and fell inside, panting and breathless, and there was my mother lying on the straw of one of the stalls, with Ben sitting beside her holding her hand. She looked awfully little lying there, no bigger than one of the high school pickers. Her face was very white, and there was a bright spot on each cheek, and her eyes looked too blue and too bright. I wasn't sure whether she really saw me or not.

"Ben," I cried, "what's the matter with my mother?"

He told me not to be frightened. It was just a touch of sun, and she'd be all

✦ Continued on page 73



NO MORE LOOK-OF-THE-MONTH — use TAMPAX

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THE look-of-the-month is partly a look of physical discomfort, but still more it is a tell-tale look of embarrassment. It comes from the fear a woman has that her "secret" is not a secret to others. Under a thin dress or any snug costume, you may try to arrange a smoother line or smaller bulge, but it is still a bulge. But if you use Tampax, there is no bulkiness whatever because Tampax is worn internally. You are not even conscious of wearing it.

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For Today's Brides



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For the informal wedding with short dress.

Wedding costume.....	\$16.95
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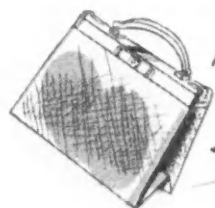
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For the informal wedding with floor-length dress.

Sheer wedding dress (for evening after).....	\$12.95
Chapel veil and headdress...	4.75
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"It wasn't even close! Same ties and shirts, same clothes; but at school, friends knew Jack at a glance...because his teeth were so much brighter! No question about it—Pepsodent made the difference! That's why the family began using it, too, even before the test was over!"

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TIE...WE'RE
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THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Trousseau Budgets--



With Plenty to Go On

MAYBE you've saved up for the kind of wedding clothes you want—or better still, buy a few things every pay day. Here's a general guide for a fairly large trousseau, where you're having a wedding gown and all and all. Check this over to see what you lack.

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Two prs. stockings at \$1.35 pr.....	2.70
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"For a Morning Glory Skin...try my Beauty Nightcap"



PAULETTE GODDARD, CO-STARRING IN CECIL B. DE MILLE'S "REAP THE WILD WIND," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

says *Paulette Goddard*:

"TOMORROW, you have to face close-ups, as well as I. So let me tell you of a nightly beauty routine I follow, that's simple, easy, inexpensive—yet it's the best beauty treatment I've discovered.

"I call it my Beauty Nightcap. And all you need for it is a jar (get a big one, you'll love it!) of Woodbury Cold Cream.

"Yes, you'll love that silken-soft, not-too-light, not-too-heavy feel of Woodbury. And does it do things for you? You'll see—it does!"

Every night, Paulette cleanses with Woodbury, swirling away make-up

and the day's soil and leaving her skin gloriously refreshed. Woodbury contains very special softening oils to help relieve dryness and delay the day when dryness may bring tiny lines.

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Try it. In morning's light—see the dawn of new loveliness in *your* complexion. Repeat this Nightcap nightly—as Paulette Goddard does—for a skin that "registers" with every male you meet!



"Hold that powder puff!" says Paulette. "Don't dab new powder on over old make-up. Cleanse first with Woodbury Cold Cream, and rejoice in that fresh out-of-the-bandbox look!"



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WOODBURY
Cold Cream

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Watch what Dentists use to BRIGHTEN DULL TEETH

-just
Powder and Water



TAKE a tip from your dentist! See how *he* cleans teeth, with *powder and water*. Nothing more, for years of experience have proved these two the truly *safe, effective cleansers!*

Isn't it sensible to adopt his method? Get **DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER**, but use the *water* you have at home—no need to *buy* it as you do in paste and liquid dentifrices. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, developed for home use by a distinguished practising dentist, is *all powder*. It contains no acid, no grit, no pumice; nothing to scratch or injure tooth enamel. But just see how it cleans and brightens even dull, dingy teeth—the real dentist's way—right from the first brushing!

**Why pay for water
in a dentifrice?**



USE **DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER**

On a moist brush

See how much further it goes, too; actually twice as far as similarly priced tooth paste. Ask for Dr. Lyon's now, at any drugstore.

Airman's Wife :: Continued from page 9

had begun—she heard the music. She began to hum one of her numbers while she stood in the locker room taking her coat off.

The concert was in the new convalescent ward with the long glassed-in sun verandah. Men in hospital blue, nurses in white aprons, lights, flowers, pretty girls, music. It was a cheerful scene in spite of wheel chairs, crutches and bandages. All the men smiled when she entered. Renie was the favorite. Lee thought her cold and strange, but her audience did not find her so.

Lee had taught her it was a kindness to the men to wear feminine doodads rather than uniform. So her dark eyes were deepened by a gown of yellow chiffon. Her soft dark hair hung loose to her shoulders, looking black where it lay against her milky white neck. Soon her turn came. She sat on a low chair, plucked at her guitar and in a moment her warm young voice, full of music and emotion, reached into all her listeners. She sang "All the Things You Are," and "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

The distant bark of guns was drowned by the floor-thumping of many crutches. They always wanted encores. She sang them tirelessly. "Wish Me Luck" called someone. She sang that too, her voice deep and plaintive, but unwaveringly steady.

Captain Matthews caught her hand as she was going out and halted her by his wheel chair. "I'll be discharged in a few days," he whispered. "It'll be unbearable not seeing you."

Renie knew the men. They were not sentimental. "You went through Dunkirk. You ought to be used to it."

Matthews caressed her with his eyes—a burning look of piracy. "When are you coming again?"

"Next week maybe."

"I'll be gone by then. What's your telephone number?"

Renie told it, laughing, and he released her hand.

"But it's only to save argument, Captain Matthews. No rendezvous intended. Someone else got there before you."

"That's all right. I know you women."

THE TAKE-COVER alarm was sounding when Renie was halfway home, and the raid was right overhead when she reached her gate. Heart pounding, she stood praying that none of the dull explosions were in the hospital. They were after the big reservoir and the waterworks. She let herself into the darkened house and went down the steps to the air-raid shelter.

Mrs. Darke was propped up on the divan and Bridget was pouring tea from a thermos bottle. Renie edged herself in. "I just came to see how you were, mama. You seem as cool as a cucumber."

"Do I? Well, I'm not. You were out in it. Does *nothing* scare you, Renie?"

The girl's steady calmness, in fact bland indifference, was too aggravating. She could not fathom Lee's reason for marrying such an enigma. Renie took one of the sardine sandwiches Bridget had uncovered.

"Fate is fate. So what would be the use?"

"It's not natural, that's all. I'm absolutely quaking—"

"Then don't. It's a million to one chance. Only a direct hit would hurt you."

Mrs. Darke now noticed the festive yellow of the dress under Renie's coat, and suddenly resented the girl's deceptive beauty. For this, Lee had left his mother. And what had he got in the way of a wife? Heaven knew! She had been living with Renie for seven months now and still she didn't know. "I'm quaking for Lee, of course—as you would if you had any imagination. I don't quake for myself."

"Lee wouldn't thank you." Renie tucked the afghan round her mother-in-law's feet. "I'll be going now."

"What do you do up there by yourself? Locking the door, of all things!"

"I sleep—as you should. Good night, mama."

Mrs. Darke did not sleep for quite a time. The locked room offended her. Naturally Renie had a right to a private room in her own home, but why keep the door constantly locked? With a special lock, if you please, so that no other key but its own would fit it. The room had a casement window low to the ground, but even in daylight Renie kept the curtains drawn. Mrs. Darke had often tried to peer in while strolling round the garden, but nary a glimpse had she got of its contents. What could the girl be up to? Now if I were she and kept the door locked all day, figured Mrs. Darke, it might be because it wouldn't look suspicious if I kept it locked all night. And why did one stay behind a locked door at night? Because one was up to something. Anyone could enter that low garden window without coming through the house. It was an unworthy thought—but it was a most uncomfortable thought that Renie was up there carrying on some affair and laughing at her safely put away with Bridget in the dugout. The contempt she sometimes saw on the girl's face!

Bridget snored loudly from the armchair. Mrs. Darke looked at her with disgust. No lock was needed on any room to discourage her from going in to dust it. Servants these days! She dropped her book on Bridget's feet and woke her up.

Upstairs Renie let herself into her guarded sanctuary, shut the door behind her and leaned against it. The blue-white night roared and barked and screamed and thudded like hell let loose. She put her hands over her jumping heart. She hated the savage bellow of sound as she hated all crude, violent, unmanageable things. She would not get used to it if the war lasted forever.

Suddenly it ceased, leaving her hollow and aching. Soon after the all-clear sounded.

ANOTHER LUFTWAFFE came in before dawn, and Lee Darke went up with his squadron. On these occasions he forgot his ties to his human world and became an automaton of nerve and skill, manoeuvring his Spitfire among darting Messerschmitts. Flames now shot from the tail of his plane, and he was turning over like a leaf floating down the wind, falling, falling.

He bailed out, plummeting like a stone till he pulled the cord of his parachute. It was the third time he had stepped into

✦ Continued on page 46

Confection



Sweet new nail shade

• **NEW!** He'll take you straight to his heart when you wear CONFECTION! A sweet new bonbon nail shade especially blended by Peggy Sage for the invincible spirits who have determined to go all-out for defense and still spread morale-making feminine charm as they go! At all departmental and better drug stores.

Peggy Sage



wait on ourselves these days. We're short of staff."

Short of staff might be true. But Lee wasn't a fool. He knew she wanted to be alone with him. He could see it in her individual, apparently candid, but far from reassuring type of coquetry. He thought he understood women pretty well—all but his own wife.

"Did they say when you had to be back on duty?" she asked him.

"I don't have to be back. They gave me the day to recover from the shock."

"Oh, good! I will wangle a day off myself. We will have time to find each other out."

"Too bad—I'm not going to take it. I'm not suffering from shock, and I finished forty-eight hours yesterday."

She poured herself more coffee and lit a cigarette. He noted her fingers were long and lovely, and she used them as if she enjoyed their slenderness. It was a new thought—that a woman could enjoy her own beauty purely for her own satisfaction.

"Take the day for my sake," she said casually. A blue ring of smoke floated from her lips and floated on the air.

Lee was alarmed by his excitement. "I'm a married man, you know."

She looked straight into him with her grey audacious eyes. "What's the difference? I don't want to marry you. Wouldn't marry an airman anyhow. I'm too selfish. You might as well know it."

He felt the ground move under him. Here was another woman, who, pretending to be outrageously frank, would never let him know where he stood with her. He had finished his breakfast and

• Continued on page 49

Pattern Descriptions

4170—Misses' and Women's Coat in sizes 12-40. Material required for size 14: 4 yards of 39-inch, 2 1/4 of 54-inch material; 3 yards of 39-inch material for lining. Contrast: 1/2 yard of 35-39-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

4162—Misses' and Women's Blouse, Skirt and Bolero in sizes 12 to 20. Material required for size 16, Bolero: 2 1/4 yards of 35-39-inch, 1 1/4 of 54-inch material; 1 1/4 yards of 35-39-inch material for lining. Blouse with short sleeves: 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch, 1 1/4 of 39-inch, 1 of 54-inch material. Skirt: 3 yards of 35-inch, 2 3/4 of 39-inch, 1 1/4 of 54-inch material. Slide Fasteners: 8 inches for side of blouse, 7 inches for side of skirt. Price, 20 cents.

4167—Misses' and Women's Dress and Jacket in sizes 12 to 20. Material required for size 18, Jacket: 2 1/4 yards of 35-inch, 2 1/4 of 39-inch, 1 1/4 of 54-inch material. Dress with short sleeves: 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch, 3 3/4 of 39-inch, 2 1/4 of 54-inch material. 9 inch slide fastener for side opening. Price, 25 cents.

4187—Misses' and Women's Jacket in sizes 12-40. Material required for size 12: 2 1/4 yards of 35-inch, 2 of 39-inch, 1 1/2 of 54-inch material. 3/4 yard of 25-inch muslin for interfacing. Lining: 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Price, 20 cents.

4185—Misses' and Women's Skirt in sizes 24-32 ins. Material required for 24 inch: 2 3/4 yards of 35-inch, 2 1/4 of 54-inch material. 8 inch slide fastener for side opening. Price, 20 cents.

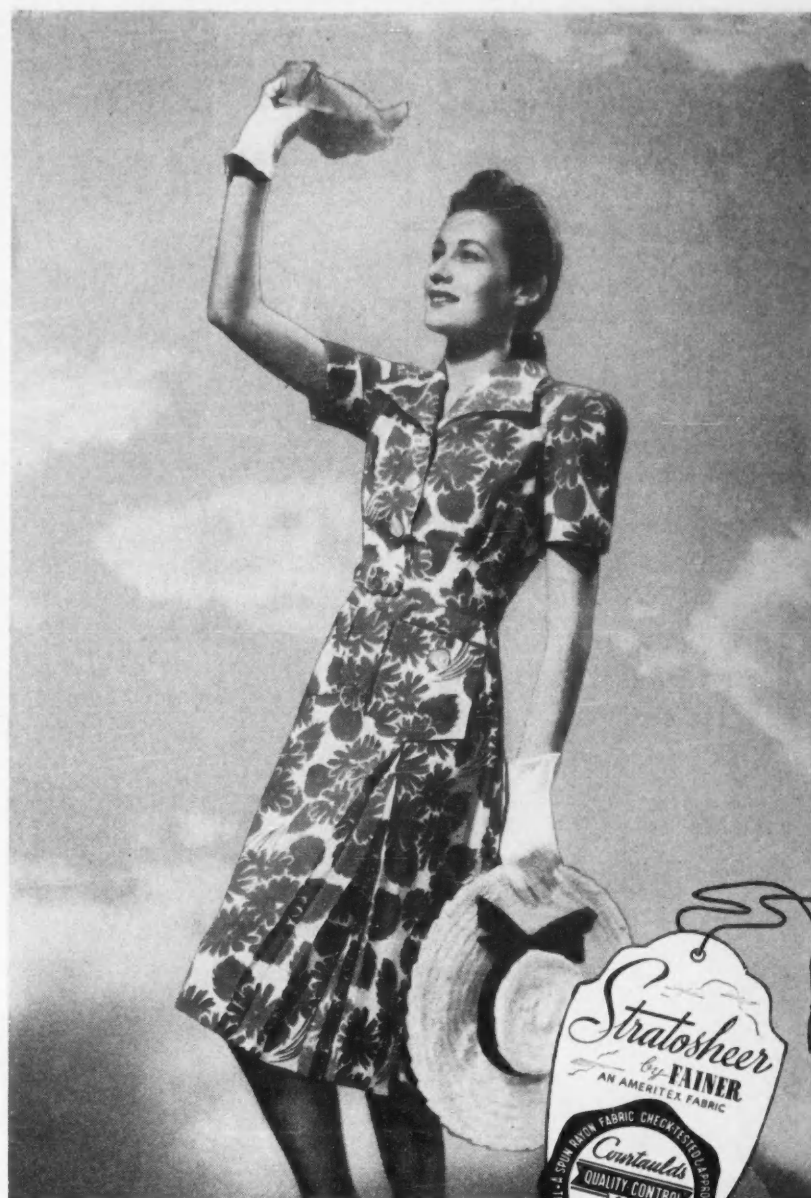
4154—Gilet in Small, Medium or Large. Material required for Small: 1 yard of 35-inch, 3/4 of 39-inch. Price, 15 cents.

4133—Women's Dress in sizes 34-44. Material required for size 38, Contrasting Yoke Back, Front Panel, Collar, Three Quarter Sleeves and Belt: 2 1/4 yards of 39-inch; 1 1/4 of 54-inch material. Dress Back and Side Fronts: 2 1/4 yards of 39-inch, 1 1/4 of 54-inch material. Price, 20 cents.

4115—Women's Redingote Ensemble in sizes 36-48. Material required for size 40, Coat: 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch, 2 3/4 of 54-inch material. A purchased belt is used. Dress with short sleeves: 3 1/4 yards of 35-inch, 3 1/4 of 39-inch material. Contrasting Collar: 3/4 yard of 35-39-inch material. 9 inch slide fastener for side opening. Price, 25 cents.

4172—Women's Dress and Jacket in sizes 36-44. Material required for size 36, Dress with long sleeves and Jacket: 5 1/4 yards of 39-inch, 3 3/4 of 54-inch material. Jacket Lining: 1 1/4 yards of 39-inch material. Dress with Short Sleeves: 3 1/4 yards of 35-inch, 2 3/4 of 39-inch material. 9 inch slide fastener for side opening of dress. Price, 25 cents.

4182—Women's Dress in sizes 36-44. Material required for size 42: 4 1/4 yards of 35-inch, 4 3/4 of 39-inch, 3 3/4 of 54-inch material. 9 inch slide fastener for side opening. Price, 25 cents.



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Kimberley	-	-	The "Mark Creek" Store
Kingston	-	-	Steeley's Ltd.
London	-	-	Smallman & Ingram Ltd.
Moncton	-	-	J. D. Creaghan Co. Ltd.
Montreal	-	-	Henry Morgan & Co. Ltd.
Moose Jaw	-	-	Joyner's Ltd.
Oshawa	-	-	Clack's Ladies' Wear
Ottawa	-	-	A. J. Freiman, Ltd.
St. Catharines	-	-	C. Wallace Co. Ltd.
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Three Rivers	-	-	J. L. Fortin, Ltée.
Vancouver	-	-	Woodwards Ltd.
Windsor	-	-	Bartlett, Macdonald & Gow Ltd.
Winnipeg	-	-	Hudson's Bay Company

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advises you about Complexion Care



What This Talented Young Actress Does to Keep Skin Beautiful

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Give your own skin this Hollywood Beauty Care. Whipped Cream Lather does the trick—it removes every bit of dust and dirt and stale cosmetics.

It's a grand bath soap, too. The fragrant Whipped Cream Lather makes you sure of an appealing daintiness—leaves skin delicately perfumed, sweet.



A LEVER PRODUCT

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

space and the third time he had prayed the thing wasn't a dud that would fail to open. It billowed out with a sharp tug at his limbs as it checked the speed of his fall. Land was four miles down and now he had time to think of Renie. His pulses were still racing with the excitement of action, but he had forgotten all but the snarling, flaming impression of it. He was not wounded, but death might get him yet. You didn't know how or where you would land, or whether a Jerry mightn't swoop down while you floated at his mercy and put a neat end to you.

So his thoughts homed to Renie, the most important thing in his precarious adventure of living. What was the matter with her? They had had a wonderful year before he left for training—no two could ever have been so close, so dear to each other.

He had known which branch of the service had been the only one for him, and she agreed without protest. But when he had returned from training he had found her changed beyond recognition. Reserved instead of spontaneous, cool where she had been so warmly human. He had the icy feeling that he was losing his hold on her.

The clean sky was streaked with pink clouds streaming up from the eastern horizon. He was drifting on a gentle breeze over country without a familiar landmark, unless that spire was the church at Beeches. But if so, the encircling meadows had been plowed for food, and the changed pattern of green and brown considerably altered the landscape.

Now he was acutely anxious about where he was coming down. The houses were growing larger, and he was swinging toward an estate of woods and parkland beyond which lay the village clustered about the church, now undoubtedly Beeches, Sussex. It looked as if he was going to get the cords of the 'chute tangled among a lot of Tudor chimneys on the great house in the park, but instead he drifted neatly onto the front lawn, was dragged toward a lily pond and just on the rim of it came to rest.

People were anxiously watching his descent in spite of the early hour. In a moment he was surrounded by servants from the house and tender hands were releasing him from his cumbersome parachute harness.

A girl came hurrying from the house, wearing an old tweed suit from a superlative tailor.

"Is he hurt?" she called anxiously.

"No, milady," said an old woman who looked like a housekeeper.

Lee scrambled to his feet, assisted by his solicitous helpers, and the girl laughed, it seemed a little wickedly.

"First time an angel ever dropped in to breakfast. Williams, you must kill a fatted calf or get a golden egg from a goose, or something equally preposterous. It seems very inadequate to offer him rations."

Lee was delighted with her unsentimental humor. "Rations will suit me. Six fried eggs and two pounds of bacon."

The servants joined in the laughter and fell behind decorously as the girl conducted him to the ancient Tudor house. She took a cigarette case from her pocket and offered it.

"I suppose the first thing you want to do is telephone your station. You're in Beeches and this is Clydebourne Hall." She laughed again her low satiric laughter. "It's seen history, but nothing

quite so fantastic as Eros in a diving suit dropping on the lawn."

Lee had unbuckled his helmet but resisted the temptation to remove it. His hair would be plastered down with sweat and the trappings of this adventure had a certain glamour for him.

"I was an angel a minute ago," he said, pausing to take a light. "There's a slight difference, isn't there?"

"Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't put too much faith in anything male, even an archangel."

They entered a high-panelled entrance hall, the rafters hung with tattered banners, armorial bearings in stained glass above the mullioned windows. "The glamour thickens," Lee thought with satisfaction. He knew who the girl must be. Lord Clydebourne's daughter, Lady Sarah Marlo.

"You'll have breakfast with me," she said. "Nobody else is awake. Williams will take you upstairs and you can get out of your rompers and clean your face up. I'm dying to see what you look like."

She was imperiously natural. A combination of easy poise, autocracy, mockery, mischief, high-bred beauty and distinction.

"There's the telephone," she added, pointing to an old sedan chair under the carved oak gallery. She beckoned the man called Williams and left him.

In a bedroom that looked like one of the many Queen Elizabeth had slept in, he looked at his grease-smudged face in a mirror while a valet ran the water in an adjoining bathroom.

HIS HOSTESS looked him over with approval when he joined her in the breakfast room. "So you're good-looking. I thought you would be. I should rouse my progenitors from their beds to share this honor, but I'm going to keep you to myself. The war gets so monotonous I've got back the feeling that nothing dramatic ever happens—I mean often enough for me."

She gave him a mischievous intimate smile. She was curiously exciting, with her swinging flaxen hair and her satiric grey eyes. Lee decided his first impression was correct. She was definitely a little wicked. Perhaps more than a little. He was vaguely troubled by the impression, and still more troubled by the fact that it attracted and intrigued him.

They stood at the buffet side by side while she helped him from the steaming dishes. She joked about the contrast between the wartime rations and the opulence of the antique silver. "What will you have? The odor of eggs and bacon on Delft or a mouse's tail on a golden platter?"

There were eggs in the plural. All the eggs he could eat. The servants had given up their rations. Lee was touched, and hungry as he was, refused more than one of them. Lady Sarah laughed at this gesture of nobility. "Don't deprive them of their share in suffering for England—their creation of a legend for their grandchildren's grandchildren. I gave my breakfast egg to an airman who dropped in from a cloud. Ah, my little ones, that was a moment of glory."

Lee allowed her to fill up his plate for him. Back at the table she poured coffee from a tall silver pot bearing the multi-quartered arms he saw set above the windows and carved in the fireplace. There were no servants waiting at table. She said matter-of-factly, "We

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Airman's Wife

Continued from page 47

was smoking with her. Now was the time to escape. But the impulse was not so strong as the desire to stay. He sat on, listening to her sophistry, trying to analyze her devilish charm, as though tied to his chair. They went on talking and no one entered to interrupt. "Lee," she called him when he told her his name, and asked him to call her Sarah.

"I suppose, Lee, your wife would have a nervous breakdown if she knew you were wasting a day on a stranger."

The fact that his life might terminate any minute of any day was implied in her words. Why shouldn't I live while I can? he thought. Take anything that comes my way, whether it's a kiss or somebody else's eggs and bacon.

But he felt disloyal when he told Sarah the truth about Renie.

"She doesn't worry when I'm upstairs, so why should she?"

Sarah was blantly matter-of-fact. "Sounds like other-man trouble. War emotion and all that. Does she drive an ambulance or save lives in a hospital?"

"What a cynic you are, Sarah! Don't you believe in loyalty under stress?"

She put her finger through a smoke ring, a finger weighted with an emerald intaglio.

"I only believe what I see, darling. The hot-blooded frailty of the human heart."

He was ashamed of the feeling she stirred in him. More ashamed because he guessed she knew she was doing it. She looked in her early twenties. But how could a man tell? Girls were so clever with their looks. She might be thirty, talking this way.

"How old are you, Sarah?"

"As old as time. Being a female."

"And more deadly than the male," he added.

SHE LEFT the table and went to the Tudor fireplace, where a log blazed and crackled. She put an elbow on the mantelpiece and a slim foot on the fender. Lee thought no evening gown he'd ever seen had the lure of the expensive old tweeds that hung with such grace on her supple body. He followed and stood looking down at her, hands in his pockets. Her eyes smiled up into his—grey wells of unabashed wickedness.

"The foresight of nature, Lee. We have to be, for survival."

"I'm getting out of my depth with you, Sarah."

"I know. We talk too much. Let's do something."

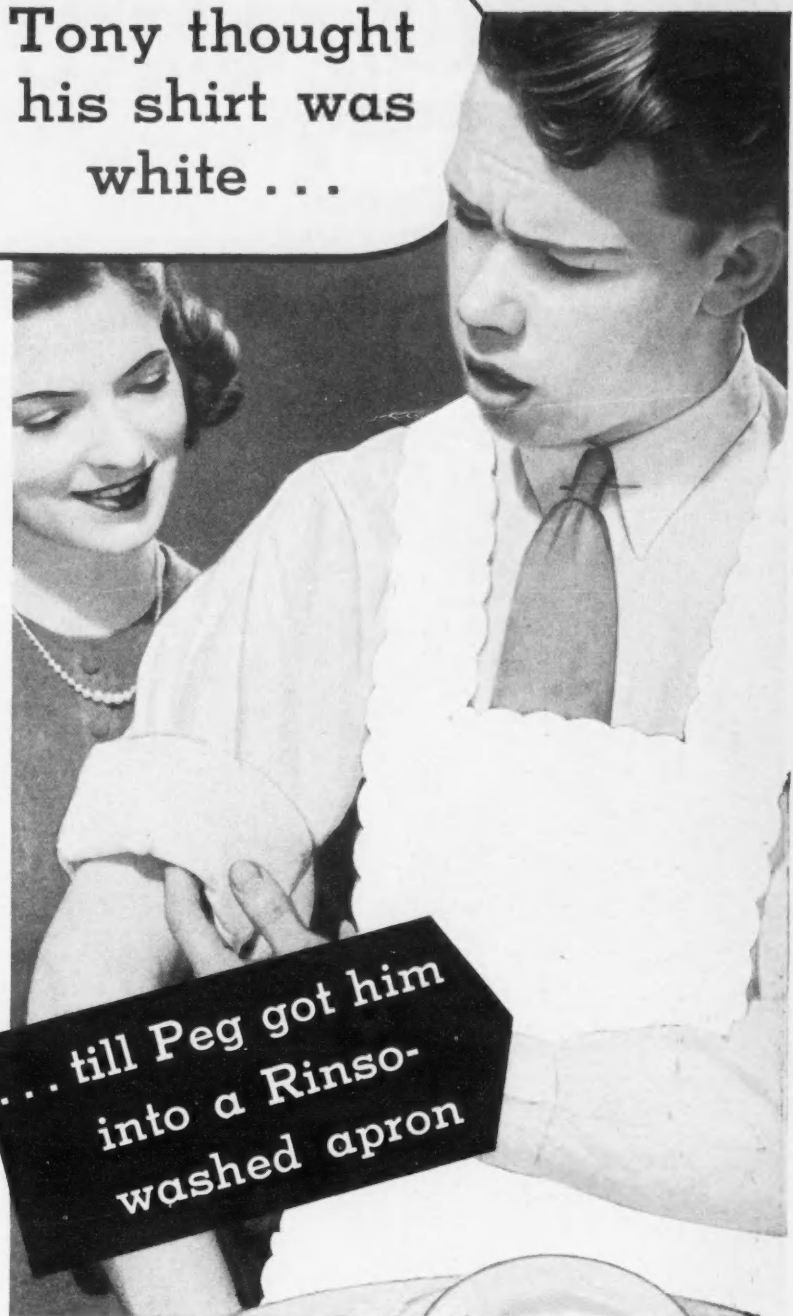
She raised her face, lips pursed and a little parted. He accepted the invitation with angry bitterness. His nerves were quivering with delayed shock—he was a man, not a flying machine, and it was the rankest disillusionment the way Renie had failed him. Sarah kissed as if a kiss were an art in itself, and the pleasure of it relaxed his nervous tension and the anger dissolved in him.

"You see," she said, as if she had proved something—maybe her ability to conquer any man.

"Sarah, you're shameless."

"I'm natural. I say out loud what other women think." Her low amused laughter stirred a desire to kiss her again. He looked at his wrist watch, the watertight wrist watch Renie had given

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his shirt was
white . . .



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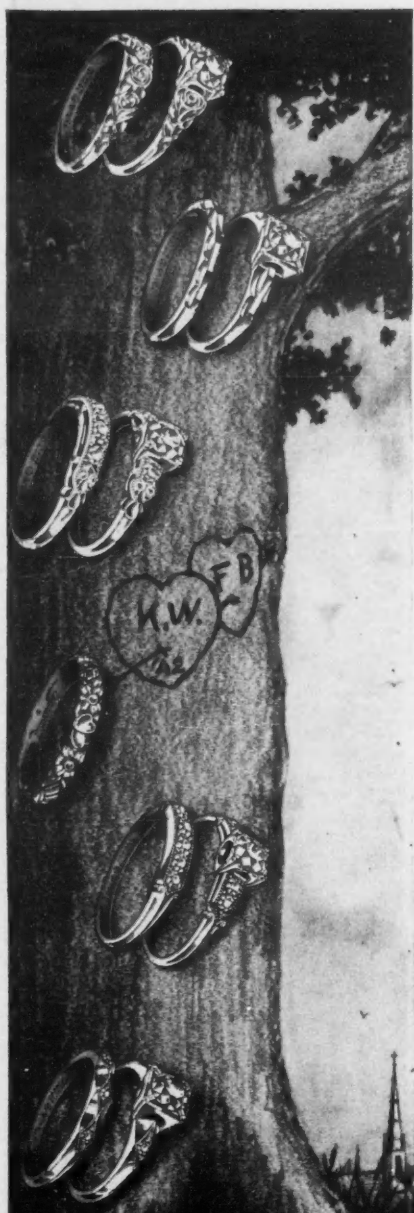
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LAST LONGER.

AND KEEPS
COLORS BRIGHT
TOO!



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PRODUCT

-gives the whitest wash



Spring Time

... is ringtime. Romance is in the air and exquisite "Orange Blossoms" are encircling lovely ring fingers everywhere. The refreshing beauty and the assured fine quality of Genuine "Orange Blossom" rings makes them the dream of every discerning Bride-to-be.

"Genuine Orange Blossom"

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Costume by
courtesy the
Wedding Bureau,
T. Eaton Co.,
Toronto. Bouquet
designed by
Helen Simpson



Mari, at her drawing board.

Our cover bride wears blush pink satin with Chantilly lace, and the new waistline-length veil in pink illusion, hung from a tiny pink satin lace-frilled cap. Her bouquet of camellias, sweetheart roses, pink stock and hyacinth petals is framed in the same lace.

Designers in Romance

By Carolyn Damon

WANT TO design the most glamorous clothes in the world for the most glamorous people in the world? Then design wedding gowns and veils, say these two clever Canadians, Mari (above) and Estelle (right). Between them they have fashioned the lovely blush pink satin gown and veil on the cover of *Chatelaine* this month—reproduced above.

Both like designing wedding outfits more than anything else, because they say that every girl can be beautiful on her wedding day. Mari, who does the gowns, says the most important factor to remember is that, like an actress on the stage, the bride is viewed as a whole, and therefore line is the dominant thing in her clothes. Simplicity comes next, for the happy bride has an inner glow that needs little improving on—merely the chaste frame of a beautiful soft gown and headdress.

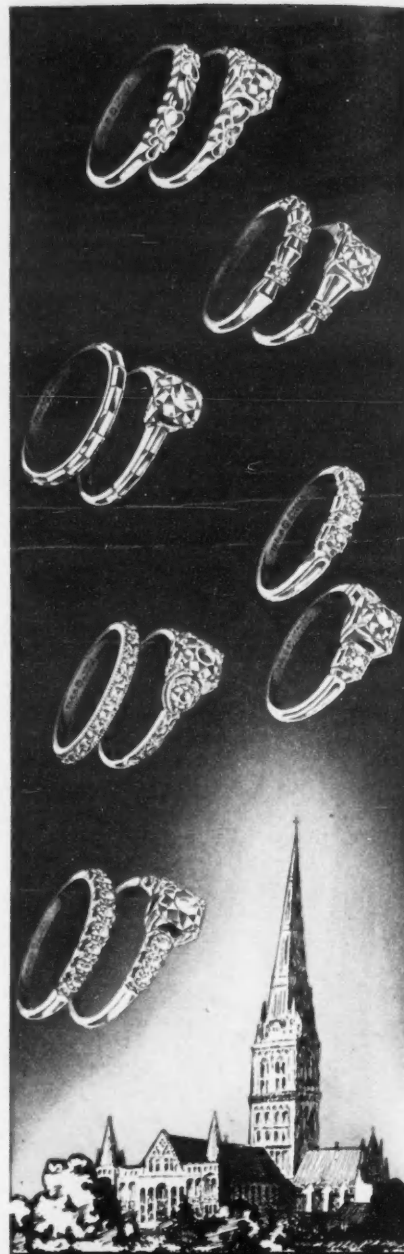
Most brides, says Mari, look better in an off-white or soft pastel than stark white. Proportion, in veil, waistline and neckline, is vital. The size of the bouquet should conform to the size of the bride as well as the groom's budget!

Veils, says Estelle, should be a delicate, flattering frame for the bride's face, arranged to build out the narrow face, give height to the too-round or wide, and softly smooth down the too-tall young femme.

There's a veil for every bride, and one at every price, with age the only limiting obstacle. ♦



Estelle arranges a veil.



The Only Thing

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"Of course I love you. Aren't I your wife?"

He tried to hold on to the moment of happiness. "Don't say 'of course.' A man doesn't want to be loved because he's your husband, but because he's—because she thinks—"

The telephone pealed. She started away from him and picked up the receiver. "Hello! . . . this is she speaking . . . Oh, how nice for you. I'm very glad . . . no, I can't. I'm sorry . . . no, it isn't. My husband's home today . . . all right, do that. Good-by. Good luck to you."

Lee watched her intently as she spoke, noting even the delicate color that quivered in her face. He had grown used to her, but now he saw her newly. She was very different from Sarah Marlo, but equally attractive. She hung up and turned back to him, but now Lee's joyous eagerness had given place to his unhappy mood of guilty anger.

"Who was it?"

"Don't bark like a dog. It was only Captain Matthews—a wounded officer from the hospital, just discharged. He wanted to come here and have tea with us before he left for home."

"So he'll ring you again and fix another time! Is he the one—or are there more of them?"

RENIE STARED at him, thunder-struck, then refused to take him seriously. She laughed mischievously, as if Sarah did not have the monopoly of teasing feminine laughter. "Thanks, Lee. You haven't flattered me like that since before we were married."

Lee's mother hit a gong in the lounge hall with the crisp precision of her peremptory character. It meant more than "Lunch is ready." It meant: "Don't you dare keep lunch waiting. Renie went first as if she were glad to escape from an awkward situation. They discussed plans in the small dining room, pleasant with flowers and chintz and Renie's own excellent water colors. Lee couldn't help contrasting its unassuming charm with the glamour of the breakfast room at Clydebourne with its wormy old panelling and the sunlight-stained amber and wine and blue through the armorial devices above the windows.

Part of Sarah's magnetic charm for him was the dramatic quality of her background. He wondered what war work she did. Funny, they had talked so much and hadn't got around to the obvious things most people tackled first in a new friendship. If that was the right name for their relationship.

His mother's penetrating voice reached him. "For heaven's sake, Lee, where are you? Asleep with your eyes open or something?"

"Sorry, mother, what is it?"

"I'd like to walk over to the nursery garden this afternoon and choose some rose bushes. It's Irene's birthday next week. She said she wanted something for the garden."

He thought of certain promiscuous bombings. "Don't you think that's rather a bad investment?"

"Certainly not. The only sane way to live is to do everything as usual."

Renie waved from the gate as they set out on the path under the pines across the common. It was not long before Mrs. Darke exposed the thing her mind was at work on. The locked mystery of Renie's room.

"Not that she hasn't a right to a

studio, as she calls it, in her own home. But never to let the maid in to clean it—or leave the curtains or windows open to let in the air and the daylight. You must admit it's very peculiar."

"Possibly. But not unreasonable."

Lee was moody and uninterested. He was not finding it so easy to justify his plans for the following day, but if things continued to bore him so badly he did not see how he could resist going. War had quickened the lives and sharpened the senses of everyone but his own Renie.

Mrs. Darke glanced at him sideways. She was secretly afraid of him. She would not dare act against her daughter-in-law without his sanction, so only through him could she satisfy her censorious curiosity. Her heart fluttered a little now with her own temerity.

"Well, son, I hate to suggest it—what with all you have on your mind—but it's my duty. Lee, I'm afraid your wife's up to something."

Lee's attention was now captured.

"What, for instance? Explain yourself."

"She sleeps in that locked room when you're away, whether it's all quiet or roaring with air raids. The window is low to the ground." Mrs. Darke licked her dry lips. "I don't want to do her an injustice—I really don't—but you're my son—and all that. I mean it's so unnatural, if there's no special reason." Lee waited, looking at her. She plunged on courageously. "Anyone could get in and out that window without Bridget and me knowing. I've heard there's been gossip going around of certain things—not definite, of course—flirtations and so on. You know how it is. A pretty girl left alone so much and all those officers calling her up and coming for tea the day they leave the hospital."

"Shut up, mother," said Lee with ferocity. "People are shut in asylums for being less crazy."

"Me crazy?" Mrs. Darke was panting now as if she had been running. "You're crazy if you can't see it's more than a little strange—"

Lee made an angry sound and strode forward so that she had to run to catch up with him. She said no more. But the seed had fallen on fertile ground. He had never given the locked room a thought, but it was more than a little strange. Hadn't he been continually wondering where Renie's love for him had gone? Now he wondered if her sanctuary would disclose her secret. His heart burned with rage while his offended mother disparaged the quality of the nurseryman's roses.

NIGHT BROUGHT no reassurance. Lee and Renie dined together in the old print room of the White Hart and went to the village picture show. The night was misty when they started out, and there was no local raid alarm. They walked home hand in hand along unlit roads between blind-eyed houses, fog rolling up in a white wall toward them. Lee was unimpressed by Renie's clinging hand. There was no love in an intimacy prompted by habit. His mind was not on her conversation, but active with surmises.

Through the bedroom mirror he watched her undress in her careful, fastidious fashion. Her dark shining hair fell about her cheeks as she rolled off her stockings. He noted anew how lovely she was.

He turned out the light and lay down



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3 New Colors for Spring
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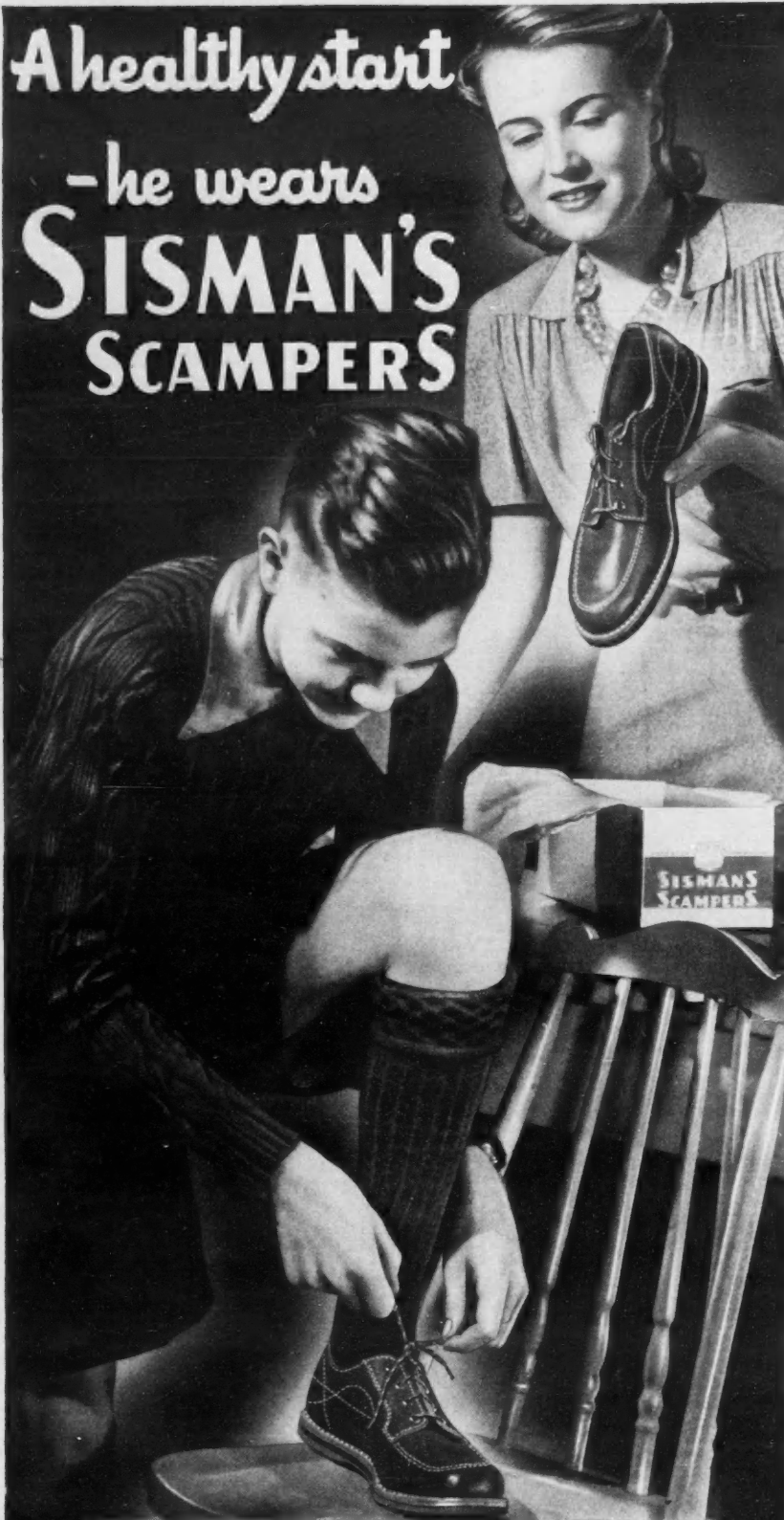
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War demands have restricted Scamper production -
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him. It did not, however, remind him of Renie.

"I hate to go, Sarah, but I'd be a fraud if I laid off for shock. I want to get back on the job again."

She put her white fingers on his lean brown paw, five little electric currents. Was she too clever or too indifferent to attempt persuasion?

"I'll expect you back on your next leave. Telephone me." She pulled a tasselled cord by the old fireplace and somewhere a bell tinkled. "I'll have a car brought round and I'll drive you to the junction."

He did not intend to return, but he regretted cutting the day short the moment she left him. It would have been interesting to know the point they might have reached at the speed they were travelling, and he would never rest till he did know. So he would go back. He was a man, wasn't he, young and desirous, living a life that tuned up the senses? Wasn't it his right to get what joy there was to be got out of living?

He lunched in the mess, enjoying the welcome of the lost sheep that returneth. Two of the squadron were wounded in hospital. Two were missing. There was the tacit matter-of-factness about their loss, but the news swept him with temporary darkness. How bright life burned when its tenure was in danger! How many aeons would you lie waiting to live again—to taste warm lips, inhale the perfume of silken hair—? Renie, Renie, why couldn't you stay that first Renie? What have you done to me?

HE PULLED himself up mentally. If he was going to do wrong, he mustn't shift the blame, must accept his own responsibility.

He decided to divide his next forty-eight-hour leave between Renie and Sarah. He would spend a day at home and go the next day to Clydebourne Hall. Renie and Sarah now battled for the intermittent leisure of his mind. Utterly diverse, they were equally intriguing, equally difficult to understand. Or was Sarah difficult to understand? Or merely unusual? Contrasting Renie's self-withdrawal with Sarah's credo of hedonism, his wife's behavior made her the more absorbing mystery. She was like an enthralling book, half read and then lost, the unresolved climax unguessable and therefore continually obsessing him.

"There's some queer change in you," Renie said next time she had him alone again.

Lee felt his lips shape a sardonic smile. That's a good one, he thought. The change is in me. Well, she's tormented me enough. Let her feel some of it. But he was uneasily aware that his anger against her rose from his intention to do her an injury.

"Life's changed, Renie. Everything's changed. So how can I help changing with everything else?"

"I understand," she said quietly, and dropped the subject. They discussed plans for the precious day. "Couldn't you take mama out this afternoon and then ask her to leave us alone tonight? It's only fair. Seeing you've only one day instead of two this time." She saw his faint frown and added tactfully, "You get handsomer and handsomer in that swank uniform."

Her small hand rested on his shoulder. He put his arm round her with renaissant hope. "So you still love me?"



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harness stood on a small table flanked with flowers. Her guitar lay on the cushioned divan she often slept on.

He lifted the guitar and, taking up the woollen afghan, wrapped it round her and drew her beside him. He was touched beyond expression.

"Renie, I know I shouldn't have come in here without your permission. But I don't understand. What is there in here that you should wish to hide from me?"

She turned her face into the shelter of his arm. "Oh darling, how can you not see? If I didn't have this I'd go crazy. I'd make you ashamed of me. I'm not like the other marvellous wives. I guess you know what I do in here." Her shoulders began to shake with dry hard sobs. "I'm not fit to be an airman's wife. I'm a bundle of craven cowardice."

He strained her to him, his face bent over her fragrant hair.

"Good lord, Renie, hiding this, you've hidden everything. Your self-control has frozen you up. I've been sick at heart for months because I thought you'd stopped caring for me."

Renie put her arms round his neck.

"But Lee, when you say a thing like that, I think the world's gone mad. Every day I fall deeper in love with you. I didn't know anyone could love anyone the way I'm in love with you. But when you go away I'd feel so ashamed if—I mean I see the way you hate the way your mother—acting like—I mean—oh, you know exactly what I mean—"

Lee experienced one of those moments of revelation when all human knowledge seems to be running on a mystic film through the sensitized intelligence. So many proud smiling girls waving gallant farewells, hiding the ice in their hearts and being braver than the men for their courage in hiding it. Sweethearts and mothers. His noisy exploits in the sky, so swiftly over, so matter-of-factly executed, seemed insignificant beside this fortitude of the smiling women.

Renie was going on. "You've told me how you're all so casual at the station—so unsentimental when somebody doesn't come back. I knew you'd want me to be like it. No fuss. No tears—"

He stopped her with the lover's kiss he had missed so long and so much hungered for, and felt at once that the barriers were down, never to rise again.

"You're cold, sweetheart, let's go upstairs where it's warm."

Arms entwined, they crept up cautiously lest they wake the sleepers. Lee knew now what she had been doing in that little room, and he thought of some strange escapes, some manifestations of a thing the men called luck for want of a truer name.

"Renie," he whispered, "I have a hunch, and I believe in hunches. I'm going to come through this thing and live to tell my posterity the tale."

He saw her dark eyes, shining and unafraid, as if discovery had routed the terror out of her.

"I think so too," she said.

He was happy as he had never been happy. How short the span of the longest life measured against eternity, he thought. What difference if you go one minute or two minutes sooner? The important thing is to live fully while you are alive. Love is the fullest life and here is the rapture of love beside me.

"Renie," he whispered. "We must live while we can, whether it's one year or one hundred. It isn't the length of life, it's the quality. That's the important thing. The only thing that matters."



"And what are you doing, Egbert?"

"Looking for a Sweet Cap!"

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beside her vexed with the eternal mystery of two, close enough to touch, yet enclosed in the secret activities of their own personal worlds. He turned away and feigned sleep, hoping that sleep itself would wipe away the ferments of his doubts and miseries in sweet oblivion.

But his mind was too active. Now it was whirling and wheeling in the high skies where a year's sensations were lived in a minute. Now it was drifting interminably with a parachute to doom or safety. Now it was occupied with Sarah Marlo and speculations on the mood with which she would welcome him in the morning. Now it was down in Renie's locked room, the seed of suspicion germinating madly. If he could get into it, what would he find there? He had thought it natural to want a place of refuge from his dominating mother, but after all was such secrecy necessary? Someone *could* come and visit her there unknown to anyone. If someone *did* come, couldn't he find some clue?

Renie began to breathe slowly and deeply. She was asleep. The night outside was shrouded in the fog rolling in from the coast so there was no sound of a raid anywhere—not even the faint grumble of anti-aircraft in the far distance. Lee raised himself on his elbow and listened intently. The whole household slept.

Now conscience and suspicion waged a war in him. He had never spied on Renie, nor doubted her honesty. She had a right to her privacy. But hadn't he some rights too? The right to life where it was offered, if he could not rely on the love of his wife?

His mind commended his right to break into Renie's sanctuary without awareness of transition. If he found there the evidence that Renie's aloofness was due to another man in her life, he would say nothing to her. He could not endure such a complication now as

the break-up of his home and the hysteria of his mother. But in the morning he would go to Clydebourne with a clear conscience.

Now how to go about it? The unnatural silence of the fog-bound night was, in a way, against him. His mother could sleep on a battleship in action, but Renie slept lightly. She would wake if he made a sound with a chisel. The window might be better, fashioned as it was of small leaded panes. He could remove one, put his hand inside and lift the fastener, replacing the pane afterward. Lee suddenly smiled to himself in the dark. What melodrama when the key would surely be in the keycase in Renie's pocketbook!

Lee slid carefully out of bed, took the pocketbook from the dressing table, opened and closed the door like a burglar and crept barefoot down the stairs. He went into the kitchen and turned on the light to examine the keys. There were two—her latch key and the other.

He was swept with a dark forlorn feeling. In less than a minute now he would find merely a fortress against his mother's interference, or look into a secret place in his wife's heart. There could be no turning back from such knowledge as there could be from unverified suspicion if love were rewon.

But I *have* to know, he thought. I have to *know*. A man can stand just so much. He was opening the forbidden door even as he was thinking this, and even as he turned on the light Renie was in after him, her teeth chattering.

"Oh, Lee—how could you? How could you?"

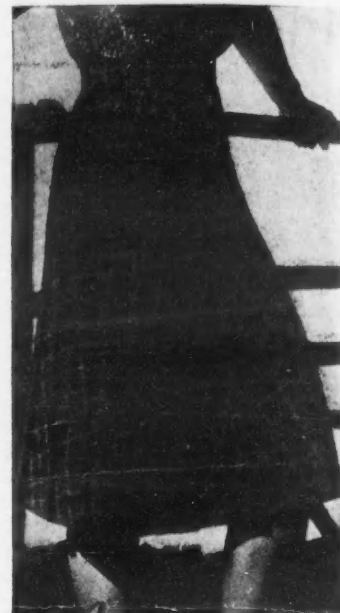
THEY STARED at each other in a little room that was actually a shrine to him. Every picture or snapshot of him that had ever been taken, from childhood up, crowded the walls. An enlargement of her favorite snap of him in helmet and



Costume by Jaeger House, McBrine Baggage

TRAVEL WISE

It's a wise bride who travels in a suit, these days—the favorite Canadian costume for getting about. Tailored but not too severe is this all-wool district check English model in grey and wine, with wine hat and sweater. Her smart luggage, of heavy striped tweed with rawhide bindings and handles, takes care of a good-sized wardrobe.



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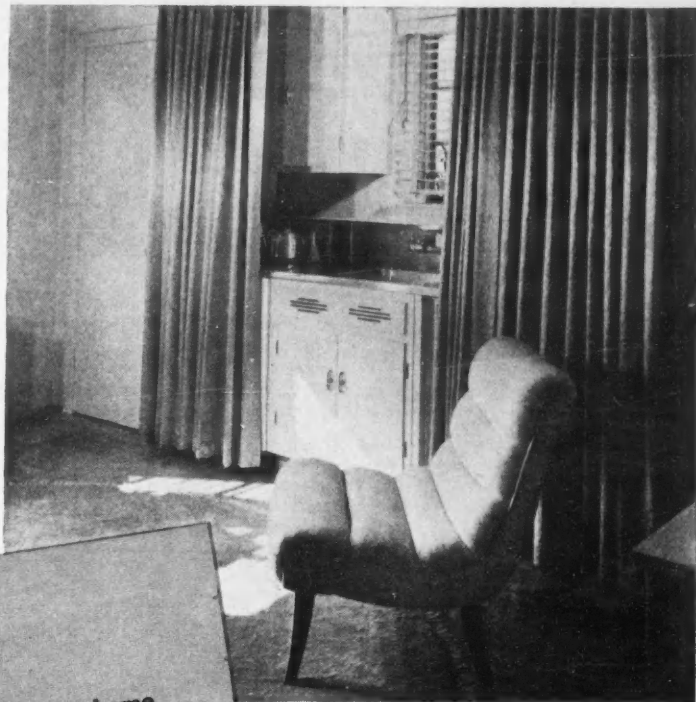
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Everybody's doing it... cutting down on overhead... going into smaller quarters... and bringing a fresh, practical point of view to bear on the problem of having comfort and good cheer within a limited space



Expertly rationed color does wonders for this apartment living room. The two armless "gossip" chairs are in yellow, chesterfield and flanking lamps are bottle green, while coffee-table introduces another note with blue mirrored top.



Interior Decorating Bureau, Eaton's-College St.

Kitchenette is concealed behind very full, floor-length curtains which draw well back when there is work to be done. Like the window draperies, they are of texture satin.

Career Girl...

favors the same sophistication in her home environment as in her smart clothes... likes accents of vivid color for a lift at the end of the working day... sticks to a simple furnishing plan carefully schemed to a city apartment



A Toronto doctor and his wife remodelled the second floor of their house to provide a compact suite of bedroom, bath and sitting-room. The well-built modern furniture, and the space-saving ideas it offers, are good object lessons for any planner of small rooms. Extended headboard of bed features glass shelves, replacing night tables

Mother and Dad

need a private retreat when swing-mad youngsters take possession of the main floor... find the plain tailored lines of modern style admirably suited to small rooms, and clear soft colors easy to live with



Courtesy Ridpath's

Father's chair and mother's chair, with an ingenious sewing-table (compartments for wool, spools, etc.) between. Lamp is fastened to table, and arm swings to light either chair. Colors throughout suite combine steely grey-blue with pink, cream and a touch of red.

To the First Bride who heard the Wedding March



ALMOST A CENTURY AGO, in 1847, a starry-eyed bride stood waiting on the threshold of a quaint little parish church in England. Enchanting in her beruffled gown, a nosegay of flowers clasped in her lace-mittened hands.

Suddenly the organ pealed out in the first triumphant chords of a glorious melody... a march whose opening raptures seemed to echo the joy in the young bride's heart. Instinctively she stepped forward, happy and confident, her dainty feet moving to that triumphant music.

It was the Mendelssohn "Wedding March". And *she* was the *first* bride in all the world to walk down the aisle to its stately measures.

That was the moment... in 1847... when a great bridal tradition was born. The Wedding March is a symbol of romance for every bride... an inspiration... a thrilling prelude to the happiest moment of her life.

In the same year... 1847... but far across the Atlantic in a small New England village, another bridal tradition came into being. Three master silversmiths—the Rogers brothers—perfected the technique of creating fine silverplate... silverplate that was enduring and gloriously beautiful, designed in patterns that were exquisite and truly original. And so 1847 ROGERS BROS. was born.

Since that date, brides of every generation have chosen 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverplate for their own. Like Mendelssohn's "Wedding March", it breathes of romance, of beauty, of the lovely things in life.



FOR THE BRIDE OF TODAY, 1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate is "something old and something new". Old in tradition, new in design, are the three latest and loveliest patterns—"Adoration", "First Love", and "Lovelace". See them at your silverware dealer's. You'll be surprised at the moderate prices of sets and open-stock

pieces. A service for six can cost as low as \$34.75. And don't forget... every beautiful piece bears the proud year-mark 1847, symbol of Canada's finest silverplate. The International Silver Company of Canada Limited, Hamilton, Ontario... also makers of the world-famous International Sterling silver.

No Bathroom Gossip

IT'S not your fault that unsanitary film collects on toilet bowls all the time. But people can't forgive a family that neglects toilet sanitation. It's so easy to keep toilets sparkling clean and above suspicion. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.



Toilets are TIDY!

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It cleans chemically. Purifies the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto radiators thoroughly.) Sani-Flush is absolutely safe in septic tanks, toilet connections and auto cooling systems when used according to directions on can. Sold everywhere in two convenient sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trade-marked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

ONE Sweep ACROSS AND THERE'S YOUR GLOSS

SIMPLY USE CLOTH OR DUST MOP FOR LONG LASTING LUSTER

CHAM FLOOR WAX

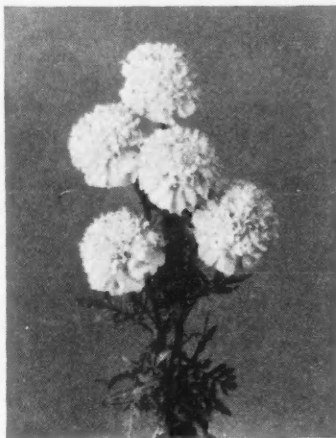
ODOR REFINED GOES FARTHER

plant smothered with its cup-shaped flowers, you will want it in your own garden. Variety *bippomanica* is not quite such a deep color as Purple Robe but it is very beautiful.

Gardeners who love zinnias will be interested in a new zinnia Royal Purple, which won honorable mention in the All-America tests. It is a double in the popular dahlia-flowering class; in color an unusual deep velvety purple.

Other annuals asking admittance to our gardens this summer are Glamour petunia, a California Giant in salmon-rose; Red Glory phlox, a clear red with a white eye; twelve- to fifteen-inch Melody, a dwarf French double marigold, and Rudbeckia Starlight which comes in semi-double and double flowers in primrose yellow or mahogany.

FOR PURE brilliance of color, nothing can surpass the effects to be achieved with masses of annuals. Individually the plants may not make much impression, but when skilfully brought together in harmonizing or contrasting drifts, one catches one's breath in pure



A drift of the new Butterball marigold — a clear rich yellow — strikes a cheery note in the border.

visual ecstasy. Why not experiment with a few breath-takers this summer?

Suggested Combinations:

1. Lavender salvia farinacea; pink snapdragons, white verbenas.
2. Pink geraniums, lavender ageratum.
3. Pink stocks, lavender cup-flower (Nierembergia).
4. Tithonia (spectacular eight-foot orange-red annual), golden and bronze zinnias, purple petunias.
5. Orange cosmos, yellow marigolds, purple verbenas.
6. Maroon snapdragons, shell-pink stocks, lavender ageratum.
7. White snapdragons, spectrum red verbenas.

IT IS important to have a suitable background against which annuals will show to effect. Evergreens make an ideal one, either for perennials or annuals. If the boundaries of the garden happen to be fences, we have an opportunity to feature some of the many climbing plants, whether they be roses or perennials or annuals.

Among the brilliant-colored annual vines, nothing can surpass the Heavenly Blue morning glories when grown in mass. Gourds make a late summer show with their colorful and exotic-looking fruits in yellow or orange. Climbing nasturtiums offer a good background for



HELPING CANADA IN THE COLONIAL TRADITION



The "Colonial Girl", known to generations of housewives across Canada as the symbol of "Canada's Finest" sheets and pillow slips, has joined up for the duration. To-day "Colonial" quality is being built into textiles for war purposes and, as more and more of our resources are swung into this vital work, less domestic whitewear becomes available.

So may we ask your understanding of the situation. Treat your present stock of Colonial Whitewear with care and so ease the pressure on your dealer who is anxious to see that everyone gets a share of the somewhat limited supply available. Be thrifty, buy wisely, ordering only for really urgent needs.

For Our Medical Services

The Dominion Textile Company is producing huge quantities of vital war materials for our Medical Services.

Here are a few of the items:

Bandage Cloth	Pillow Cotton
Blankets	Sponge Cloths
Cotton Bed Sheets	Towels
Cotton for Palliasses	White Clothing for Doctors and Nurses
Ground Sheet Fabrics	Yarns for Underwear
Duck for Tents	



MADE IN CANADA BY
DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY
Limited

Haenigsen

HORRIFIED AS THOUGHTLESS HUSBAND TRIES OUT NEW KNIFE, STREWING SHAVINGS ON BRAND CLEAN RUG

BUT IS CALMED WHEN HER NEW BISSELL SWEEPER WHISKS UP MESS COMPLETELY. NO NEED FOR VACUUMING

POINTS OUT HOW BISSELL'S HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL ADJUSTS ITSELF AT ONCE TO NAP-LENGTH OF ANY RUG

PLEASED AS PUNCH THAT BISSELL'S "STA-UP" HANDLE STANDS ALONE AS SHE RUNS TO ANSWER PHONE

See the Bissell Leaders in the \$5 to \$7 range—others even lower

THE "VANITY"

Made in Canada

BISSELL SWEEPERS
SWEET QUICKLY—EMPTY EASILY

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VOWS THAT EASY-EMPTYING "BISSELL" IS BEST AND HANDIEST FOR ALL CLEAN-UPS, KEEPING RUGS SPIC AND SPAN

Two New Service Bulletins From the Chatelaine Institute

CONCISE - AUTHENTIC - ESSENTIALLY HELPFUL



CORRECTING YOUR FAULTY PROPORTIONS
... are you too SHORT? Too TALL? Too FAT? Too THIN? This valuable bulletin will give you helpful suggestions as to the right type of clothes you should wear to correct each of these problems. What are the best fabrics for you? The most becoming colors? The best Lines?

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 20 ...
Price 10 Cents.

"BACKYARD" INTO GARDEN ... practical help for the average gardener. Preparing the soil ... the flower border ... making a beautiful lawn ... planting the seed ... apportioning the space ... planting rules ... bedding plants ... easy-to-grow annuals ... the perennial border—all phases of gardening simply presented.

Chatelaine Service Bulletin, No. 301 ...
Price 15 Cents.

Ask for Them by Number

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS, 481 University Ave., Toronto



Try Gardening for Morale

By Frances C. Steinhoff

FEELING A bit low after a long hard winter? Too much war? Too much emotional strain? Too many meetings? Too much housework? Too much EVERYTHING? Then surely it's a gardening boost you need! A breezy, energizing pick-me-up that sets the blood tingling in your veins, whips the pink into your cheeks and lights the old-time sparkle in your eyes. Yes, a few whirls in the garden will certainly do the trick.

But don't say we didn't warn you that gardening in 1942 will be no sinecure for anyone. Help is scarce, so we will probably be trundling our own wheelbarrows and digging our own beds and waging war on anyone's caterpillars!

But in spite of the war, the demands on our time and the lack of help, garden enthusiasts will manage, one way or another, to extract something of beauty from the earth this summer, even if it be but a few gay annuals.

SPEAKING OF annuals, isn't it grand to find some brand-new varieties making their beautiful bows, right in the midst of all the ugliness of war?

Have you, by chance, seen or heard about that strangely curious newcomer "Cleome?" Cleome has been given the questionably beautiful but very apt common name of "Spider Plant," on account of its peculiar daddy-long-legged stamens that extend in all directions. The flowers come in trusses of bright salmon-pink which later turn to a blush pink or white. Cleome Giant

Pink Queen won a silver medal in the 1942 All-America Selections, and it is bound to find its way into many Canadian gardens this summer. It grows about four feet in height and requires plenty of room—allow two feet for each plant. It can be grown from seed planted directly in the garden and will bloom from midsummer until frost. The flowerets do not all come out at the same time. The plants look best when planted in groups against a dense background such as evergreens. If placed in front of delphiniums, they will fill the space left after they are cut back for a second bloom.

Pearly Gates morning-glory is a lovely sport of the popular Heavenly Blue and will make an excellent companion for it. The satiny white flowers are borne on vigorous vines with excellent foliage. Pearly Gates was also a silver medallist.

Butterball marigold won a bronze medal for itself on account of its lovely canary-colored flowers, which are borne in profusion on compact, six- to ten-inch plants. It blooms until frost.

Cosmos, Yellow Flare will take its place beside its popular sister, Orange Flare, in many gardens. These free-flowering annuals are valuable for adding height toward the rear of the border, as well as for rounding out color schemes in yellow, orange, white, lavender and purple.

Nierembergia Purple Robe is a very impressive name for a delightful deep lavender edging annual that deserves recognition. If you have once seen this

Come Clean

By Edith S. Coombs



KEEPING THE house in apple-pie order isn't the matter of one big spring blitz; it calls for repeated attacks at regular intervals. Dirt, you know, is a persistent enemy, and you have to engage him whenever and wherever he may be found. So here are some suggestions for waging war and defending your territory against him.

To Protect a Linoleum Floor

Waxing is good strategy. If it's a new-laid linoleum, begin by going over it with a dry duster, or a cloth moistened with a few drops of turpentine or cleaning fluid. A badly soiled surface requires more drastic measures to remove the old wax and prepare it for refinishing. After you've wiped off the loose dust, dampen a piece of fine steel wool with turpentine and rub very lightly, doing only a small square at a time and working along the grain. Wipe off the soil as you go, first with a moistened cloth, then with a clean dry one. Now is the time to remove any spots and stains and to do any needed touching up. Then after this preliminary skirmish, you're ready for the next step in your campaign to prolong the life and preserve the appearance of your floor.



Apply a thin coat of paste or liquid wax, let dry and rub in well. Follow this up next day with the second application of wax—and elbow grease. A new floor is all the better for a third coat, but each should be no thicker than a mere film, thoroughly dried and polished before the next is added. That's the secret of a fine result—to go easy on the wax and strong on the rubdown.

To Remove Grease Spots from Wallpaper

Make a thick paste of fuller's earth and any good noninflammable dry-cleaning fluid. Spread over the spot with a spatula or flexible knife and leave on for several hours. Then brush off lightly. It may be necessary to make a second application, and if there's a ring left on the paper, use a paste of fuller's earth and water. Wipe off when dry.

To Clean Furniture

First remove the loose dust, then go over the surface with a high-grade furniture polish, wiping off the soil as you go. Give it a good vigorous rubbing or buffing to put a shine on. Polish with a dry soft cloth.

To Freshen Glazed Chintz

Shake or brush well to remove the dust, then wipe with a dry cloth or one



lightly dampened in clear water. Or if the material is very soiled, use a mild soap solution to which a little borax is added. Follow up with a cloth dipped in clear water and wrung well, then wipe dry with a soft cloth. Don't rub and don't wet the fabric too much.

If your chintz has been much used and the glazed finish has worn off, you can give it a crisp fresh look by washing and starching heavily.

To Clean Radiators

You can get rid of the dirt without spreading it all over the house, by first using your vacuum cleaner attachment, then spreading a moistened newspaper under the "rad," a damp cloth over it, and dusting with a long-handled narrow brush designed especially for this job.

To Brighten Gilt Picture Frames

Dust well to begin with. Then beat one-half ounce of baking soda with an egg white, and go over the frame with this mixture. +

Now more than ever
**YOU NEED PYREX WARE'S
3 BIG SAVINGS!**



YOUR FOOD LOOKS DELICIOUS SERVED IN SPARKLING PYREX WARE

THRILLING NEW "American Hostess" Pyrex teapot. Makes perfect tea. Watch it brew to the right strength. Easy pouring spout, no annoying dripback. Handy, lock-on cover. You can see that it's clean at a glance! Makes 6 cups.

YUM YUM! Your smart "Budget" dishes look doubly tempting in the lovely Pyrex double duty casserole. (Food cooks faster in this clear glass . . . you save time and fuel.) Pie plate cover keeps food hot on table, does extra duty as a pie plate. Comes in 32, 48, 64 and 96 oz. sizes.



1. YOU SAVE on fuel with Pyrex ware! Clear glass Pyrex utensils let radiant heat through to help foods bake faster, more thoroughly.

CAKE DISHES with handles (above) are great for layer cakes and for all general baking uses.



3. YOU SAVE with Pyrex ware when "left-overs" go into the refrigerator and can be warmed up and served again in the same Pyrex dish.

LOAF PAN (above) for bread, meat loaves, cakes, and many other purposes. Available in 2 sizes.

LIKE PIE? You'll like it even better when you bake in crystal clear Pyrex pie plates! You get flakier crusts, and save on fuel! No "carry over" of flavours, or rancid taste. You'll want more than one. Comes in 4 handy sizes.

YOU'LL BE PROUD of the roasts you cook and serve in your Pyrex utility dishes! Holds a good sized roast with vegetables. Bring the whole sizzling, tempting meal right to the table in the dish it was cooked in! Saves dishwashing time. Your choice of 2 convenient sizes.



2. YOU SAVE dishes and dishwashing because Pyrex ware looks fine on any table. You serve in the dish you cook in, right from the stove to the table. **FLAMEWARE SAUCEPAN** (above) has detachable handle. Available in 32, 48 and 64 oz. sizes.



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JOHN A. HUSTON CO., LIMITED
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TO SPEED VICTORY

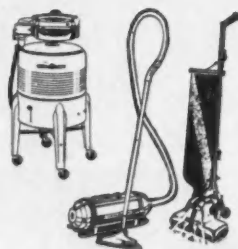
By producing vast quantities of war supplies—guns and searchlights, vital parts for planes, tanks and ships... By manufacturing equipment to develop and transmit electricity and utilize it in other war plants... C.G.E. is helping speed the hour of victory.

**CANADIAN
GENERAL ELECTRIC**
is building
Weapons of War

TO PROTECT HEALTH



**GENERAL
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Appliances
Stand guard in
Canada's Homes



Vital to the nation's health are wholesome food and cleanly homes. G-E refrigerators and Hotpoint ranges are conserving food... G-E cleaners and washers are waging constant war on dirt and drudgery... in countless Canadian homes. G-E appliances are built to last. With care they will give you years of thrifty, dependable service.

MADE IN CANADA

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
LIMITED**



Pearly Gates, the new creamy white Morning-glory, can bring beauty to garage walls, fences, porches.

mahogany or bronzy and yellow and white flowers.

Cobaea scandens is a most obliging annual vine that could be featured to a much greater extent than at present. In late summer it produces green-white flowers that later turn to a lavender-purple. It grows rapidly, and two or three young plants purchased at the seed store will soon cover the wall of a garage.

For permanent climbers we might plant a Silver Lace vine (polygonum auberti) which has clean foliage and becomes a foamy mass of tiny lacelike flowers in late summer. Or on a stucco background or a stone wall we might try the evergreen climber, euonymus vegetus, which has waxy green leaves that are very attractive.

Sweet peas are always beautiful, but unfortunately they are not at home in every locality. If they do well in your vicinity, by all means grow them.

HALF THE battle in producing ravishing effects with annuals is to do the preliminary preparation of the ground in a thorough way. Planting beds should be excavated from eighteen to twenty-four inches, all poor subsoil removed, and the retained three or four inches of good topsoil thoroughly mixed with new garden loam and well-decayed cow manure in the proportion of one part manure to four parts of loam. When this has been allowed to settle into place, the top should be finely raked and smoothed.

If new loam is not obtainable, it is at least possible to break up hard soil finely with a fork and the back of the rake. If this is not done, there will be a waste of seeds as tiny rootlets struggle ineffectively to take hold of clumps. *In wartime no seeds should be wasted.*

Certain seeds may be sown directly in the ground where they are to grow—in fact, some are better handled in this way. The following will do well if sown as soon as the ground warms up in spring:

Baby's breath, mignonette, calendula, poppies, alyssum, bachelor's buttons or cornflowers, clarkia, cosmos, godetia, mallow, marigold, petunia, nigella or love-in-a-mist, pansy, phlox, portulaca, verbena, sweet pea, zinnias, petunias.

Instructions for sowing accompany each seed-packet and these directions

should be carefully followed in every case. Disappointments are usually the results of failing to follow the rules!

Don't forget to water your seedlings carefully if the weather is dry. Don't wash them out with too vigorous or too copious drinks. Remember you are dealing with babies, not Goliaths!

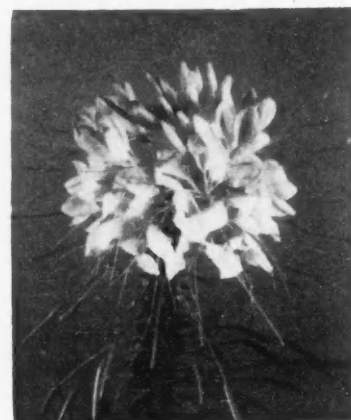
Many annuals are started in the market gardeners' greenhouses in order that they may mature in time to give a reasonable season of bloom. Also it is more convenient for city dwellers to buy boxes of annuals already started. In planting these, we should be sure to leave the necessary amount of ground-room for expansion for the individual plants, and also to use a goodly number of one kind and color for satisfying results. Let's not string them about in ones and twos or even threes! Less than a dozen annuals in a group is apt to look horribly stingy, and we will never get the smashing effects we want by being niggardly with annuals.

OF COURSE no garden is given over entirely to annuals. And while we are planning for color climaxes in annuals, we find many other gardening jobs to keep us busy. I wonder, for instance, when your shrubs last had a going-over? Are you "scared to death" to touch them? Then just take your courage in hand this spring and go to town with the pruning shears. I'm ashamed of all the mangy, dead-wooded, misshapen shrubs I encounter as I get about!

And here's a professional secret. If you give your shrubs a little attention each season, curb the straggling branches, cut out all dead wood and criss-crossing offenders, keep the central part open for free air circulation and gently make it conform to its natural shape, you will be spared the necessity of feeling like a butcher.

What kind of shrubs to prune when? Prune spring-flowering shrubs such as forsythia, spirea and lilacs immediately after blooming. This gives the plant time to produce growth for next spring's flowers.

Late-flowering shrubs such as buddleia and weigela should be pruned very early in spring. +



The spectacular new annual, Cleome or "spider plant," is well worth a trial. It's pink flowered and a tall grower.

"BACKYARD" INTO GARDEN

A practical guide for small gardens. Why not become a specialist in this most popular of outdoor hobbies? Write to Chatelaine Service Bulletins, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., for Bulletin No. 301. Price, 15 cents.

Housekeeping . . .

A DEPARTMENT OF
HOME MANAGEMENT



Darling, Can You Cook?

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

YOU MEAN, "Can I make a pan of the grandest fudge or whip up a perfectly scrumptious chocolate cake?"

No, my dear, I'm talking about the fundamentals of cooking, and about those simple wholesome dishes which are the backbone of our everyday meals. How are you on vegetables, for instance? Do you know how to treat a roast—or a stew? Can you bake a velvety custard or make a smooth, well-seasoned sauce? Do you know how to cook an egg?

The three meals a day have taken on new significance in the light of what we now know about their relationship to health. And to "set a good table" doesn't mean quite the same thing as it did in the old lavish days. Good nutrition and good cooking are the double standard which modern women believe in.

A lot of them do anyway, for never since Adam and Eve set up housekeeping have so many people been as much interested in eating to keep fit. More brides than ever before are taking this business of meals and meal

preparation very seriously. They're studying food values, food combinations, up-to-date methods of cooking, and attractive ways of serving. Many experienced housekeepers, too, are reviewing and revising their technique in order to do a better job of feeding their families. For today's definition of a good cook is one who captures every hidden vitamin, every mineral, every bit of nourishment, and at the same time develops the fine natural flavor of the food, to make it so appetizing that it's eaten with relish.

The first step is to plan your menus for several days ahead, working into each enough of the dietary essentials (see page 68), stressing unrestricted Empire products, making good use of those in season and keeping an eye on the cost, to balance the budget as well as the menu.

Then when you've made out your lists, carefully selected your supplies and carried them or had them delivered to your kitchen, cook them in such a way that the nourishment you've paid for is conserved and the flavor of the finished product is delicious.

Conducted by CHATELAINE INSTITUTE, under the direction of Helen G. Campbell

15 WAYS TO SAVE SUGAR



- 1 Use less sugar in tea and coffee, stir thoroughly, see that none is left in the cup.
- 2 Weaken your beverages. Strong tea and coffee take too much sugar.
- 3 Serve canned apple juice for refreshment instead of home-made lemonade and other drinks.
- 4 Lighten your desserts by serving nutritious puddings, un-iced cakes and fresh fruits, instead of heavy, over-sweet confections.
- 5 Revise your recipes to use three-quarters of your present sugar measurements and see how little difference it makes. Meringues are bulkier with half the prescribed sugar, butter icings creamier with one part cornstarch to three parts sugar.
- 6 Use chopped dried fruits, such as raisins and currants, in cereals and puddings; try diced canned fruits in steamed puddings with the juice in the sauce.
- 7 Sweeten grapefruit with left-over canned fruit syrup; puddings, icings and cookies with sweetened condensed milk; cakes and icings with semi-sweet chocolate.
- 8 Sweeten pudding sauces with left-over canned fruit syrup and apple juice.
- 9 Use thinner fillings and frostings on cakes and pastries.
- 10 Serve more cakes without icings. A little fruit sugar sprinkled over sponge and layer cakes before they are cooled, gives a nice crust. A topping of cream cheese blended with chopped dates or other dried fruits is a good frosting substitute.
- 11 A pinch of salt takes away the sour taste from grapefruit, apples, oranges and porridge, etc., thus saving sugar.
- 12 Brighten your menus with hot biscuits, toast fingers with savoury toppings, fruit breads and other tea accompaniments, which require little sugar.
- 13 Make spreads and sandwiches with peanut butter, meat pastes, etc., instead of jam and preserves.
- 14 Serve more turnips, potatoes and other heat-energy foods.
- 15 Add sugar to fruit and apple sauce *after* it is cooked. Less will be required.

The lawful allowance of sugar is $\frac{3}{4}$ pound per person per week. No one is allowed to have more than two weeks' supply on hand at any time, except in remote areas.

Retailers have the right to refuse to sell or to limit sales to any person they believe is attempting to disobey the law, and must keep a record of purchases in excess of two weeks' supply.

Penalties provided for breaking the sugar ration law are imprisonment for as long as two years and a fine up to \$5,000.00.

YOU MUST OBEY THE LAW

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD, OTTAWA

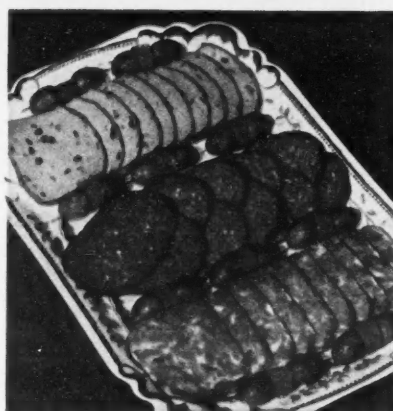
This chuck roast of beef IS FINER THAN MANY COSTLIER CUTS!



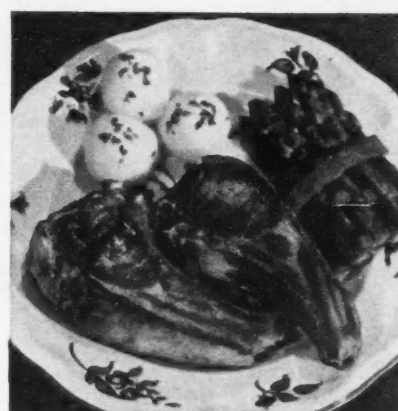
TAKE THIS CUE
from
Martha Logan:
"A less expensive cut from beef specially selected for fine texture and flavour is better than a costlier cut from ordinary beef. *Swift's famed home economist*
"You can prove that with this economical chuck roast. Salt your roast and place on rack in an uncovered roaster. Allow 25 to 30 minutes per lb. in a 325° oven. Serve with browned potatoes, green beans with Hollandaise sauce and whole apricots stuck with cloves. It's delicious!"

A chuck roast of Swift's Premium beef will form the basis of an inexpensive meal containing all the elements essential to a wholesome, balanced diet, says Martha Logan. Rich in valuable proteins and mineral elements such as phosphorus, iron and copper, meat also includes natural vitamins which are vital to complete, healthful nutrition.

THE NATURAL B VITAMINS IN MEAT					
In Milligrams	PORK	BEEF	LAMB	VEAL	LIVER
B₁ THIAMINE	1.60	.22	.33	.31	.38
B₂ RIBOFLAVIN	.34	.29	.39	.41	3.34
The content in the above table is per quarter pound edible portion before cooking. As in other foods, the vitamin content of meat is affected by cooking to an extent dependent on the method of cooking.					



Meats made easy! Enjoy more leisure this summer by serving Swift's Premium Table Ready meats. Extra tender, perfectly seasoned! Many tempting varieties include the Meat Loaf, Salami, and Lunch Meat shown here with a gay little garnish of pimientos and olives.



Always the finest lamb when you buy Swift Premium! Your family will enjoy rib lamb chops with new potatoes and pimiento asparagus. The piquant sauce is quickly prepared by mixing 4 tablespoons of butter with 2 tablespoons of chopped pimiento in the double boiler.

BUY MORE AND MORE WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES
"We must rely very heavily upon savings, upon continued, unremitting economy . . . we must rely upon the unstinted investment of savings in government loans."

Say **SWIFT'S PREMIUM**...for the finest meats!



Mrs. K. Dobson,
Bathurst,
N.B.

"NEW BRUNSWICKERS are partial to Baked Pork and Beans and brown bread for the Saturday supper. If any beans are left, they are warmed again and served on Sunday or Monday. And the beans must be baked just right for we are connoisseurs of this traditional dish," says Mrs. Keith Dobson, of Bathurst, N.B. "But there is only one way to make Pork and Beans," continued Mrs. Dobson, "and that is to add enough mustard to bring out the full flavour of the beans. Otherwise your grand supper dish might not be very appetizing. I still use an earthenware bean pot and this is my recipe:

BAKED BEANS

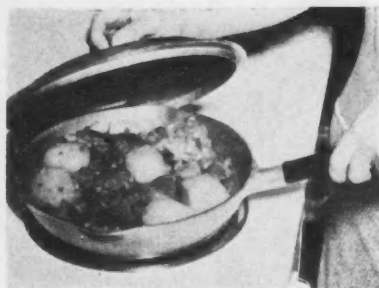
- 1 lb. beans (small white or navy)
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- ¼ lb. salt pork, mixed fat and lean
- ½ teaspoon Keen's Mustard
- 2 tablespoons Molasses
- ½ teaspoon Salt

Soak beans overnight. In the morning drain and simmer slowly in fresh water until you can take two or three on a spoon and the skin curls back. Put into bean pot and add the other ingredients. Scrape pork, cut it and pour boiling water over it. Then sink it in the beans and bake for three or more hours until delicately tender. Add sufficient water from time to time to keep beans moist while baking."

Not only in supper dishes but also in the preparing and serving of every kind of roast, steaks, meat pies and fish, experienced housewives or cooks, who are jealous of their reputation for tasty dishes, have long since discovered it is Keen's Mustard that brings out the full delightful flavour of the meat course.

FREE RECIPE BOOK

Write Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Ltd., Montreal, for 32 page book, "Hostess Delights", containing over 100 recipes. It's Free.



For Cheaper Cuts

They're just as nutritious, you know, as more costly cuts.

One way of dealing with a round or other inexpensive piece is to pan-braise it. This means to cut it into cubes, and brown in a little fat in a shallow pan. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little flour, add some assorted vegetables and any desired seasoning. Then pour in only enough water to keep the meat from burning, cover *tightly* and cook *slowly*, adding, if necessary, a little more liquid during the cooking.

Pot roasting is much the same thing, except that the meat is left in one piece and cooked—slowly—in a deep pot, either in the oven or on top of the stove. As the larger piece requires longer cooking than cubed meat, don't add your vegetables at first, but during the last hour of cooking.

Long slow cooking in moist heat is the rule for cheaper cuts.



Porridge

You'd be surprised at the number of people who can't cook a bowl of decent porridge. Here's the trick: First, *measure* both water and cereal. Then put the water in the top part of a double boiler, add a little salt and bring to the boil. Stir the cereal slowly and carefully into it, then keep on stirring until thickened. Set the dish over boiling water in the lower part to finish the cooking at a slower pace.



Potatoes

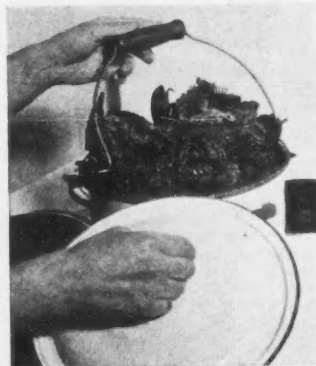
Potatoes deserve a place on the dinner

Good Cooking

table as a cheap source of Vitamin C and of energy. Best way to cook them is in their jackets—and quickly. So start with boiling water (not too much), put a tight cover on the pan—and that's the works!

Don't pare or peel them early in the morning, cover them with cold water, put them to cook in the same water, bring to the boil and finally throw the water down the sink. That way the vitamins run out on you and what good's a vitamin unless you eat it?

Baking is another smart strategy in making potatoes do their best by you. So is scalloping.

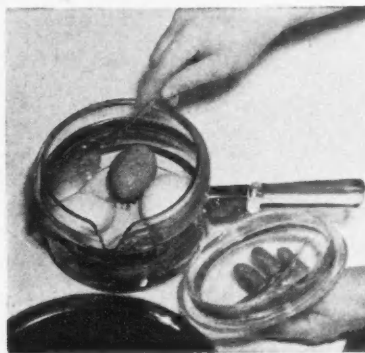


Spinach

One of the family of green leaf vegetables which are daily essentials in a well-rounded diet. Give spinach the cold-bath treatment—a whole series of dips or showers to wash away every grain of sand. Then trim off the roots, pile the tops in a big pot, add a dash of salt and put on a tight-fitting cover.

No extra water is needed and soda is taboo because it destroys the vitamins. Avoid overcooking, too; in five to eight minutes your spinach is ready to serve.

If it's cabbage you're cooking, first wash the head (not yours—the cabbage!), then cut into fine shreds. Put in a saucepan with a little boiling water and a shaking of salt, and then cook for five minutes or so. Drain well—but not down the sink—and serve at once. Did you know that the green leaves of cabbage, raw or properly cooked, are the cheapest source of Vitamin A?



Eggs

The one important rule in boiling an egg is not to boil it. Take either white, brown or speckled (they're equally nutritious), put them in a saucepan and pour boiling water over them. Or lower them gently into the boiling water if

you want to do it that way. Then let them barely simmer, or pull the saucepan off the heat altogether, and let them stand in the hot water until soft, medium or hard-cooked, as you like 'em. Eggs, any way you cook them, should be cooked *slowly*, to be at their best and most digestible. Another point: take them out of the refrigerator a little ahead of time, so the change of temperature won't be so sudden that it cracks the shell.



Custards

Oven poaching is the thing for custards. Put the dishes in a shallow pan, pour boiling water around them and give them time to cook slowly. Things to avoid are too high temperature and too long cooking. So keep the heat low and take the custards out of the oven—and out of the pan—just as soon as "set." (They're done when a silver knife inserted comes out clean) That's the way to have them smooth as velvet, instead of curdled and watery.



Tomato Soup

Proportions are one tablespoonful of butter, one of flour, one cupful of milk and one cupful of tomatoes. First make a thin white sauce of the first three ingredients and whatever you like by way of seasoning. Then, while it's waiting comfortably in the double boiler, sieve the tomatoes and heat the pulp. The trick to prevent curdling is to stir the tomatoes slowly and carefully into the sauce—not vice versa. It's this business of adding a little sauce to a lot of acid juice which plays hob with the nice smooth blend you're after. Another thing is to let the soup stand too long after the combination has been effected. And to let it boil means the ruination of your soup.

No soda, you will notice; it bedevils the vitamins.

♦ Continued on page 65

Good Cooking

Macaroni

USE LOTS of water in an outsize pan for cooking macaroni, noodles, spaghetti, or rice. Have it boiling fast and furious. Then drop the pieces or kernels into it—a little at a time so they don't settle comfortably on the bottom of the pan. The idea is to keep them on the bounce all the time and prevent them sticking closer than brothers. If you have to add more water to the pot, use boiling water. And to avoid bubbling over, pour a little oil on the waters in the form of a bit of butter. Or rub the rim of the pan with a little fat before you begin.



Roast Beef

LOWER temperature—around 325 - 350 deg. Fahr.—and the use of an uncovered roaster, without the addition of any water, are modern wrinkles to produce maximum tenderness and fine full flavor. A covered roaster, you know, keeps in the steam, and it's dry heat that is needed.

Some good cooks start from a cold oven, others like to pop the meat into a very hot oven for 15 minutes or so, then lower the heat and let the cooking continue more slowly. Others, again, use the same temperature all the way, preheating the oven to the desired degree and holding it there until the meat is done. Take your pick of these methods; they'll all work. Suit yourself as to when you salt the meat—before it begins to cook or when it is partly done.

You can calculate so many minutes to the pound in roasting meat, but if you have a roast meat thermometer, it will tell you at a glance when your roast has reached that "turn" you like best.



Turnips

COOKING TURNIPS? Here are a few rules to follow if you want to hang on to all the food value and produce the best flavor of which a turnip is capable.

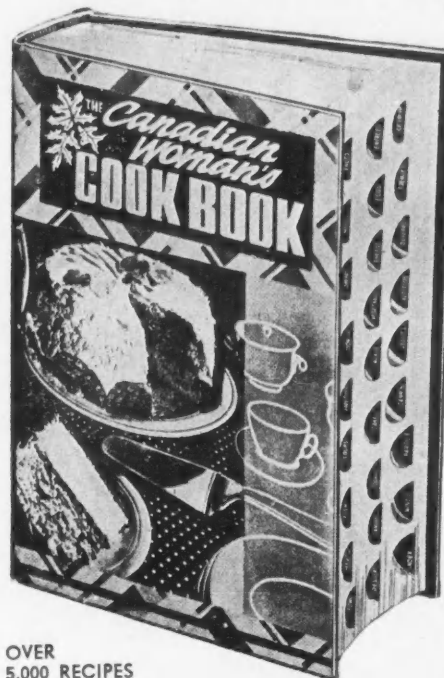
First, pare and prepare them just before cooking. Some of the minerals and vitamins escape if you get the vegetable ready and let it stand in cold water before cooking. Cook quickly and carefully in a small quantity of boiling salted water. Use a saucepan with a closely fitting lid to keep in the steam and hurry the cooking. Cook until tender—and no longer.

You paid for those minerals, so don't throw them down the sink. Strain the vegetable into a bowl and use the water for soups, sauces, casserole dishes and so on. +

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In these difficult times, when every housewife finds it necessary to keep within her budget, The Canadian Woman's Cook Book fills a particularly important role.

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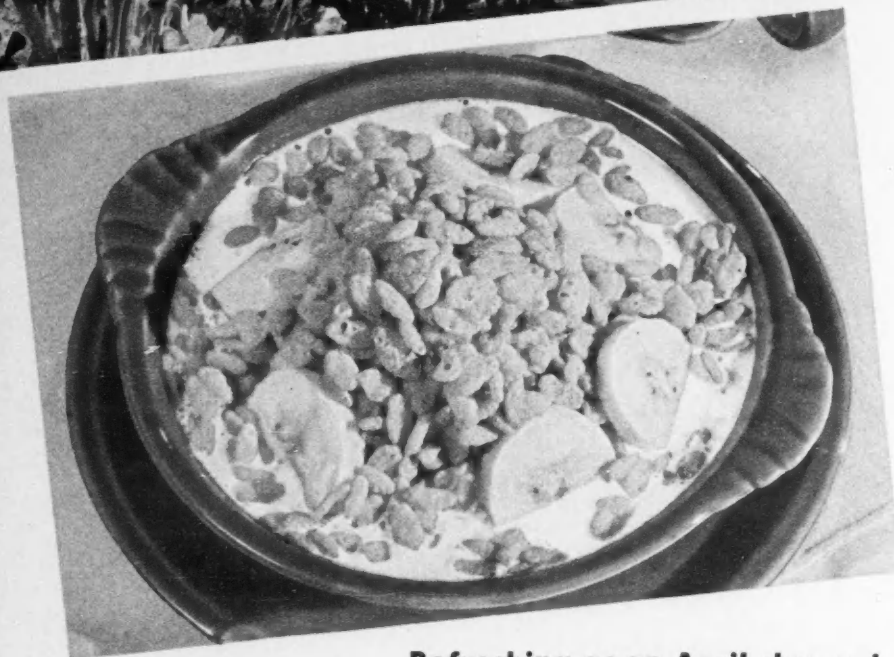
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merry mornings to you!

Crisp

Here we go a-gardening,
Full of life and zest—
For we eat Rice Krispies,
Breakfast at its best!



Refreshing as an April shower!
Crunchy Rice Krispies strike a crisp, new note for springtime breakfasts!

These golden bubbles of nourishing rice "put the bee" on cranky appetites. They're lovely to look at—nestling in cool cream, decked with spicy fruit. Delightful to hear! Rice Krispies proclaim their lasting crispness with a light-hearted snap! crackle! pop! Heavenly to taste! That palate-tickling Kellogg flavour is definitely habit-forming.

All thanks to Kellogg's exclusive recipe, to oven-popping and gentle toasting. They make unique Kellogg's Rice Krispies the No. 1 rice cereal. Away from home—anywhere you go, get the individual package with the inner, WAXTITE, sealed bag.

"Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for its brand of oven-popped rice.



NOW WE MUST ALL BUY MORE WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES!

May, 1942 — 64

The Institute Suggests:

Lettuce and Spinach Salad (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Head of lettuce
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of spinach
- 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- Few grains of pepper
- 2 Hard-cooked eggs
- $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 Cupful of sour cream
- Lettuce or other greens

Chill and chop the raw spinach and lettuce. Add the salt, pepper and chopped egg to half a cupful of sour cream and, just before serving, fold in the greens lightly. Add the remaining sour cream. Six servings.

Sunday Supper Mushrooms (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of fresh mushrooms
- $3\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Can condensed chicken and rice soup (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of pimiento, chopped
- Few grains of pepper

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the mushrooms which have been washed and sliced and cook slowly for ten minutes. Add the flour and stir until well blended. Combine the milk and the soup and add gradually, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add the pimiento and pepper and serve piping hot in tart shells, toasted bread cases or on waffles or toast points. Six servings.

Onion Corn Casserole (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 6 Small onions or 3 large ones
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of milk
- Salt and pepper
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of cooked or canned corn

Place the onions in large amount of salted, boiling water and cook until tender (about thirty minutes), then drain and place in a buttered casserole. In the meantime melt the butter, stir in the flour, mixing thoroughly, add the milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Season with salt and pepper, add the corn, and pour the mixture over the onions. Cover with the buttered crumbs and bake in an oven of 375 deg. Fahr. for twenty-five to thirty minutes. Two to three servings.

Cheese Fondue (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of soft bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Pound of cheese, grated
- 2 Eggs

Pour the milk over the bread crumbs, add the salt and the grated cheese. Separate the egg yolks and whites and add the beaten yolks to the bread mixture. Combine thoroughly. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the

first mixture. Turn into a buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a fairly slow oven—325 deg. Fahr.—for thirty to forty minutes. Serve immediately. Two to three servings.

Vegetable Veal Rolls (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Slices of veal shoulder ($\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick)
- 6 Small carrots
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of onion, chopped
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of celery, chopped
- 1 Small bay leaf
- Pepper
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of dripping
- 4 Medium-sized potatoes
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of green pepper, chopped
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of tomato juice
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of salt

Cut each slice of veal into three pieces. Roll each around a carrot and fasten with a toothpick. Melt the dripping in a frying pan and brown the vegetable veal roll in it. Add all the other ingredients and cover closely. When steam escapes from the vent or around the edge of the pan, reduce the heat to low and cook for approximately forty-five minutes.

Rice Mold (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of plain un-flavored gelatine (1 envelope)
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of cold water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of corn syrup
- $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cooked rice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the corn syrup and cook over low heat until brown and bubbly. Add the salt to the milk, stir slowly and carefully into the syrup, continue to stir until reheated. Remove from the heat and add the gelatine. Chill until the mixture begins to set. Fold in the cooked rice, stiffly beaten cream and the vanilla. Pour into a small ring mold (six and one half inches) or a loaf pan (eight inches by four inches by two and one half inches) which has been well greased. Chill. Unmold and serve with syrup. Six servings.

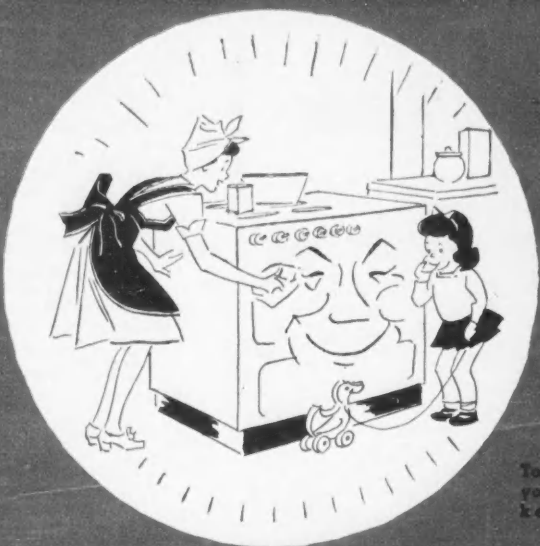
Butterscotch Sauce (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of corn syrup
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of water
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cream (10 per cent)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Put the sugar, corn syrup, water and butter in a saucepan and stir over low heat until dissolved. Continue cooking till a little of the mixture tested in cold water forms a very soft ball—230 deg. Fahr. Remove from heat; stir in cream and vanilla. +

On Active Service

By Edith S. Coombs



To do its best work,
your stove must be
kept scrupulously
clean.

THERE'S A lot of sense to that Canadian slogan, "Eat It Up—Wear It Out—Make It Do." So whether your household equipment is new or old, war conditions demand that you put it on active service. And that brings me to the point of telling you how best to care for one of these appliances in everyday use in your home.

I'm talking particularly of your range, but one rule applies to all equipment: Always read and follow the instructions which the manufacturer gave you when you bought them.

The Stove

No matter what kind of a stove you have, it must be kept scrupulously clean if it is to give the best service. Of course you are going to have some spill-overs, but make them as few as possible and don't waste any time about cleaning up afterward.

And remember, enamel is a form of glass and will crack if subjected to sudden changes of temperature. Wait until the top of the range has cooled before wiping with a damp cloth, except in the case of acid foods—milk is a bad one—which will leave a stain forever if not removed at once. A mild soap and warm water cleans the surface enamel. Mild abrasives or steel wool will remove the more stubborn marks in the oven.

Study ways and means of saving fuel; not only will you find your stove more economical to use, but you will be making a direct contribution to your country's war effort. Gas and electricity particularly are at a premium.

Flat bottom utensils with tightly fitting lids and straight sides will help a great deal in cutting down the fuel consumption. And sometimes you may find you can double up on the one unit by cooking one kind of food in the bottom part of the double boiler and reheating or cooking another in the top section.

Be careful not to start preheating your oven too far ahead of time. You will also find that a heated oven doing

several jobs at once, instead of just one, cuts down the overhead.

The days of peering in the oven while the food cooks should be over. Most ranges today have oven controls which take care of the heat regulation, and it is not necessary to open the door during the cooking period to see how things are coming along. Each time you do some heat escapes.

Food, especially meat, should always be removed from the refrigerator and allowed to stand until it reaches room temperature before you begin to cook it. It's just another way to save.

If you cook by gas, be sure that all the burners are adjusted so that they burn with a clear blue flame. Clogged burners may be cleaned with a pin and when they become greasy, remove and wash them with strong soap.

When cooking by gas, turn the burner as high as it will go until the water boils, then reduce the heat. Once the boiling point of 212 degrees Fahr. has been reached, the temperature will rise no higher, but if it is kept at high heat the water will evaporate rapidly. Tightly covered pots and pans and only enough heat to keep the water boiling will do the trick.

If you cook by electricity, turn the unit switch to high to start the cooking, and then reduce the heat when it gets to boiling point. And whenever possible, turn off the current and finish the cooking on stored heat in the unit or oven.

Small units are designed for small utensils, so use them when you can and save electricity.

On open coils, allow any food spill-overs to dry. Then brush off with a soft brush. Washing, using a stiff brush or sharp instrument between open coils, are definitely "don'ts" for users. And be careful with the salt shaker around these coils. Salt has a way of eating the metal and may cost you a new element.

Elbow grease, steel wool or mild abrasives will make the metal unit ring like new. ♦

Muffins with a winning way!



KELLOGG'S OLD-FASHIONED ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

2 cups Kellogg's All-Bran	1 egg
½ cup molasses	1 cup flour
1½ cups milk	½ teaspoon salt
	1 teaspoon soda

Add All-Bran to molasses and milk and allow to soak for 15 minutes. Beat egg and add to first mixture. Sift flour, salt and soda together and combine with All-Bran mixture. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes. Yield: One dozen muffins, 2½ inches in diameter.

Certain to brighten breakfast! A delicious taste that no ordinary bran could ever approach! For these nut-sweet muffins are made with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, the same cereal that, eaten regularly, keeps thousands of people free from constipation caused by lack of the right kind of "bulk" in your diet. Eat ALL-BRAN regularly, drink plenty of water, and prove it to yourself.

Keeps You
Regular ...
NATURALLY



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Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages; restaurants serve the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

"Now We Must All Buy More War Savings Certificates"

THRIFTY HOUSEWIVES



SAVE FOOD *with* ICE

Saving food, and serving food in its most nutritious form, is the first duty of housewives today. Many thousands of them in every part of Canada are depending on ice to do this for them—and what a job ice is doing! With its "moist-cold" air, ice maintains safe, low temperatures—reduces spoilage and waste—prevents rapid drying out of food juices and vitamins.

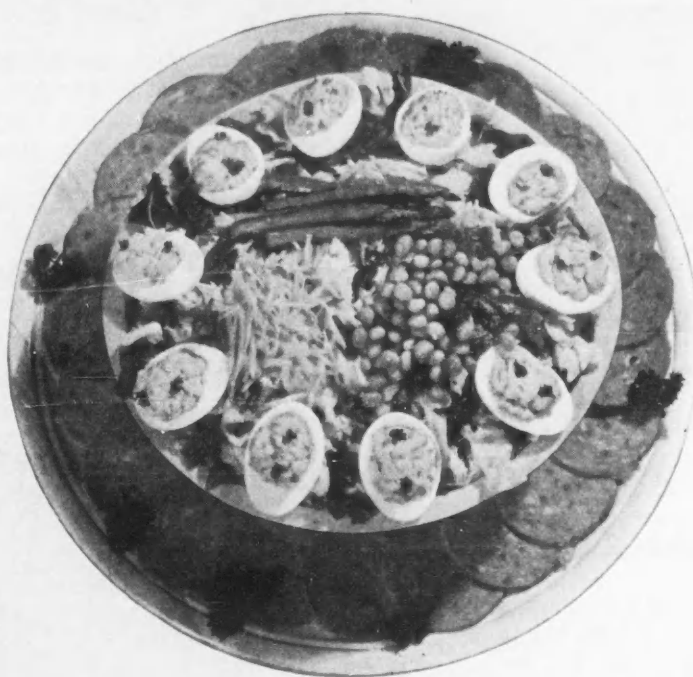


If you are not now using ice to protect your family's food, have your local ice company commence service today.

CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
137 Wellington Street West • Toronto, Canada

Come to Supper on Sunday

By Helen G. Campbell



Salad set courtesy the Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

A "help yourself" arrangement of salad and cold meat designed for the buffet table. The bowl contains crisp dry greens cut in small pieces and tossed lightly with a little French dressing. On top: Devilled eggs, grated carrot, green peas and asparagus.

BARRING THE grouch or the hermit, not many people turn down an invitation to Sunday supper. And, fortunately, this kind of party is not only one of the most pleasant to go to, but it's about the easiest of all to give. There is no better way of entertaining a lot of people in a small space for very little money. So a supper party is a heaven-sent idea for the busy housekeeper who can prepare a few "eats" beforehand, tuck the children in bed, and slip into her best or next-to-best dress with an easy mind. Grand, too, for the business girl who has only one off-day a week, and wants to use it to have a few friends in. The very thing for the young fry who like to have the gang around, but who simply hate to face up to a lot of dishes afterward. For almost everyone, in fact.

As nothing very much is expected of the host and hostess, either by way of a spread or entertainment, the party can be anything from a twosome (three's a crowd in some circumstances) to as many as your chairs, plus a few cushions on the floor, will accommodate. Even standing room only isn't a serious matter—and sometimes a lot more fun.

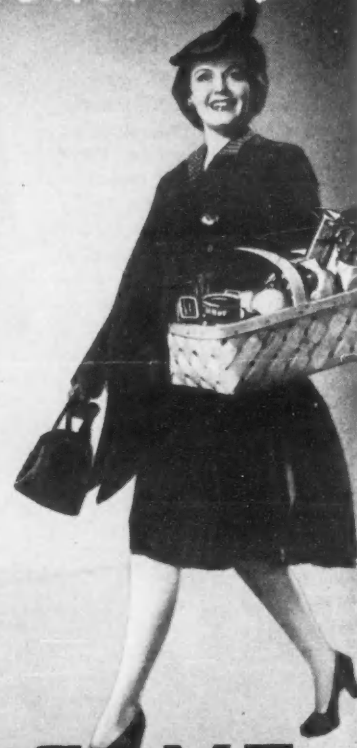
So ask your best friends, ask the people you don't know very well but would like to know better, ask the boys in khaki or blue and—you'll see—everyone will have a good time in the jolly, easygoing atmosphere. Sunday suppers are like that.

FOUR MENUS

Cold Cuts (the kinds you can cut with a fork)
Mixed Vegetables and Devilled Egg Salad
Hot Biscuits or Cornbread
Pumpkin Tarts (with whipped cream and grated maple sugar)
Coffee or Tea
Creamed Mushrooms and Pimiento
Celery Carrot Cones or Curls
Bran Muffins
Fruits in Jelly
Sponge Cake

Supper Sandwich Loaf
Lettuce and Spinach Salad
Radishes
Ice Cream in Chocolate Cup Cakes
Coffee
Jellied Veal or Chicken Molds
Fresh Asparagus Salad
Hot Cloverleaf Rolls
Fruit Salad Short Cake
Coffee or Tea

THRIFTY SHOPPERS



SAVE MONEY *with* ICE

When you save food you are saving money, and that is exactly what ice is doing for thousands of Canadian housewives. They are using ice to help them take advantage of food specials, and to keep their food purchases in finest condition until used. Your local ice company is serving your neighbor now—why not have him commence serving you today—and start saving food money!



Ice performs best in the new Air-Conditioned Ice Refrigerator. Ask your local ice company for full details of sizes and models available.

CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
137 Wellington Street West • Toronto, Canada

A SAVOURY MEAT DISH THAT FITS EVERY BUDGET

Tempting MAGIC Recipe Serves 6 . . .
Made with only 1 pound of meat!



Meat Balls with Dumplings in Tomato Sauce

1 recipe for Dumplings (see below)
1 lb. chopped veal, pork, or beef
4 cups cooked tomatoes, pressed through sieve

1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 bay leaf
2 tablespoons minced onion

Season meat with 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Form in 12 small balls; brown in deep kettle. Add tomato puree; add water; add remaining seasonings and onion. Bring to boil. Make Dumplings; drop by spoonfuls into boiling sauce; cover tightly; steam 10 minutes. 6 servings.

DUMPLINGS

1 cup flour
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
Sift dry ingredients; add liquid to make a soft dough. Drop by spoonfuls in hot stew; steam, covered, for 10 minutes. Plenty of gravy is necessary for successful Dumplings. 6 servings.

THIS savoury, tender meat and dumpling dish fits right into the present higher-living-costs picture — because it fits limited meal budgets in a wonderful way . . . A low-in-cost MAGIC recipe for Meat Balls with Dumplings requiring only one pound of meat!

Its real success, its grand appetite-appeal, depend greatly on the lightness and tastiness of the dumplings. So keep these tender and tempting — make them with “sure-fire” MAGIC Baking Powder!

MAGIC makes baked dishes taste better . . . makes them lighter, finer-textured. And it saves food costs because its sure results prevent baking failures. Precious ingredients are safe-guarded — and MAGIC itself actually costs *less than one cent* per average baking.

Ask your grocer today for this dependable, economical baking powder that's recommended by leading cookery experts . . . preferred by 3 out of 4 Canadian women. It's rightly called MAGIC!

MADE IN CANADA



Free Cook Book

This valuable MAGIC Cook Book contains over 300 TESTED recipes. Helps you cut down food costs and step up appetite appeal. Covers a wide range of Meat Dishes, Cakes, Pies, Cookies, Puddings. Mail Coupon today.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER,
Fraser Ave., Toronto

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Please send me the free MAGIC Cook Book giving more than 300 recipes. If this Meat and Dumpling dish is a fair sample, we want more of these delicious, economical dishes!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

These are the Daily Essentials →

MEALS FOR MAY



Three glasses of milk.



Six slices of vitamin-rich bread, with butter.



One serving of meat or fish.



One egg, or an egg three or four times a week.



One serving of potatoes.



One serving of green-leaf or yellow vegetable.



One glass of tomato juice.



One serving of vitamin-rich breakfast cereal.

- BREAKFAST**
- Cereal with Chopped Raisins
Toasted Egg Sandwiches
Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea
 - Stewed Rhubarb
Cereal
Toasted Coffee Jam Tea
 - (Sunday)
Pineapple Juice
French Toast
Coffee Maple Syrup Tea
 - Tomato Juice
Cereal
Toasted Rolls or Muffins
Coffee Jelly Tea
 - Stewed Prunes with Lemon
Bacon
Toasted Coffee Marmalade Tea
 - Tomato Juice
Cereal
Hot Biscuits Coffee Honey Tea
 - Sliced Bananas
Cereal
Soft-cooked Eggs
Coffee Toast Tea
 - Lemon and Apple Juice
Cereal
Corn Muffins with Raisins
Coffee Jelly Tea
 - Cold Tomatoes
Creamed Left-over Fish on
Coffee Toast Tea
 - (Sunday)
Stewed Prunes
Cereal
Plain Omelet Coffee Toast Tea
 - Tomato Juice
Cereal
Toasted Rolls Jam Tea
Coffee
 - Rhubarb
Pancakes and Syrup
Coffee Tea
 - Apple Juice
Grilled Kidneys
Toasted Coffee Marmalade Tea
 - Cold Tomatoes
Cereal
Soft-cooked Eggs
Coffee Toast Tea
 - Sliced Bananas
Cereal
Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea
 - Cold Tomatoes
Bacon
Toasted Coffee Jam Tea

- LUNCHEON or SUPPER**
- Asparagus Soup
Toasted Egg Sandwiches
Gingerbread Trifle
Tea Coffee
 - Savory Corn Custard
Prune Pineapple and Cottage
Cheese Salad
Tea Biscuits Cocoa
 - Baked Stuffed Eggs
Brown Rolls or Bran
Muffins
Rhubarb Tapioca
Tea Plain Cake Cocoa
 - Creamed Finnan Haddie on
Toasted
Canned Plums
Tea Cake Cocoa
 - Chicken Soup
Vegetable Jelly Molds
with Mayonnaise
Cup Cakes Fruit Sauce
Tea Cocoa
 - Small Sausages
Mustard Pickles
Pan-fried Potatoes
Blancmange
Tea Icebox Cookies Cocoa
 - Cottage Cheese Salad
Radishes Celery Curls
Raspberry Jelly Whip
Tea Cocoa
 - Cream of Celery Soup
Soda Biscuits
Toasted Sardine Sandwiches
Sliced Bananas with Cream
Tea Cocoa
 - Pork and Beans
Brown Bread
Head Lettuce Salad
Apple Sauce
Tea Molasses Cookies Cocoa
 - Creamed Asparagus in Bread
Cases
Jam Tarts
Tea Cocoa
 - Baked Eggs in Potatoes
Fresh Fruit Cup
Tea Bran Cookies Cocoa
 - Peppercorn Soup
Casserole of Pork and
Spaghetti
Canned Peaches
Tea Cookies Cocoa
 - Welsh Rarebit
Celery Gherkins
Hot Biscuits and Jelly
Tea Cocoa
 - Shepherd's Pie
Celery and Carrot Slivers
Fruit Jelly
Whipped Cream Wafers
Tea Cocoa
 - Pea Soup
Mixed Vegetable Salad
Brown Bread
Individual Cup Custards
Tea Cocoa
 - Haddock Croquettes
Parsley Sauce
Spinach
Small Berry Tarts
Tea Cocoa

- DINNER**
- Baked Fillet of Fish
with Top Dressing
Boiled Potatoes
Scalloped Tomatoes
Pineapple-filled Cup Cakes
Coffee Whipped Cream Tea
 - Grilled Smoked Ham
Creamed Potatoes
Spinach Molds
Banana Shortcake
Coffee Tea
 - Cream of Mushroom Soup
Jellied Tongue
Pickled Fruit
Potato, Celery and Grated
Raw Vegetable Salad
Butterscotch Rice
Coffee Tea
 - Veal Fricassee
Boiled Potatoes
Buttered Carrots
Chocolate Cornstarch
Pudding with Coconut Garnish
Coffee Tea
 - Beef and Liver Loaf Gravy
Browned Potatoes
String Beans
Baked Rhubarb Oat Cookies
Coffee Tea
 - Julienne Soup
Cold Sliced Meat Loaf
Potato Cakes
Creamed Cauliflower
Raisin Bread Pudding
Coffee Tea
 - Broiled Wing Steaks
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Beets
Pineapple Tapioca
Coffee Tea
 - Baked Mackerel
Drawn Butter Sauce
Creamed Potatoes
Scalloped Tomatoes
Rice Molds with Maple
Syrup
Coffee Tea
 - Baked Liver and Onions
Parsley Potatoes
Corn
Beachburg Pudding
Coffee Tea
 - Boiled Pork Butt
Apple Rings
Browned Potatoes
Cauliflower
Prune Bavarian Cream
Coffee Tea
 - Tomato Soup
Cold Pork
Scalloped Potatoes
Harvard Beets
Ice Cream Pineapple Sauce
Coffee Tea
 - Potato Croquettes
Cheese Sauce
Spinach Buttered Carrots
Green Peas
Chocolate Cottage Pudding
Honey Sauce
Coffee Tea
 - Barley Broth
Pot Roast of Beef
with Carrots, Potatoes and
Onions
Rhubarb Tart
Coffee Cheese Tea
 - Bologna Rolls
Mashed Potatoes
Green Beans (canned)
Johnny Cake Maple Syrup
Coffee Tea
 - Steamed Haddock
Egg Sauce
Riced Potatoes
New Cabbage
Cherry Roll with Sauce
made from Cherry Juice
Coffee Tea
 - Veal Stew
Boiled Potatoes
Buttered Beets
Tapioca Cream
Coffee Tea

- BREAKFAST**
- (Sunday)
Fresh Pineapple
Broiled Sausages
Toasted Coffee Jelly Tea
 - Tomato Juice
Cereal
Toasted Scones Conserve
Coffee Tea
 - Stewed Prunes
Cereal
Soft-cooked Eggs
Coffee Toast Tea
 - Rhubarb
Bread and Milk
Corn Muffins Jam
Coffee Tea
 - Cereal with Chopped Raisins
Bacon
Toasted Coffee Marmalade Tea
 - Sliced Bananas
Pancakes and Syrup
Coffee Tea
 - Cold Tomato Juice
Cereal
Toasted Coffee Conserve Tea
 - (Sunday)
Apple Juice
Cereal
Fried Small Fish Jelly
Toasted Coffee Tea
 - Cereal with Fresh or Stewed
Fruit
Poached Eggs on Toast
Coffee Tea
 - Tomato Juice
Cereal
Bran Muffins Jam
Coffee Tea
 - Pineapple
Cereal
Toasted Coffee Marmalade Tea
 - Rhubarb
French Toast
Coffee Syrup Tea
 - Cold Tomatoes
Scrambled Eggs
Coffee Toast Tea
 - Sliced Bananas
Cereal
Toasted Muffins
Coffee Tea
 - (Sunday)
Chilled Tomato Juice
Sausage Cakes
Toasted Coffee Jam Tea

- LUNCHEON or SUPPER**
- Devilled Egg and Watercress
Salad
Hot Scones Honey
Tea Cocoa
 - Cream of Onion Soup
Crackers
Fruit Salad
Tea Sweet Rolls Cocoa
 - Cold Meat Loaf
Mustard Pickles
Potato Salad
Hot Biscuits
Tea Maple Syrup Cocoa
 - Grilled Sardines on Toast
with Lemon
Chocolate Custard
Tea Cocoa
 - Macaroni and Cheese
Head Lettuce with Dressing
Canned Pears Cookies
Tea Cocoa
 - Savory Omelet
Brown Toast
Lettuce Salad
Tea Honey Cup Cakes Cocoa
 - Bean Soup
Soda Biscuits
Bananas with Lemon
Tea Ginger Cookies Cocoa
 - Creamed Asparagus on Toast
Stuffed Celery Radishes
Berries and Cream
Tea Cocoa
 - Rice Ring with Curried Veal
Fruit Jelly Whip
Icebox Cookies
Tea Cocoa
 - Oxtail Soup
Frankfurters in Split Rolls
Chopped Relish Pickle
Tea Fruit Cup Cocoa
 - Corn and Cheese Custard
Green Onions
Jam Turnovers
Tea Cocoa
 - Hamburger in Gravy on
Toasted
Sweet Pickles
Canned Fruit
Tea Chelsea Buns Cocoa
 - Cream of Celery Soup
Cabbage and Carrot Salad
Bran Muffins Honey
Tea Cocoa
 - Macaroni Loaf
Brown Rolls
Sliced Pineapple
Tea Wafers Cocoa
 - Diced Beet and Celery Salad
Horse-radish Dressing
Toasted Cheese
Fingers
Tea Chocolate Cornstarch Molds Cocoa

- DINNER**
- Vegetable Soup
Steak and Onions
Mashed Potatoes Asparagus
Chilled Rice Mold
Fruit Sauce
Coffee Tea
 - Meat Loaf
Scalloped Potatoes
Buttered Carrots
Peach Shortcake
Coffee Tea
 - Baked Stuffed Heart
Creamed Potatoes
Green Beans
Lime Jelly with Diced Fruit
Wafers
Coffee Tea
 - Boiled Corned Beef
New Potatoes
Shredded Cabbage
Prune Soufflé
Coffee Tea
 - Noodle Soup
Cold Sliced Corned Beef
Pan-fried Potatoes
Spinach
Steamed Cup Cakes
Raisin Spice Sauce
Coffee Tea
 - Fried Trout with Lemon
Parsley Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Rhubarb Betty
Coffee Tea
 - Pork Hock
Sauerkraut
Mashed Potatoes Peas
Blancmange with Tart Jelly
Coffee Tea
 - Dressed Shoulder of Veal
Browned Potatoes
Buttered Spinach
Fresh Pineapple Ice Cream
Macaroons
Coffee Tea
 - Fruit Cup
Ramekins of Scalloped
Sea Food
Hot Tomato Biscuits
Grated Raw Vegetable Salad
Maple Cream Pie
Coffee Tea
 - Liver and Bacon
Creamed Potatoes
Buttered Onions
Peach Upside-down Cake
Coffee Tea
 - Stuffed Pork Tenderloin
Scalloped Potatoes
Green Beans
Rhubarb Sponge Small Cakes
Coffee Tea
 - Chicken Soup
Cold Sliced Tenderloin
Potato Cakes Harvard Beets
Steamed Roly-poly
Coffee Tea
 - Breaded Fillets of Haddock
Tartare Sauce
Savory Rice with Tomatoes
Prairie Pudding
Coffee Tea
 - Bacon
Creamed Potatoes
Beet Greens
Maple Cottage Pudding
Coffee Tea
 - Mushroom Soup
Chicken Fricassee
Boiled Potatoes
Asparagus
Strawberry Shortcake
Coffee Tea

Bologna Rolls—Thin slices of bologna spread with a mixture of mustard and horseradish rolled up, fastened with toothpicks and served hot or cold.

Maple Cream Pie—Cream pie drizzled with maple syrup just before serving.

Beachburg and Prairie Pudding—Recipes in April *Chatelaine*. **Bean Soup** in March.

SAVE POWER in the Home for War Production

Because electricity has been so cheap, so plentiful and so convenient, we have formed the habit of using electric light and electric appliances lavishly and even extravagantly.

Now, Canada's expanding war production is calling for more power . . . and still more power. Additional plants are coming into production. War work is speeding up everywhere to two and three shifts a day.

Canadians are being asked to **SAVE POWER**. We can all help by changing our habits . . . by using power more carefully and more sparingly.

Here is How You Can Do It..



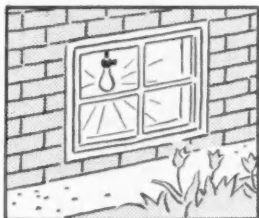
LIGHTS: Get into the habit of turning out the lights when you leave the room for any length of time.

Use light *only when you need it*. Make a habit of turning lamps off when you are finished.

Make a special habit to turn out lights in cellar, attic, closets or garage when you are through with them. Check yourself occasionally to be sure.

When you go out for the evening see that bedroom, bathroom and all unnecessary lights are turned out.

Encourage your children to be "WAR POWER WARDENS"



IRONING: Have your laundry work ready before you start ironing. . . . Don't turn the iron on a long time before you are going to use it.

Don't let the iron get so hot that you have to wait for it to cool off. This wastes badly needed power.

Don't go away and leave the iron turned on.



REFRIGERATION: You are wasting power if you leave the refrigerator door open longer than necessary. Or if you open it more frequently than you need to do. Or if the condenser system becomes clogged with lint and dust.

Defrost the refrigerator regularly . . . never allow more than $\frac{1}{8}$ " or $\frac{1}{4}$ " of frost to accumulate. This is something to watch in humid weather.



RADIO: Don't leave the radio turned on when nobody is listening to it. It not only wastes current but "wears out" the tubes before their time.

Turn the set "Off" when you don't want it . . . don't just turn the volume down.



HEATING APPLIANCES: When using your toaster, grill, percolator, waffle iron or other electric appliances turn off the power as soon as the job is done. And don't turn them on before you are ready to use them. A little "watchfulness" will save both power and money.



COOKING: Use only a small amount of water for cooking vegetables.

Don't let potatoes and other vegetables boil violently when gentler heat and less power will cook them even better.

If you have an Economy Cooker, use it for soups, stews, porridge, puddings, pot-roasts, etc.

To conserve power, bake or roast as many dishes as possible whenever the oven is used.

Turn the switch to Medium or Low position as soon as pan is boiling.

Turn element "Off" as soon as kettle begins to sing. The heat stored in the element will bring water to "boiling." And don't boil more water than you need. If you only require six cups to make tea don't boil a kettle full.

Do not leave oven elements "On" till the last minute. Make use of "stored heat" in the oven walls to finish your cooking.

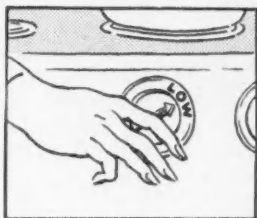
Always remember to turn off warming compartment or other switches.

Don't put a small pot on a large element — use smaller element.

Use flat-bottomed pots with close-fitting covers.

Don't boil the kettle before you need it and waste power to keep it hot.

Use "Simmer" position for stews, etc., which require slow cooking.



Remember by saving "current" you reduce your power bill as well as helping Canada's war effort.

Westinghouse

RADIO • RANGES • REFRIGERATORS WASHERS • APPLIANCES • LAMPS • TUBES

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED - HEAD OFFICE & FACTORY - HAMILTON, CANADA
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WE all know that Nature's almost perfect food is MILK, and realize that this should never be stinted in the home. Unfortunately, some children, and adults, too, don't like drinking milk alone, so here's how to popularize this very necessary food. Simply serve it with Fry's Cocoa.

Fry's Cocoa is rich in Calories (the name given to describe the energy value of food) and is also rich in IRON. Now Iron is practically the only important constituent lacking in milk, so by adding Fry's Cocoa to milk you increase the amount of Iron consumed by 50%.

Plan to serve Fry's Cocoa every day—its delightful chocolaty flavour makes it a most welcome food in your home.

Fry's Cocoa is very economical and today actually costs less than before the war.

See how easy it is to serve.

Fry's Cocoa

For each cupful required, mix together DRY, half to one teaspoonful of Fry's Cocoa, with sugar to taste. Add enough cold milk to make cocoa and sugar into a smooth paste. Pour on boiling milk and stir well.

Note: The flavour of Fry's Cocoa is improved by whisking with a rotary beater just before serving.

You can make 80 large cups from one pound of Fry's Cocoa.

Write Jehane Patenaude, Dept. D. Fry-Cadbury Ltd., Montreal, for the new FREE Recipe Book, "Chocolate Around the Clock."



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Home from Market with a Shoulder of Veal

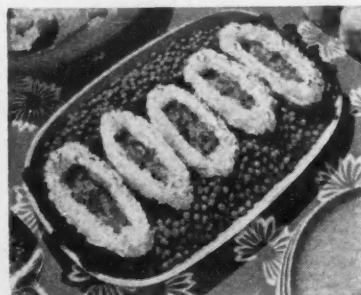
Stuffed Shoulder of Veal

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

HAVE THE butcher remove the bone from a shoulder of veal and tie it ready for stuffing. Use the bone for soup and stuff the roast with the following dressing:

- 1 Cupful of mashed potatoes
- 1 Cupful of dry bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of celery salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of sage or poultry dressing
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- Boiling water to moisten

Combine all the ingredients and fill the boned cavity. Rub the meat well with a scraped onion and squeeze a little lemon juice over it. Sprinkle with salt and dredge with flour. Place in a roasting pan and cook in a moderate oven—350-375 deg. Fahr.—allowing twenty minutes for each pound and an additional twenty minutes. When the roast is about half cooked, spread a little currant or other tart jelly over it to give a delicious and unusual flavor.



Creamed Veal in Potatoes

(A nice way to use up left-over shoulder roast.)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 6 Potatoes
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter or dripping
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- Salt and pepper
- 3 Cupfuls of diced cooked veal

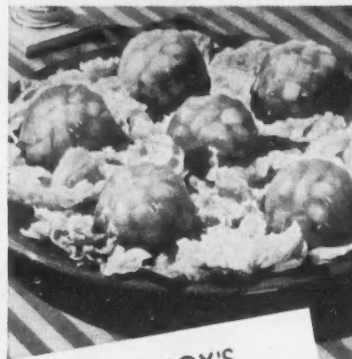
Scrub the potatoes and bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—until soft (about one hour). Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until blended. Add the milk gradually, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the seasonings and the meat. Cut a lengthwise slice from the baked potatoes and scrape out the inside. Add a little hot milk to the pulp, season to taste and beat until fluffy. Partly fill the potato shells with the creamed veal, then pipe the fluffy potato around the edge. Place in a hot oven to reheat and brown. Six servings.

Swedish Veal Stew

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Onion (small), finely chopped
- 1 Tablespoonful of dripping
- 1 Pound of veal (shoulder or breast)
- Salt and pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of paprika

FRUIT-FILLED! FLAVORFUL!



MRS. KNOX'S FRUIT SALAD-DESSERT

(Serves 6; uses $\frac{1}{4}$ pkg.)

- 1 envelope Knox Gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- 1 cup boiling fruit juice or water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced canned fruits

Soften plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot fruit juice (drained from canned fruits) or water. Add lemon juice, sugar and salt. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in diced fruits. Any fruits or desired combinations may be used. (But be sure to combine them with Knox. It's all protein, no sugar.) Pour into one large mold or individual molds, which have been rinsed out in cold water first, and chill. When firm, unmold onto lettuce and serve with mayonnaise or fruit dressing. Note:—If home-canned fruits are used, use a little less sugar, as they are sweeter than commercially canned ones.

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35¢ for 5 rinses
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- $\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonful of flour
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Cupful of sour cream

Cook the onion in the dripping in a heavy frying pan until a light yellow. Add the veal, which has been cut in one-inch cubes. Cover and allow to cook together for five to ten minutes, then sprinkle with salt and pepper and paprika. Add just enough warm water to cover the meat, cover and cook slowly for one and a half hours, adding more water if needed. Just before serving, thicken the gravy with the flour which has been mixed to a smooth paste with cold water and add the sour cream. Heat thoroughly and serve at once with mashed potatoes or rice. Four to six servings.



Home from Market with a Bunch of Rhubarb

Rhubarb Betty

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Cupfuls of diced rhubarb
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of rolled graham wafer crumbs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of light corn syrup
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of hot water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt

Combine the diced rhubarb with the sugar, and allow to stand while preparing the remaining ingredients. Combine the rolled graham wafer crumbs with the butter, which has been melted. Mix the corn syrup, hot water and salt. Put a layer of the sugared rhubarb in a buttered baking dish, cover with a layer of buttered crumbs and pour a little of the liquid over the crumbs. Repeat the layers until the ingredients are all used, having a layer of the crumbs on the top. Cover and bake for fifteen minutes in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—remove the cover and continue cooking for one-half hour or until the rhubarb is tender.

Baked Rhubarb

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Cupfuls of diced rhubarb
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of white sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of cinnamon, if desired
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of corn syrup

Mix together the rhubarb, sugar and cinnamon in a casserole—one and a half quart size. Over all pour the corn syrup. Cover and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—until tender (about thirty minutes). When the rhubarb is partly cooked it may be topped with a cottage pudding batter or rich biscuit dough. Six servings. +

Gran Looked Regal :: Continued from page 40

right, maybe, in the morning. I filled a basin with cold water for him at a tap, and he dipped cloths in it and put them on her head and on her neck, and I helped him. Then she seemed to notice me and she said, "Can't hide anything from you, eh, chicken? How is Mr. Spence—prostrated, no doubt?"

I told her he was fine and was eating a slab of lemon pie when I last saw him. Suddenly she groaned and was very, very sick.

When she had stopped being sick, she said, "Listen, chicken, I don't want the folks at the house to know anything about this—especially Mr. Spence, so I'm going to lie here all night where I can groan in peace, and in the morning they'll think I'm already up and out."

I said, "You know Gran will go up to your room first thing, mother, and find you have been out all night."

"That's right," said Ben. "It's hard to keep anything from the old woman."

"I could ruffle your bed for you, to make it look slept in," I said.

Ben changed the cloths on her head. "Marygold," he said, "if anybody's going to do any ruffling of beds, it's me. I've never known you yet carry anything to a successful conclusion, and your ma is mighty particular that this here episode should come out right. I'll ruffle her bed. You stay with your ma."

He went off and I sat beside mother and thought how different the barn looked at night and how the sounds were different than in the day, with a mouse scratching up in the loft and the boards creaking and cracking for no reason at all.

Suddenly I remembered that I was supposed to be in bed, and that maybe Wong had locked up the house, not knowing that mother was still out, and that Ben wouldn't be able to get in to ruffle without waking everybody up.

Mother was still sleeping, so I figured that if this was important to her, I'd better catch up with Ben pretty fast and warn him about the doors.

I RAN across the short cut, which is through one of the berry fields, and got to the back porch. Ben was not coming down the lane where he should have been. This was funny, and I was just wondering if he could have got there before me, when I heard a queer shuffling noise from around the house and I tiptoed to see, and there was Ben trying to climb the ivy under mother's window. I said, "Pst!" but he didn't hear me, being a little hard of hearing, and I said "Pst!" again. Then the window next to mother's, which is Mr. Spence's, went up very slowly, and although I didn't see him, I knew he was there, listening and trying to figure out what the noise was in the ivy.

Well, I went around the other side of the house, fast, to the cellar window that was open, and got in that way and crept up the basement stairs and up the main stairs with my slippers in my hand, and I got to the top landing and ducked behind the high chest of drawers just as Mr. Spence's door opened slowly and he came out. He was in his bare feet too, and he had on an ordinary checked dressing gown. He flattened himself against the wall and listened. I listened. The big clock in the hall downstairs had a tick that filled the house, but still through it you could hear a shuffle-

shuffle noise like what bantams make scratching in the dry grass under the broom bushes. Only I knew it was Ben in the ivy. I heard a window go up. Then came a slithering sound and a grunt that was Ben cursing at snagging his pants. Mr. Spence still had his ear glued against mother's door and his hand was on the knob. I didn't know what to do to stop him finding out she wasn't in there.

A board creaked, and I knew Ben had hit the bad one in the middle of the room. Mr. Spence heard it too, and he seemed to be bracing himself for something. I bit my knuckles to stop from crying out. Then the bed springs creaked, and there were several dull thuds as Ben pummeled the pillow. Well, you should have seen Mr. Spence! He swung the door inward with a wild yell and disappeared into the darkness. There was a bigger crash of springs then, and a big bump as the bed went back against the wall with a rush and collapsed. Ben was shouting in a smothered voice which showed he had his head tangled up with the clothes, and Mr. Spence was yelling, without sounding smothered at all.

I got in there fast, just as Gran's door opened and as Wong's yellow face appeared at the top of the back stairs, and I took hold of Mr. Spence and pulled and shouted to him to let go. Then the light went on suddenly, and there was Gran standing in the doorway, looking regal with a red flannel robe on and her hair in two thin braids on each shoulder. She had her cane, and she leaned forward and hit the first thing she could reach a sound smack, and it was me, so I moved fast out of her way. Then she hit the next layer and it was Mr. Spence, and she wasn't upset at all, just firm and polite, and so he looked at her in surprise, and she said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Spence." And then she reached over and gave Ben a bigger welt and said, "Get up! What is going on here?"

Mr. Spence shouted, "Mary has gone! He helped her get away!" Ben didn't say anything, and Wong crowded into the doorway, all eyes, and he had a pair of Russian pyjamas on like Mr. Spence wears in his pictures and doesn't wear at home. I certainly was surprised.

But Ben, sitting on the collapsed bed, looked very put out. Gran shouted at him and waved her cane, "Speak up, man! Where has she gone?" And he looked at her and mumbled, "I'd rather you didn't ask me, Mum."

Mr. Spence suddenly flared up again, and he reached down and took him by the shoulders and shouted, "Is she catching the night boat out? Speak up! Is she going to Montreal?" And it would have been like a scene in a movie, except that he looked so ruffled and crumpled instead of well combed the way they always look.

Suddenly he let go of Ben who fell back on the bed again with a crash, and he took hold of me instead and he said, "Marygold, has your mother gone to Montreal or Toronto? And don't tell me you don't know! You know everything!"

"She hasn't gone," I said.

"Then what is Ben doing in here getting her things?" he shouted, and he shook me so hard my head snapped back, and I found myself looking into his cold grey eyes, and I was suddenly

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Which Makes You TIRED, NERVOUS



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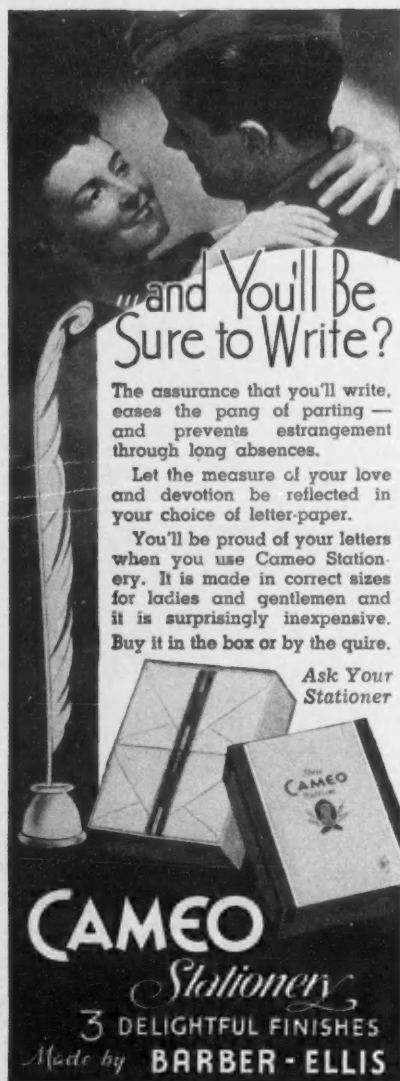
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Measurements of Finished Garment when Blocked: All around at underarm, 33 inches. Length at centre back, 20 inches. Length of sleeve at underarm seam, 15½ inches.

Materials Used

6 Balls of 4-Ply Wool
1 Circular Needle, No. 9
1 Pair No. 11 Needles

Tension of Stitch — 6 sts. = 1 inch.
7 rows = 1 inch.

UPPER PART OF BODY AND SLEEVES — Cast on 36 sts. on the circular needle. Purl 1 row.

1st Row of Raglan Seams—Increase in each of the first 2 sts., K1 (mark this stitch with a white thread as first "seam st."), increase in next st., K2 for top of sleeve, increase in next st., K1 (mark as second seam st.), increase in next st., K18, increase in next st., K1 (mark as 3rd seam st.), increase in next st., K2, increase in next st., K1 (mark as 4th seam st.), increase in each of the last 2 sts. (10 increases, 46 sts. on needle).

2nd Row and Every Other Row thereafter—Turn, purl the entire row.

3rd Row—Turn, increase in next st., K2, increase in next st., K1 (first seam st.), increase in next st., K4, increase in next st., K1 (second seam st.), increase in next st., K20, increase in next st., K1 (third seam st.), increase in next st., K4, increase in next st., K1 (fourth seam st.), increase in next st., K2, increase in last st.; 10 increases (56 sts. on needle).

Continue to increase at beginning and end of row, and on each side of the 4 seam sts., in every other row (having 2 sts. more between increases on fronts, back and sleeves after every increasing row), until there are 5 increasing rows from beginning (86 sts. on needle). *Cast on 2 sts. at beginning of next row; discontinue the increases (the 2-in-one sts.) at beginning and end of row, but continue to increase on both sides of the 4 seam sts.; turn, cast on 2 sts., purl the entire row. Repeat from *twice; ending with a purled row. There will now be 122 sts. on needle.

Work even at front edges and continue



The original jacket was knit with Monarch Down.

to increase on both sides of the 4 seam sts. (8 increases in every other row) until there are 34 increasing rows from beginning, with 330 sts. in last row. End with a purled row.

Now Divide for Sleeves—K48 sts. and slip them on to a strand of yarn, to be held for left front; cast on 1st (underarm), knit the next 72 sts. for left sleeve and keep them on needle; slip the 90 back sts., the 72 right sleeve sts., and the 48 right front sts., each group to a separate strand of yarn.

LEFT SLEEVE—Cast on 1 st. (underarm), purl the 74 sleeve sts. now on needle. Work even for 2 more rows. *Decrease 1 st. at both ends of next row, work 7 rows even; repeat from * until there are 11 decreases at each side. Work even on remaining 52 sts. until sleeve measures 12 inches at underarm (or work to any desired length of sleeve before cuff), ending with a purled row.

Next Row—Decrease to 50 sts. (1 st. at each end).

CUFF—Change to No. 11 needles and work in ribbing of K1, P1, for 3½ inches, cast off, knitting the knitted and purling the purled sts.

RIGHT SLEEVE—Slip the 72 right sleeve sts. to the circular needle. Working from right side, cast on 1 st., knit to end of row, turn, cast on 1 st., purl all 74 sts. Continue to work right sleeve same as left. Sew sleeves together. +

DON'T LET INNER DULLNESS SHOW THROUGH



OUTSIDE cleanliness gets you nowhere if your inner dullness shows through. Prettiness isn't everything in popularity. Good looks aren't everything in glamour. If you're sour and sluggish inside, you're likely to be dull and depressing on the outside.

Why not make yourself sparkle with the glow of inside cleanliness? Start today and take a quarter-teaspoonful of Kruschen in half-a-glass of warm water every morning. Kruschen aids Nature to cleanse your body regularly of clogging waste matter and so prevents the formation of harmful health-destroying poisons in your system. Take that little dose every morning for six weeks. Don't miss a morning—any more than you'd miss washing your face. Then see what a difference it makes when you're clean inside as well as clean outside!

Kruschen is a British product obtainable at all drug stores, 25c and 75c.

Those GREY STREAKS that age you can be tinted to their natural colour with . . .

Evan Williams **TUNISIAN HENNA**
In all Shades
from Blonde
to Black



**EVAN WILLIAMS
TUNISIAN henna**
It's safe!

SPRING, 1942

By EDNA JAKUES

Behold the almond blossom and the spring,
The stir of sap within an ancient oak,
A frail blue hyacinth . . . a tangled vine,
A spiral of blue smoke.

The tall white candles of a chestnut tree,
Making my yard an altar pure and still.
A small field steaming in the noonday sun,
A cottage on a hill.

The shadows of new leaves upon the walk
Make checkered blocks of grey and white mosaic,
Where penitents might kneel and say their beads
For Christ's dear sake.

Behold the almond blossom and the spring,
And all the radiant earth is lifted up,
To drink the blessed wine of faith and hope,
From Spring's blue cup.

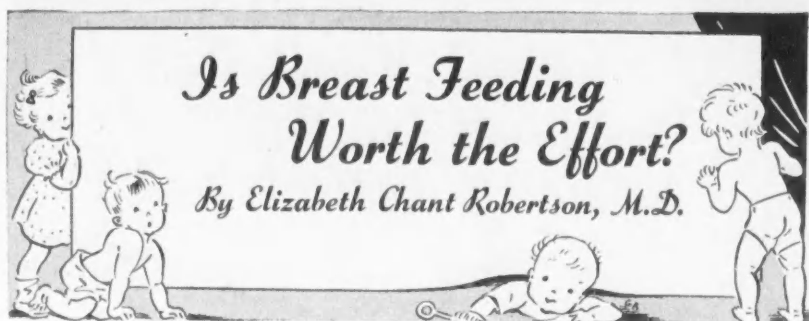
there must be NO WASTE!



Para-Sani
PURE HEAVY WAXED PAPER
keeps the war workers' lunches fresh and palatable, eliminating food waste and loss of energy resulting from uneaten sandwiches.

Appleford PAPER PRODUCTS
HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



Is Breast Feeding Worth the Effort?

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

EVERY HEALTHY mother should nurse her own baby! That may seem a sweeping statement. What is there to support it? It is based on nothing less than the frequently repeated observations of the leading baby specialists everywhere in the world. One of these physicians, who practices in Chicago, recently analyzed and published the records of twenty thousand normal infants who were getting very good home care. He found that whereas only about one third of the breast-fed infants developed infections, fully two thirds, or twice as many of the bottle-feds, came down with these troubles. The death records were even more striking. Only seven per cent of the deaths that occurred were in breast-fed infants, but sixty-six per cent of the babies that died were bottle fed! The other twenty-seven per cent were partially breast fed, so you can see that even that is worth while. The British have recently reported that eighty-five per cent of the deaths that occurred in the first year of life were in artificially-fed infants.

The only conclusion that you can draw from these figures is that it is much better for your babies to nurse them. How many of us can do it? About eighty per cent of the mothers in New Zealand nurse their infants, and as a people they are much like us Canadians. Our record is not nearly so good, but the fact that so many of them are able to do it should encourage us. Incidentally, New Zealand is the country with the lowest infant mortality rate in the world. Even though you are nursing your infant, you should take him regularly to your physician to have him checked over, and you will probably run into at least some minor difficulties. The cheering thought is that your breast-fed baby has the best chance of overcoming any infection that he does pick up.

Women who are in excellent general health before and during their pregnancy are the ones most likely to have strong vigorous babies and to have plenty of breast milk for them. Even the huskiest can't retain her health if she doesn't get enough exercise, fresh air, pleasant diversions, sleep and well-chosen food.

With few exceptions, we can make our health what we want it to be.

As soon as you know you are going to have a baby, you should examine your nipples. If they are not perfectly normal in size and appearance, ask your physician to give you directions as to improving their shape. Also about this time, too, you should begin washing them with soap and water twice a day. This helps to harden them, which protects them from injury later on.

WHAT HELPS are available to mothers who are starting off to breast feed their infants? We can list them:

1. You need to be absolutely keen on nursing your baby. If you are healthy, there is a 75 per cent chance that you can do it. The less you worry about your milk supply or anything else, the better it will be. Contented cows are good producers.

2. Be sure to eat a well-balanced diet. This should include 1½ to 2 pints of milk a day, some as a beverage and some cooked. You need the calcium or lime that is present in the cow's milk. Many women find that their digestion is not so good if they eat anything between meals; however, if you can take some



The breast-fed infant has a better start in life. Twice as many bottle-fed babies develop infections.

milk between times, with no ill-effects, that is all right. Your meals should contain plenty of fresh or tinned citrus fruit juice, and tomatoes, raw or canned, vegetables, whole grain or vitamin-rich bread and cereals, and also one serving at least of meat, eggs or fish. It is also important for you to take vitamins A and D in either liquid or capsule form, for example, as concentrated fish liver oil, during the eight colder months of the year. In the summer take sunshine instead. Eat simple appetizing meals, avoiding foods you know disagree with you. Alcoholic drinks do not increase the milk flow, and they should not be used. Continued on page 78



R

It's CALLED BABY'S OWN SOAP

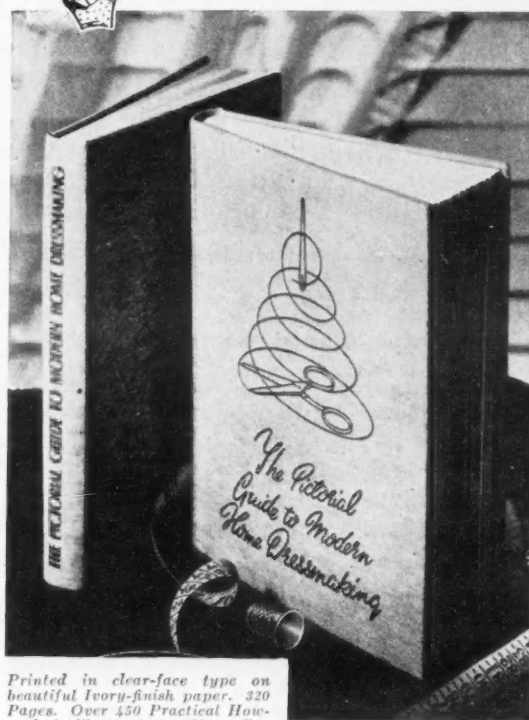
BECAUSE . . . it's made especially for baby! Over 75 years of scientific development have made it the finest soap obtainable. Infinite care in manufacture keeps it always safe and gentle. It's soothing and delicately-scented. That's why generations of doctors, nurses and mothers have specified Baby's Own for baby's delicate skin. Ask for Baby's Own Soap for your baby at your favorite retail store.



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The Directress of Dressmaking in one of the leading Technical Schools: "Clear and concise . . . of practical use to all students of Dressmaking . . ."

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The Pictorial Guide to MODERN HOME DRESSMAKING is a standard work. You can follow its complete and reliable guidance all your life — no matter what the changes in fashions. It teaches by pictures—diagrams—easy to understand, everyday language; all the essential principles, "secrets", hints and "wrinkles" of Dressmaking. In Fact, EVERYTHING TO DO WITH DRESSMAKING is set out and explained in the simplest way imaginable.

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(HOUSEHOLD MOPS FOR EVERY PURPOSE)



● Go anywhere...do anything...dust as they polish...mopheads easily removable and washable...every woman will want these Glossy-Glo Mops that make household tasks fly away on wings of drudgeless song!

Glossy-Glo Mops are Duster-Polisher Mops...they polish as they dust. Adaptable for low cleaning surfaces, cannot scratch the floor or chip the furniture.

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Available in attractive pastel shades...handles in ivory with blue connections. Easily detachable mop head...washable.



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Makers of Fine Quality Mops, Household Brushes and Paint Brushes for over 75 years.

frightened and I said, "She's in the barn, sir. She worked too hard and knocked herself out, only she doesn't want you to know because it's supposed to be you who is knocked out, so you'll go away."

Mr. Spence went out fast, and we heard him taking the stairs two at a time. I hoped then he wouldn't take the short cut across the berry field in case he got thorns in his feet, which would be very undignified and not good drama at this point. I was very anxious until I saw him again.

MOTHER AND Mr. Spence got married. She wouldn't wear the wig. They had a nice trip to Banff, but they wouldn't take me.

The reason they got time for the trip was that Mr. Spence had to appear before the Medical Board again the next day after that awful night, and he had lost all the weight Gran and Wong had put on him with feeding him up. Gran said, "This is exasperating!" She said he had sweated it off him in the field that day. So they had to begin the fattening diet all over again, and he and mother got time for a trip while it was going on. It turned out very well.

I like being a movie star's daughter. I sold one of the letters he wrote me from Banff to Stewie for a quarter. When school starts, I will really have a chance to make some money.

I have asked him to write me every day. +

Something to Remember Him by

By
**CAROLYN
DAMON**



Jewellery photographed by Chatelaine, courtesy of the T. Eaton Co. Limited, Toronto.

BRIDES OR brides-to-be or brides-of-long-ago love to wear the crests that are on their men's uniforms. So today's jewellers have taken the things we wear most—pins and watches and bracelets and compacts and bags and such—and designed them with the hundred and one insignia of our three fighting forces, the navy, the army and the air force. And then, of course, there are the crests of our own women in the forces, and the many other bits of adornment—like V's for Victory and wishbones and little likenesses of Churchill—that you will find in the fore of today's popular jewellery.

As anyone can see, our charming model here has a beau in the air force. For she wears an exquisite little gold breast watch, hung from delicate gold wings. Her compact has wings on it, and even her earrings are a small wing apiece. Besides these, she wears as a bracelet a matching identification bracelet to that of her fiancé, only a little smaller. On the back is her name, and ten to one a tender message for her alone. Some girls simply wear their husband's identification bracelets, or their own, with his regimental number on. A handy way to remember it for parcels and letters overseas!

But every branch has its own insignia, and some of the army crests, worked out in diamonds and precious stones for pins, make exquisite ones. You can get big sparkly ones for evening and afternoon, metal ones for your suit or coat, and tiny ones about the size of the

frat pin you used to sport, for your sweaters and blouses. The left-hand breast-pocket area over the heart is still the approved wearing position.

Cigarette cases, as well as compacts and lighters, are also being crested for girls, and make nice gifts for the wedding attendants. Of course, you usually don't wear a crest unless you have someone in the services for whom you pin it on—but it's no secret that a number of girls get their own. That is definitely being done.

And quite often sister gets one for mother, if brother is off to the wars. There's nothing she'd rather have.

The new Churchill pins are very smart, and V's, especially the delicate ones done in tiny diamonds, are still effective—particularly on black. Maple leaves and flags make smart pins and clips, and crested cuff links are a good gift for the groomsmen, with a cigarette case, complete with crest, or a lighter for the best man. +

IT'S OLD-FASHIONED TO SCRUB OUT TOILETS—



...USE
**GILLETT'S
INSTEAD**



● Just shake Gillett's into toilet bowls and watch ugly brown stains flush away! Gillett's clears clogged drains, too—keeps them running freely. It's grand for all cleaning—cuts right through grease and dirt. Get some today!

● Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET:—Send to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont., for Free Gillett's Lye Booklet that will make dozens of household tasks easier.

Manufactured Goods from Great Britain

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this magazine, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS



Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by removing pressure. Medication (D) acts on corn.



In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.

HOME paring only affects the top of a corn—usually leaves part of the corn in your toe. But Blue-Jay acts as shown in the diagrams. While you walk in comfort it gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed. (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay Corn Plasters cost very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug counters.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK CORN PLASTERS

The New Movies

WHEN you see "Kings Row" you will realize how lucky you were not to have been brought up in a small town serviced by the medical attentions of two such psychopathic characters as Dr. Gordon (Charles Coburn), the town surgeon and moral sadist who performs his operations without benefit of chloroform, or Dr. Tower (Claude Rains) who is too busy exploring the almost unknown field of psychiatry to be interested in patients at all. The unhealthy influence these two men wield over five young lives, is the theme of "Kings Row," last year's best-seller, and this season's best movie to date. Out of situations that are basically ugly, a powerful and sometimes beautiful story has been woven, emotionally highlighted by Eric Korngold's fine musical score.

The acting of such veterans as Claude Rains, Judith Anderson, et al., can be taken for granted, but it's the younger stars who turn in the surprise performances. Robert Cummings is attractively convincing in the difficult role of the young doctor with the Old World background, whose love for Dr. Tower's mad daughter, Cassie (Betty Field), brings about her destruction. Ronald Reagan, graduated from "B" pictures, does a



A Warner Bros. picture
Betty Field and Robert Cummings in a dramatic scene from "Kings Row."

grade A job as the town's wild boy. But it is Ann Sheridan, completely deglamorized, who really pulls the rabbit out of the hat, as the kind-hearted right-headed Irish girl from the wrong side of the tracks.

The Girl from Leningrad is so remarkably unlike any girl from Hollywood that you shouldn't miss the chance of making her acquaintance. Russian film directors just don't know the meaning of "glammer"; they have a naive idea that truth needs no elaboration, that the hard and terribly cold facts of the volunteer nurses' service at the Russian front last winter can stand alone, stark, unforgettable. They're right, of course. This, the first Soviet film about World War II, is a wonderfully moving record of human character soaring selflessly under the most violent conditions of mechanized warfare; it is, as well, a factual account of the work of Russian women, who enjoy equality of sacrifice along with equality of citizenship. One sees them jolting over rutted roads in lorries, staffing a hastily set-up hospital, learning calmness under dive-bombings, skiing (in shapeless padded jackets and face masks) to advanced positions to rescue the wounded, and manning machine guns to protect their ambulance.

The Girl from Leningrad is now being shown in several cities across Canada. Later, Hollywood plans to release its own version of the story. We know it will be different, but hardly better. +



Artkino

From an old Czarist-period balcony. The Girl from Leningrad watches the tanks roll by on their way to the front.



A Warner Bros. picture

Jack Carson, in "The Male Animal," explains the famous pass that won the game for dear old Midwestern, to Henry Fonda, the bewildered professor, and his interested wife, Olivia de Havilland.

MODERN

Style



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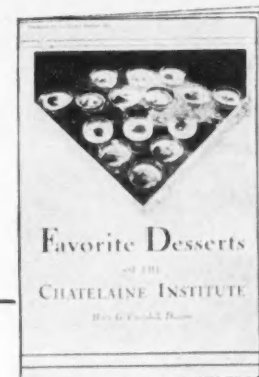
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481 University Avenue, Toronto.

A LOT DEPENDS ON

You!



THESE ARE TRYING TIMES for your men folk. Some of them are on the firing line; others on the production line.

The men of your household are probably working longer hours these days. Whether in office or factory, they are under a greater strain. For they are striving to get vital equipment to our fighting forces before it is too late.

It's up to you to keep your men folk fit and happy. Men produce more when their minds are at ease, when they are not worried by domestic problems. If you shoulder these worries and help your men to relax, you are playing a real part in winning the war.

Perhaps your husband is irritable when he comes home tired from his work. Perhaps he must be away from home weeks at a time or longer. Be sympathetic and understanding under these circumstances.

Remember, this is an emergency. The more each of us helps, the sooner we can get back to the happy days of peacetime living. So do your part cheerfully for your country's sake. Keep that man of yours fit and happy for his job.

This message is issued by the Department of Munitions and Supply for Canada

"BRAVE MEN SHALL NOT DIE BECAUSE I FALTERED"

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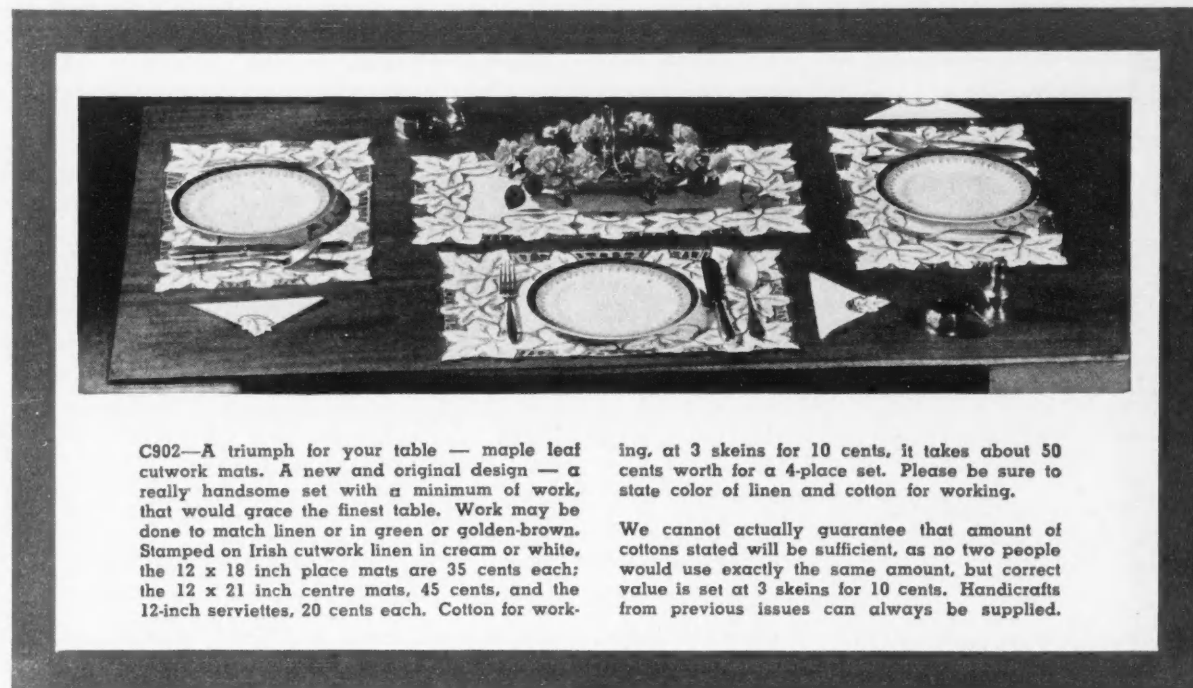
HANDICRAFTS

By MARIE LE CERF

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque, add 15 cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied. All prices include regular postage — special postage must be added.



C600—Floral runner in cross stitch. Stamped on heavy white, cream or deep ecru Irish linen, 21 x 45 inches — price, \$1.00; cottons for working, 30 cents.



C902—A triumph for your table — maple leaf cutwork mats. A new and original design — a really handsome set with a minimum of work, that would grace the finest table. Work may be done to match linen or in green or golden-brown. Stamped on Irish cutwork linen in cream or white, the 12 x 18 inch place mats are 35 cents each; the 12 x 21 inch centre mats, 45 cents, and the 12-inch serviettes, 20 cents each. Cotton for work-

ing, at 3 skeins for 10 cents, it takes about 50 cents worth for a 4-place set. Please be sure to state color of linen and cotton for working.

We cannot actually guarantee that amount of cottons stated will be sufficient, as no two people would use exactly the same amount, but correct value is set at 3 skeins for 10 cents. Handicrafts from previous issues can always be supplied.



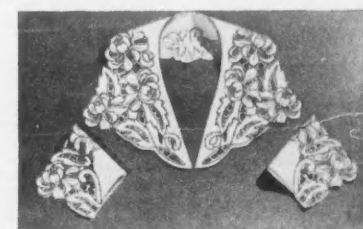
C903—A gay little "beanie" for spring and summer wear—just the thing to toss on for that smart, casual effect. Stamped on fine art felt in pale blue, deep sky blue, sand, brown, olive green, red, black or wine, with instructions for making, headband and cottons for working, 60 cents.



C904—A bowl of roses for the bride—cutwork pillowcases and towels in exquisite design. Pillowcases are stamped on finest circular cotton, 42 x 36 inches, towels on finest white Irish linen huckaback, 18 x 30 inches—\$1.35 for either pair. Cottons for working in white or colors — state preference — 20 cents.



C611—Pillowcases and towels in dainty poppy design in cross stitch. Pillowcases are stamped on finest circular cotton, 36 x 42 inches, and the towels are of finest white Irish linen huckaback, 18 x 30 inches — \$1.35 for either pair. Cottons for working, 20 cents per pair. Please state color desired for poppies.



C905—Cutwork collar and cuff set. You couldn't imagine a more beautiful set or one that would add more to suit or dress. Stamped on Irish cutwork linen, in cream or white, the collar is 60 cents; the cuffs, 30 cents. Cotton for working collar, 20 cents, and for cuffs, 10 cents.

C881—A cute little trick is this apron, but you will find it just as useful as a larger one and all that is necessary for practically all household work. Any bride would love one of these, for they do make you feel "dressed up." Stamped on strong, good-looking linens, in Dutch blue, green or mauve, with gay 3-color binding for edge (red, white and blue for the Dutch blue, and yellow, gold and orange for the green or mauve) and cottons for working to match binding—60 cents.

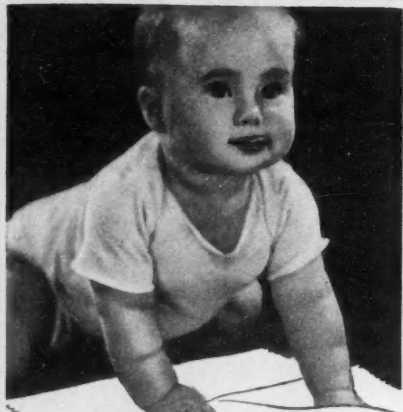


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Silvo renews the lustrous beauty of your silverware — quickly, gently — safely.

The makers of this charming pattern are anxious that its proud possessors should enjoy indefinitely the full beauty of the design on lustrously gleaming silver. So they recommend Silvo which charms away dimness, tarnish, stain as gently as a magic wand.



"Folding them's Child's Play Mom says"

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4. **HIGHLY ABSORBENT**—the surgical weave absorbs more thoroughly and evenly.
5. **EXTREMELY SOFT**—and they grow softer with laundering.
6. **AND FOLDLINE**, of course!

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3. You need extra fluids. This is particularly important. A good scheme is to drink a full glass of water, or even two, after every nursing. If you are troubled with constipation a glass or two of water, preferably hot, first thing in the morning may be of value. Raw fruit, an hour or so before breakfast, often helps too. Increasing your fruits and vegetables, especially prunes, figs and dates, usually is of benefit. If altering your meals isn't sufficient, take mineral oil or some very mild laxative such as milk of magnesia.

4. You need extra rest. If you can afford it, you would be wise to have help in the house while you are nursing your baby. The first six weeks after you come home from the hospital are especially busy and important. A good lie down of one hour at least in the early afternoon is essential. Let the mending pile up, or the house go dusty, if you can't get it any other way. You



also need more sleep than usual at night.

5. Fresh air and some outside diversions are also very important. Depending on your tastes and the household help that you have, you can walk, play golf, tennis or other similar games, provided you don't get too tired. Your big idea is to keep yourself in the pink physically.

6. During the first few weeks of his life you may have to spend some time teaching your baby how to nurse. A trained nurse who has had special experience along this line, or your physician may even need to help you.

If you can nurse your infant in comfort lying down, that gives you extra little rests. Many mothers, however, find it more comfortable to sit up while nursing. A low rocking chair and a footstool often make a handy arrangement. Some people find a pillow under the baby helps; others prefer a pillow at the back of the chair. You will need to lean over toward your baby. The important thing is to have both of you comfortable. It is best to be in a room by yourself, as babies are easily distracted. Have everything on hand before you start nursing, so there will be no interruptions. It is a good idea to have a few quiet moments beforehand.

7. Feed your baby regularly by the clock, as this increases your supply. The practice of giving a bottle instead of one of the nursings reduces the amount of milk. Using both breasts for each feeding helps to increase production. Your physician will advise you as to how long the infant should nurse and the intervals between nursings.

If your milk supply begins to fall, check over your routine to make sure you are getting enough rest, fluids, suitable food, and so on. If improving your schedule is not sufficient, hot and cold sponging will increase your milk supply. To do this, you require two washcloths and basins, one containing very cold water and one as hot water as you can stand. Leaning over the basin, slosh the hot water over the breast for a minute or so. Then switch over and supply the cold water. Repeat this four or five times and then do the same with the other breast. Finally, dry the breasts off with a roughish towel, rubbing from the outside in toward the nipples. This procedure should be carried out twice a day. It is usually not necessary to keep it up for more than one or two weeks.

If you can breast feed your baby completely, it saves you all the bother, worry and expense of preparing bottle feedings. Mothers suffering from tuberculosis, serious heart disease or other severe illness should not nurse their babies. For the rest of us who are strong and well, breast feeding should be a duty as well as a pleasure. It's quite an achievement to have a baby, why not top it off properly by nursing him too?



He asks me often,
"Remember when
Daddy was here and Peep was small,
And we used to laugh at nothing at all?"
I say as quick as a heart throb will,
"Let's go riding down the hill."

When we come back,
He's forgotten again,
And there's only the pain —
"Remember when?"

Small Boy and War

By Dorothy Curtis Hare

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As the Editor Sees It

HERE'S TO the Bride—God bless her! Here's to those shining-eyed youngsters who put the rest of us to shame as we debate the prospects of the Future, if any! A toast to their courage and gallantry, to their genius for making dreams come true in a crazy world, to their ability to capture the same romance and happiness on a forty-eight-hour-leave as their mothers did on a traditional wedding program and a month's honeymoon.

All the world loves a fair young bride, we've been told often enough, but not until recently did we realize that this general outpouring of goodwill and solicitude was shared by our Ottawa Government, which, as you no doubt remember, is headed by a bachelor. The announcement that wedding cakes shall remain in all their iced splendor, decked out with sugar ruchings and embossings, untouched by priorities of any kind, gives us fresh confidence. It's particularly impressive, too, coming on the heels of those prophetic statements on pages 2-3 of this issue. A Government will do ruthless things to men's trouser cuffs and housewives' rubber gloves, but it stops short at changing the romantic pattern of the wedding day. Our 1942 brides can have their cake and eat it too; the guests can take it home and sleep on't in time-honored style; the rest of us, gladly conceding the bride's first rights, will just have to master plain cakes that turn out of the pan with their side-walls intact, and no frosting required.

Our Authors. Olga Rosmanith, whose signature appears on "Airman's Wife," has firsthand experience of Renie's and Lee's background. Before she crossed to this side of the water a year ago, she lived in Surrey, at a point halfway between two enormous airdromes. She was hostess many times to the fighter pilots; during the 1940 blitz she served with the Red Cross in London... Reby MacDonald, who dreamed up that rollicking opening yarn of ours, "Gran Looked Regal," is a home product we can be proud of. She lives in Victoria, B.C.—and, as you will discover, knows all about such West Coast phenomena as Chinese house boys, fruit farming and gubernatorial receptions... Mary Lowrey Ross, who can write zestfully on any subject provided it has lots of human interest, lives in a corner house with a side porch and a big garden all round—a natural rendezvous for the neighborhood children. Most of the time she laughs good-naturedly at such minor trials as lollipops stuck to carbon paper and broken dolls sodden in the bathtub, but occasionally she broods on the question, Are Parents People, Too?

Coming Attractions. A month from now you'll be opening our Holiday Number. What, you weren't counting on holidays this year? Tut-tut, that's no way to keep up morale! Our *Chatelaine* scouts have discovered special techniques for holidays, 1942-style; we've faced the facts that long expensive trips are out, that tires and gasoline are precious, but we've come up smiling with a dozen good suggestions for getting the greatest benefit from your time-off this summer. Make no mistake: a change and a rest, even for a week or so, will send you back to your particular wartime job better equipped to handle it efficiently and speedily... Among our fiction features for June there's a charming little story of a mother who marshalled all her knowledge of family strategy to arrange just the sort of holiday she wanted, **ALONE!** Who knows but her ingenious scheme may start a vogue among busy Canadian homemakers?... Another appealing tale deals with the situation of the girl who was a little ashamed of her mediocre family; you'll be as surprised as she was, to discover how very, very important the right kind of background can be!

Mary-Elle Macpherson

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CHATELAINE

for May

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